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NEW

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman,
J. H. Tenney, . . . } Editors.

BOSTON:
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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The Shadow Of The Cross.

DR. H. BONAR. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Op - press'd with noon - day's scorch - ing heat, To yon - der cross I flee; Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!
2. Be - neath that cross clear wa - ters burst, A foun - tain spark - ling free; And there I quench my des - ert thirst; No spring like this for me!

:S: *Fine.*

Refrain. *D.S.*

No shade like this for me, ... No shade like this for me! . . .
No spring like this for me, ... No spring like this for me! . . .

No shade like this for me, ... like this for me.
No spring like this for me, ... like this for me.

3. A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree:
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

4. For burden'd ones a resting place
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

Christ Is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ab lib.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head,
3 I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her-ald go To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spi-rit say;

Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone-ly moth-er whence Her helpless
Wait-ing for Je-sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul appall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri-
To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
A fire dis solved this ball; I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt-y stains, His love will

CHORUS.

wid-owhood's defence, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spir-it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
umph-ant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

1 2

all, Yes, Christ is all in all,
all, *Omit*..... Yes, Christ is all in all.

Abundantly Able To Save.

E. A. H. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceiv - eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re-ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes every sin, And opens his

liev - eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per - fect
pow'r of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal
heart for the Lord to come in, A present and per - fect

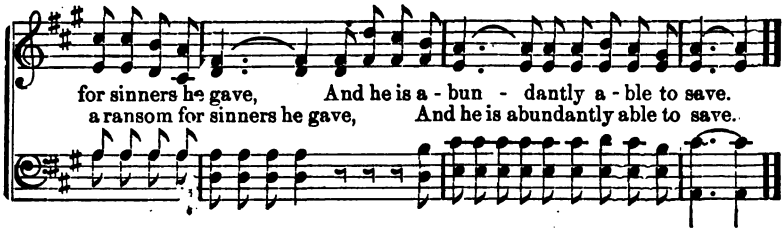
salvation shall have, For he is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.
redemption shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
salvation shall have, For Jesus is read - y this moment to save.

Chorus.

My brother! the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee; His grace and his
Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee,

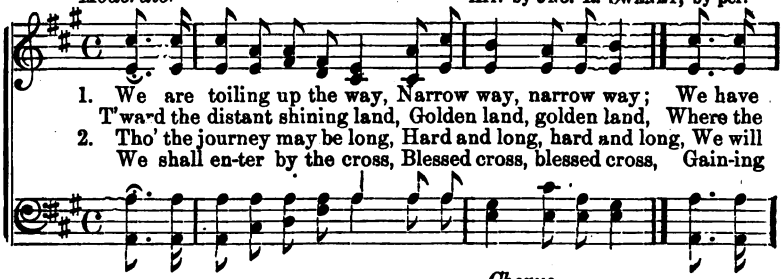
mer - - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - - som
Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as

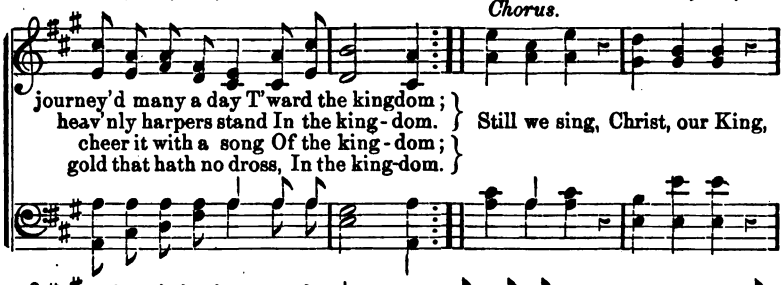
Abundantly Able To Save.—Concluded.

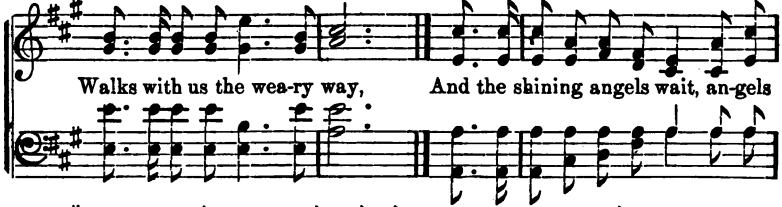


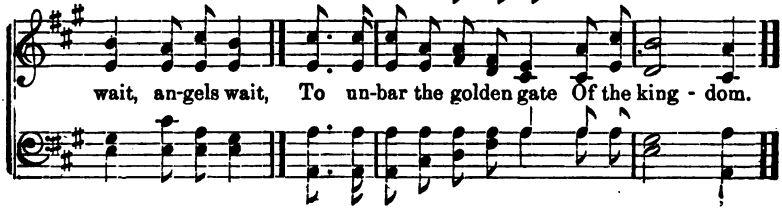
Toiling Up The Way.

Moderato. Arr. by Jno. R. Sweney, by per.



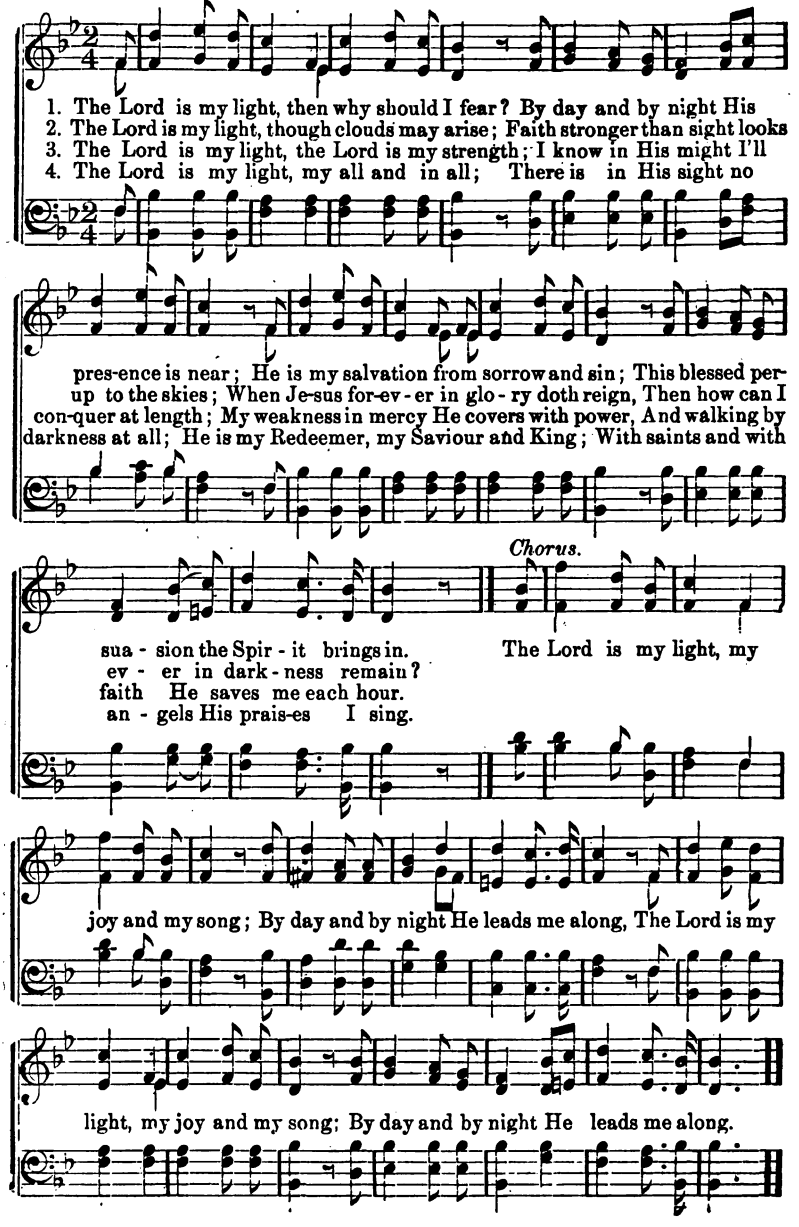






The Lord Is My Light.

JAMES NICHOLSON. From "Crystal Songs," by per J. W. BISCHOFF.



I Will Trust My Redeemer.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. W. A. Galpin.

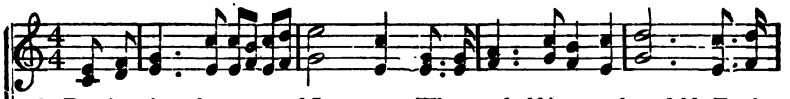
1. I will live for my Re-deem-er— Once He lived on earth for me; And He lives for me in glo - ry, Pleased my faith - ful toil to see;
2. I will walk with my Re-deem - er, With Him bear and suf - fer pain, That I may re - ceive the prom - ise: With Him on His throne to reign.
3. I will work for my Re-deemer— Once He toiled on earth for me; And for Him in faith-ful la - bor, Day by day I long to be.

Chorus.

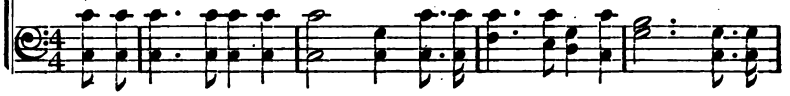
I will trust my dear Re-deem - er; I will love Him more and more; I will fol - low till I meet Him On yon fair, e - ter - nal shore.

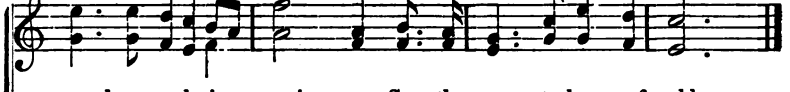
Precious Name.

Rev. I. Baltzell, by per.



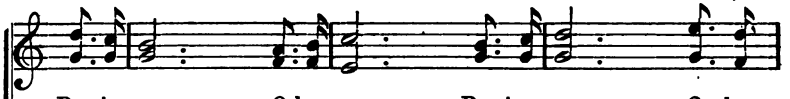
1. Precious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth unfold, Far be-
2. Precious as the Me-di - a - tor, By the Fath-er raised on high, Precious,
3. Precious when to Calvary groan-ing, He sustained the cursed tree; Precious,
4. Precious when in death vic-tor - ious, He the hosts of hell o'erthrows; In His
5. Precious Lord, beyond ex-press-ing Are thy beauties all di-vine; Glo-ry,



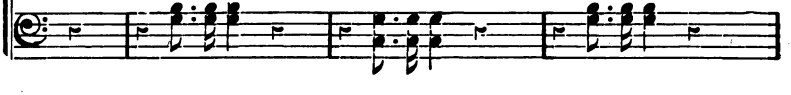


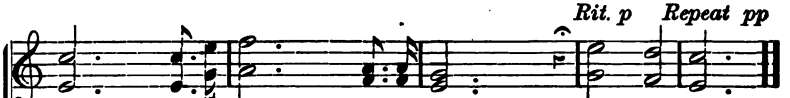
yond an - gel - ic prais - es, Sweetly sung to harps of gold.
when he took our na - ture, Laid his aw - ful glo - ry by.
when His death a - ton - ing, Made an end of sin for me.
re - sur - rec-tion glo - rious Vic - tor crowned o'er all his foes.
hon - or, power, and bless - ing, Be henceforth, for-ev - er thine.

Chorus.

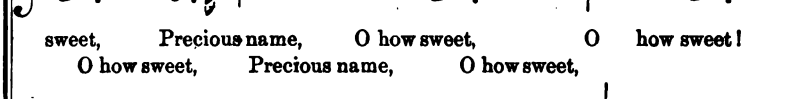


Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how
Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name,



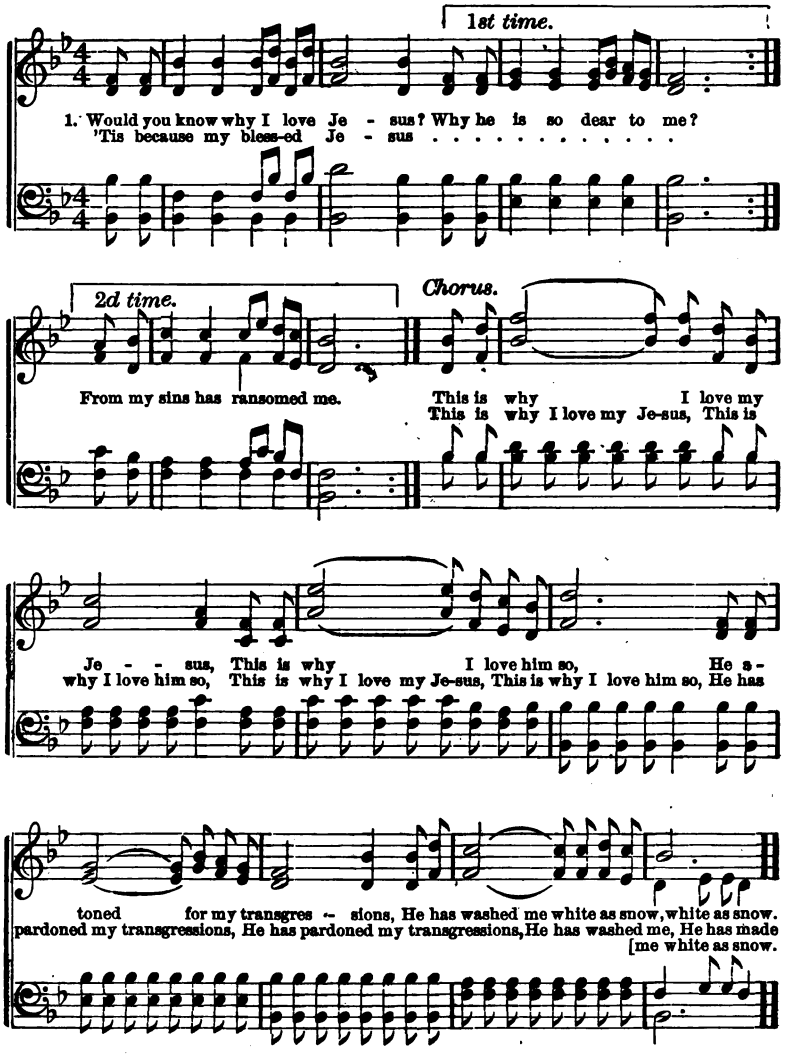


sweet, Precious name, O how sweet, O how sweet!
O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet,



This Is Why I Love My Jesus.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



2. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because the blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

3. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

4. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

5. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, my friend and Savior
He will ever, ever be.

Lead Me To Jesus.

"And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him."—Luke 18: 40.

E. D. M. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so wea-ry, Wea - ry of bear-ing the
2. Mountains impassable, sins rise around me, Hiding the light of the
3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now returning, Seeks in his bosom its

yoke of sin; Dark clouds above me, my pathway is dreary, Joy never dwells my sad
Father's face; Sitting in darkness, sin fetters have bound me, Vainly I struggle with
resting-place; Lead me to Jesus, my heart now is burning, Longing for mercy, and

Chorus.

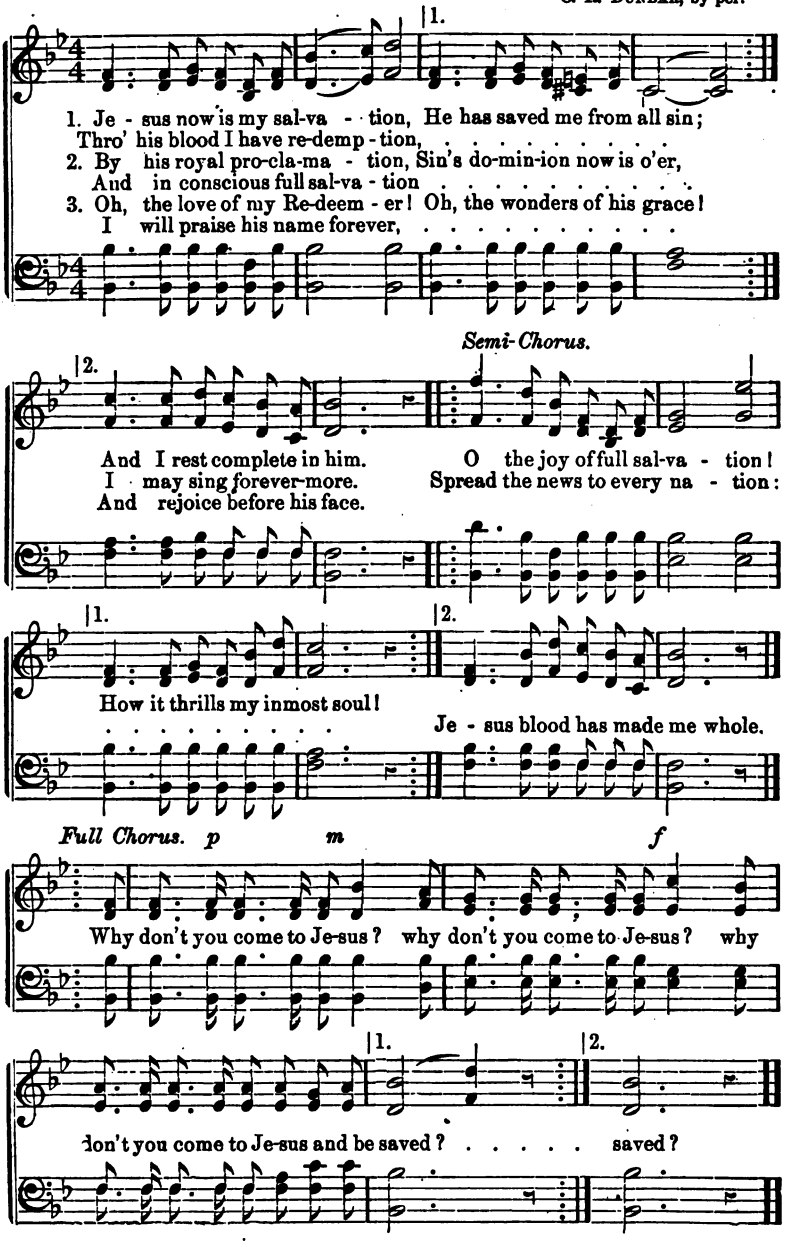
heart within. Lead me to Jesus, lead me to-day; Lead me to Jesus, lead me I pray;
out his grace.
love, and grace.

Tenderly, carefully, Lovingly, prayerfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

From "Heavenly Carols," by per.

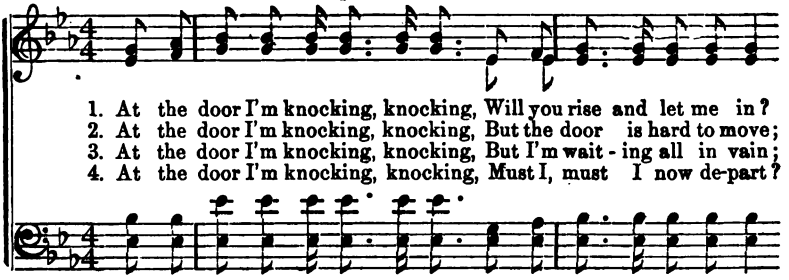
Why Don't You Come To Jesus?

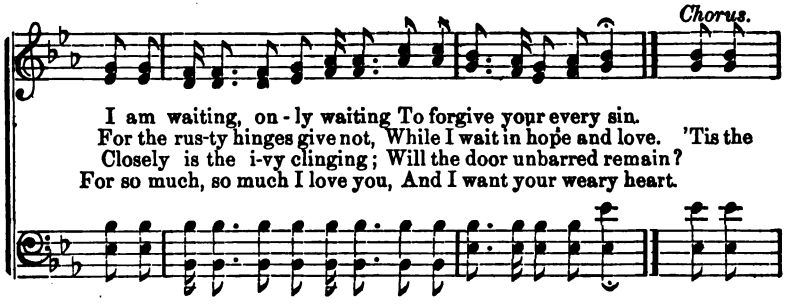
C. R. Dunbar, by per.

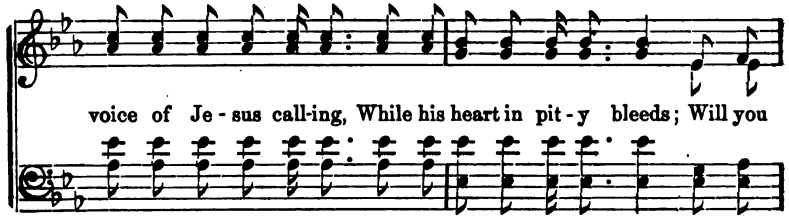


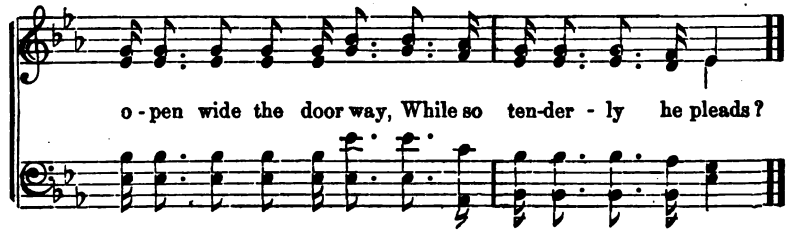
The Savior's Call.

Words and Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.









Hiding In The Rock.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re-
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re-
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect

treat; In the Refuge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy complete.
pose, Where the grace of God for-ev - er Like a mighty riv - er flows.
peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

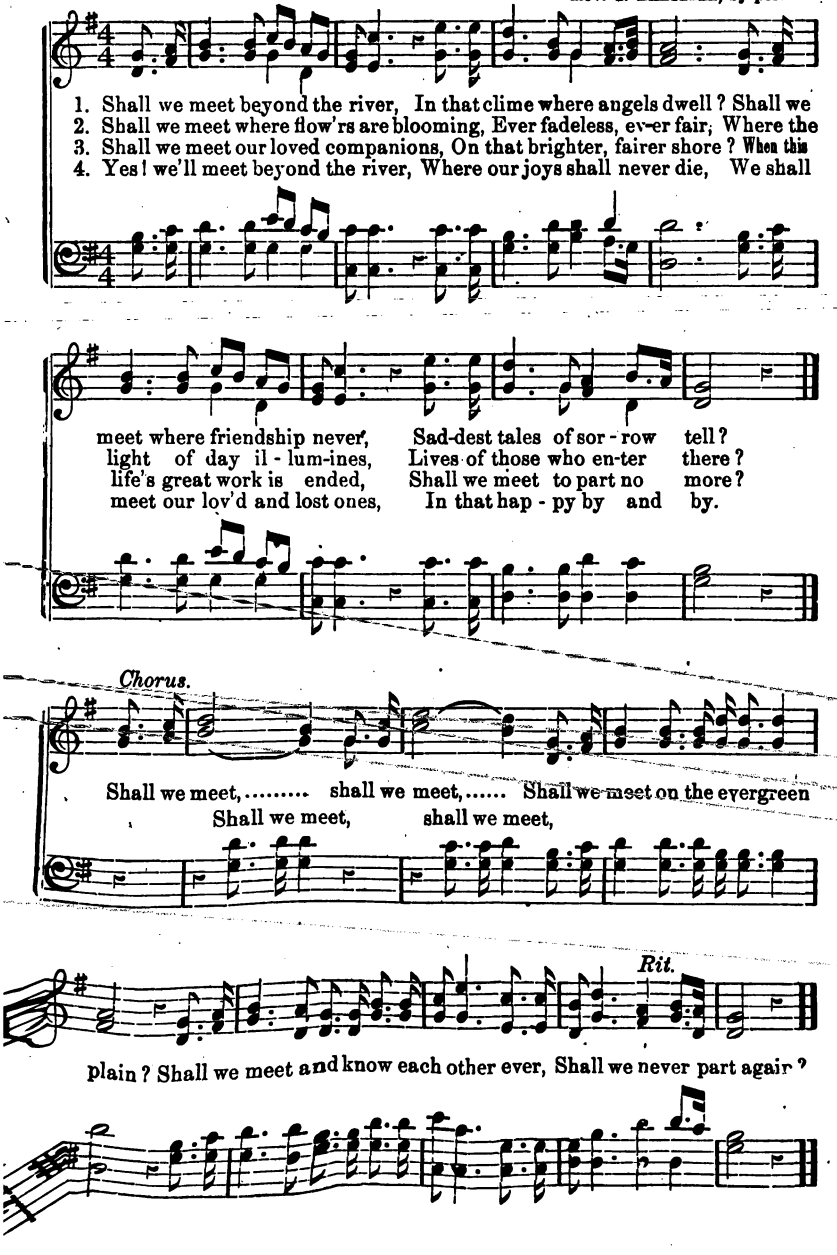
Chorus.

While the storm a-round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows

roar, I am hid-ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for-ev - er-more.

Evergreen Plain.

Rev. I. Baltzell, by per.



Are You Washed In The Blood?

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flowing for the soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

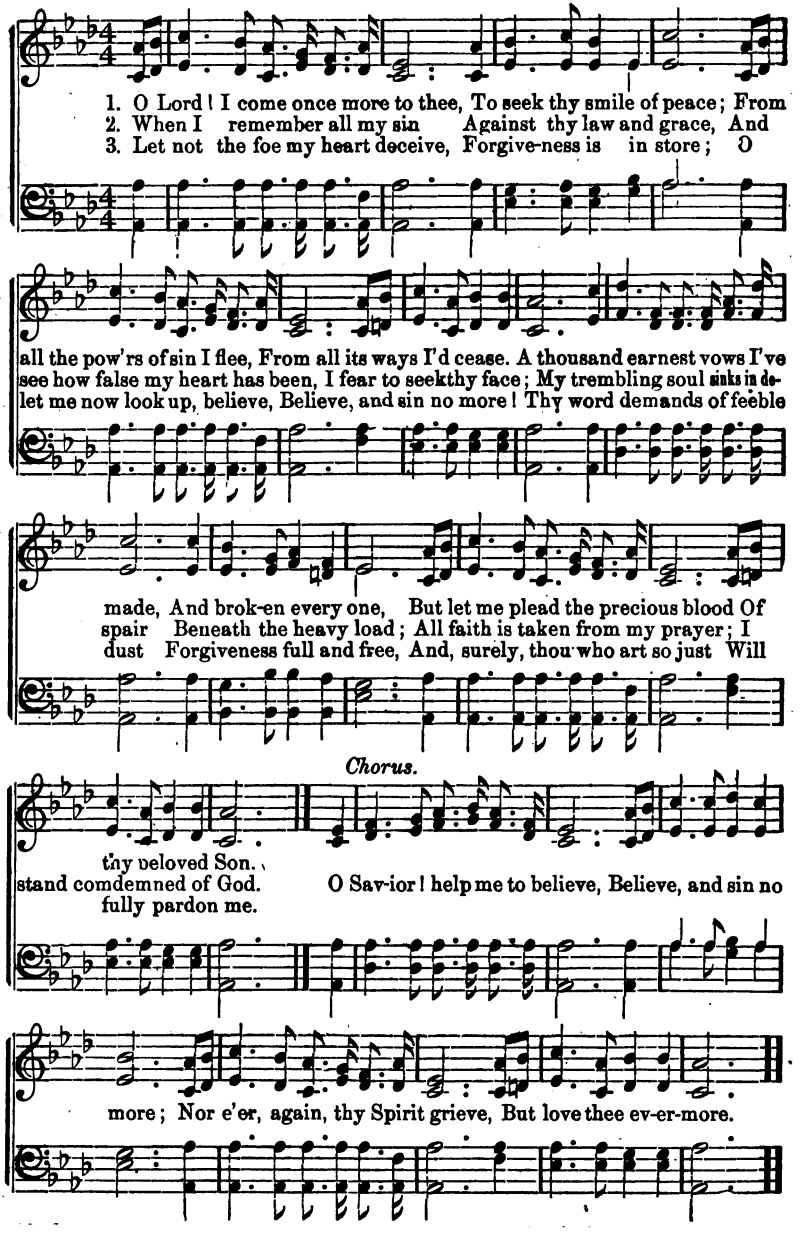
Chorus.

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your gar-ments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

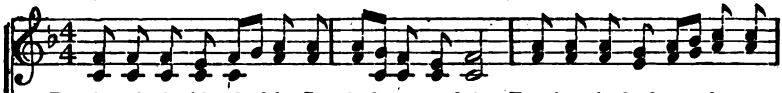
The Wanderer's Prayer.

Rev. E. W. Lawhon. (May be sung as a Solo.) J. H. Tenney, by per.

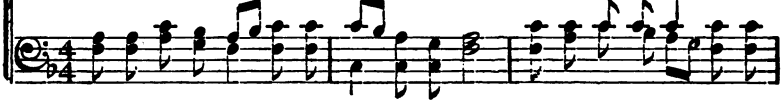


The Precious Lamb.

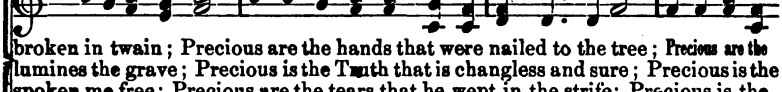
REV. H. B. HARTZLER. P. P. BLISS.



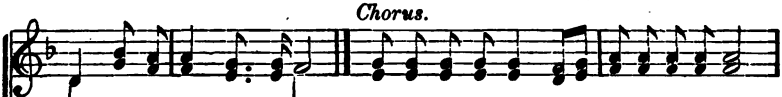
1. Precious is the blood of the Lamb that was slain; Precious is the heart that was
2. Precious is the Love that is migh-ty to save; Precious is the Light that il-
3. Precious are the pleadings of Je - sus for me; Precious are the lips that have



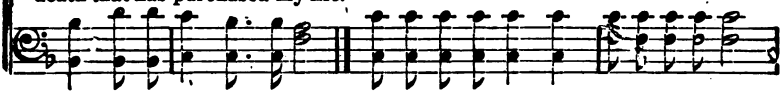
broken in twain; Precious are the hands that were nailed to the tree; Precious are the
lumines the grave; Precious is the Truth that is changless and sure; Precious is the
spoken me free; Precious are the tears that he wept in the strife; Precious is the

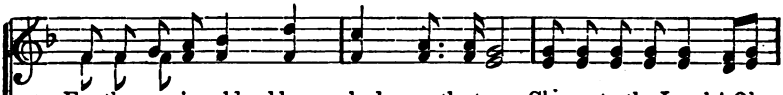


Chorus.

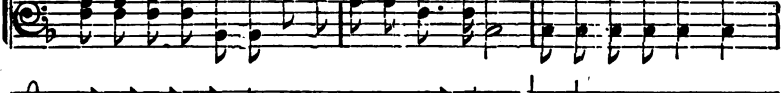


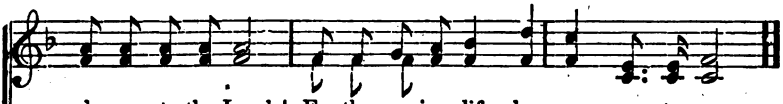
feet that were wounded for me.
Life that is endless and pure. Glo-ry to the Lamb! Oh, glory to the Lamb!
death that has purchased my life.



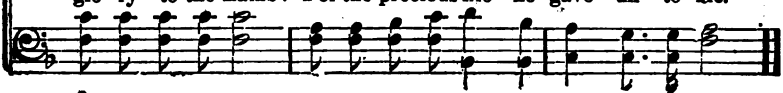


For the precious blood he shed on the tree; Glo-ry to the Lamb! Oh,
For the precious, precious blood he shed upon the tree,





glo - ry to the Lamb! For the precious life he gave un - to me.



For What Are You Waiting?

GRACE MELBOURNE. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. For what are you waiting, my brother, As you journey thro' life's vale of
2. For what are you waiting, my brother? O why are you waiting in
3. The Father keeps watch o'er his children, And knows who has garnered the

tears? You are wast - ing the glo - ri - ous sun-shine, And
vain? For oth - ers are work-ing in pa - tience, And
grain; O what will you do when he tells you Your

Chorus.

los - ing the harv - est of years.
reap - ing and bind-ing the grain.
hope of yon heav - en is vain.

O why stand you i - dle and

wait-ing to-day? Your hands have a work to do; The Mas-ter will

come! If your sheaves are not ready, What hope of yon heaven have you, have you?

The Cross And Crown.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. Though our burdens may be heavy, yet they all seem light, When we think of what awaits us in the Par - a-dise so bright; Come re-proach, or scorn, or sorrow we will faithful be, Till we wear the Crown of life e-ter - nal - ly. Oh! the Cross..... We'll meekly bear,..... And then go home..... a shining Crown to wear,
2. Let us all be true to Je - sus, and in meek - ness bear All our heav - y, heav - y Cross - es till the glo - ry we may share, 'Till we gain the Crown unfading and the robe of white, O-ver in the pal - a-ces of gold-en light. The blessed Cross, We'll meekly bear, And then go home a Crown to wear, } A shining Crown to wear.

Chorus.

1st time. *2d time.*

The Prodigal Coming Home.

H. B. H. *"And he arose and came to his father."—Luke 15: 20.* E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the wilds of sin a weary soul astray From the home of love had gone; Like a poor, lost lamb, he wandered far away, In his grief and woe a-
2. But he heard a voice in tender mercy say, "Sinner, come, why longer stay?" And he comes, he comes, along the homeward way, Coming home no more to
3. Coming home all faint and hungry, and athirst, To the feast of love and peace; Coming home by all the woe of sin accurst, To receive a quick re-
4. Coming home to seek a blessed mercy seat, With a load of guilt and shame, And a contrite heart to lay at Jesus' feet, In the faith of his dear

Chorus.

lone.
stray. Yes, the prod-i-gal's coming home, Coming home, no more to roam; He is
lease.
name.

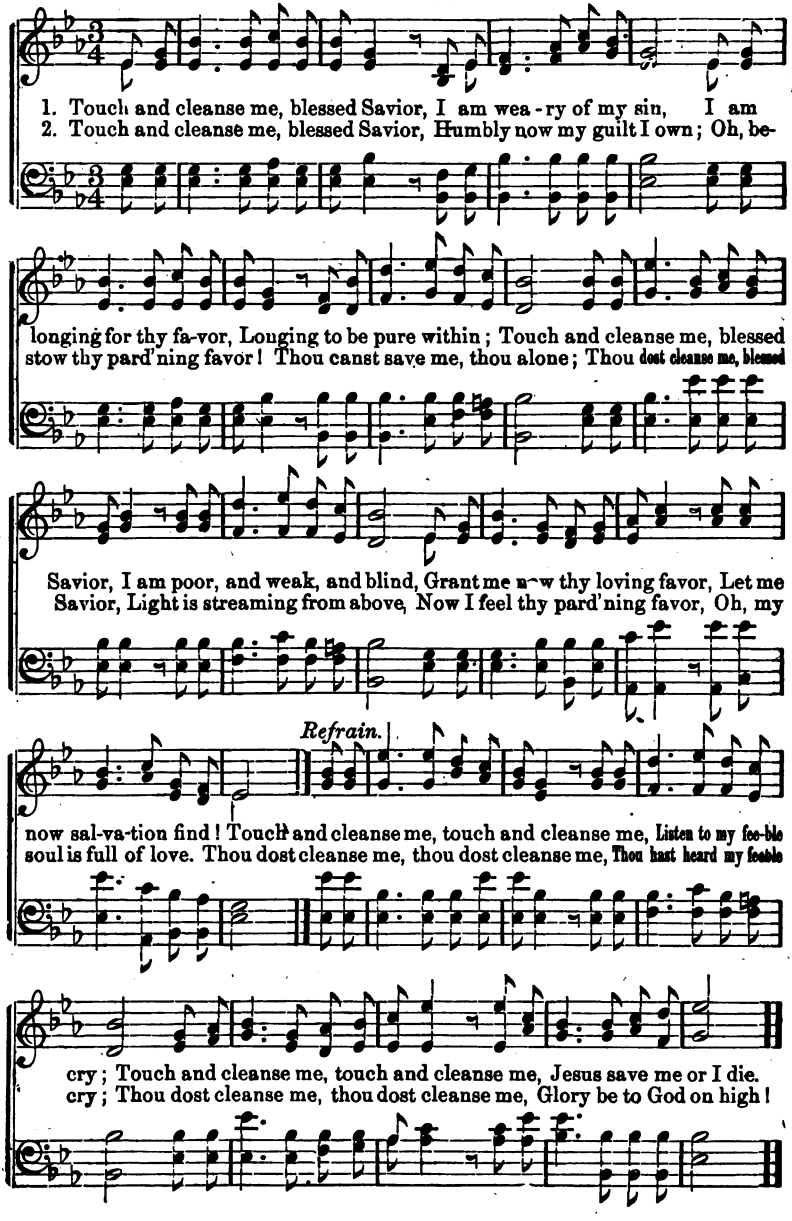
weary of wand'ring far away from home; He is seeking his Father's face, he is

longing for his grace, Yes, the prodigal's coming home, coming home.
coming home.

From "Heavenly Carols," b. per.

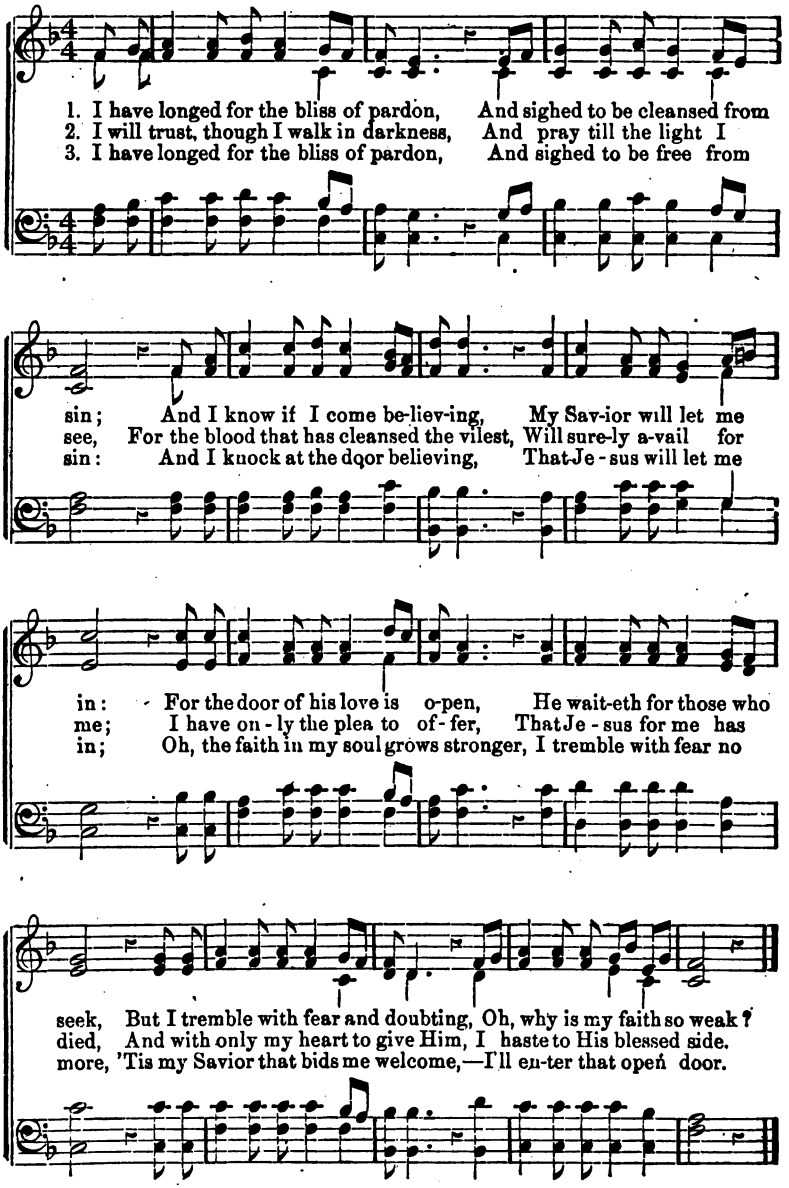
Touch And Cleanse Me.

MRS. MARY F. MARSH. MATT. 8: 3. REV. W. K. WIAND.



That Open Door.

Words from "Central Presbyterian." J. H. T.



That Open Door.—Concluded.

Chorus.

o - pen door, I'll en - ter that o - pen

I'll en-ter that open door, I'll enter that open door, I'll en - ter that o-pen

o - pen door, I'll

I'll en-ter that open door, I'll en-ter that o-pen door,

door, 'Tis Je-sus invites, I'll en-ter in, I'll enter that o-pen door.

enter that open door,

Waiting At The Cross.

Ella Cheek. J. H. Anderson.

1. Je - sus, I am waiting now, Weary, worn, and weak; At the Cross I'm bending low, ... } Peace and rest I
2. Long I've wandered far from thee, In the paths of sin; Let my sorrow plead for me, ... } Je-sus, take me
3. Chase my heart's unrest away, Bid its troubling cease; Let me feel thy love to-day, ... } Give me thy sweet

D. C. Speak the blessed words to me, ... *"Come, I'll give the*

Fine. *Chorus.* *D. C.*

seek.

in. Je-sus, I am wait-ing now. Longing to be blest,

peace.

rest."

From "Joy Bells," by per.

Talking With Jesus.

St. Luke 24: 32.

Adagio Expressivo. ASA HULL.

1. A little talk with Jesus, How it smooths the rugged road; How it seems to help me onward, When I faint beneath my load. When my heart is crushed with
2. I know the way is drea-ry, To that bright and happy clime; But a little talk with Je-sus Will refresh me an-y time. And as yet the more I
3. I'll tell him I am wea-ry, And I fain would be at rest; That I'm dai-ly, houry long-ing For a home upon his breast. Once he gave his life a
4. I'll wait a lit - tle longer,—Till his own appointed time; And will glory in the knowledge Of a prospect so sublime. Then, when in my Fath-er's

sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can yield me comfort Like a
know him, And his mercy I ex-plore, Only prompts my heart to longing For a
ransom, And would have me all his own, Can he now forget his promise, And re-
dwelling, Where the many "mansions" are, I will sweetly talk with Jesus, And for-

D. S. There is naught can yield me comfort, Like a

Fine. *Chorus.* *D. S.*

little talk with him. A little talk with Jesus, How it smooths the rugged road;
little talk the more.
ject his purchased one.
ever dwell up there.—

little talk with God.

From "Garlands of Praise," by per.

God Is Coming.

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

1. God is coming! God is coming! shout aloud the glad re-frain;
2. God is coming! God is coming! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is coming! God is coming! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is coming! God is coming! O lift up your hearts and pray!

Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil - lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev - ery blood-bought son of Je-sus, ral - ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them bravely, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness he will need strong arms to-day.

D.S. Every man be up on du - ty, For Je-hov-ah comes this way.

God is com-ing! hear the an - gels shout the tidings from above;
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rus-ty ar-mor bright,
God is com-ing! and be-fore him powers of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal - ter nev - er—when the conflict here is done

He will de - luge our whole country with his ti-dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic-tor-y.
You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the kingdom of his Son.

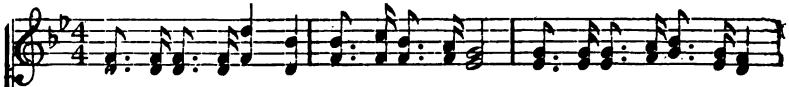
Chorus. *D.S.*

God is com-ing! pass the watchword all a-long the line to-day!

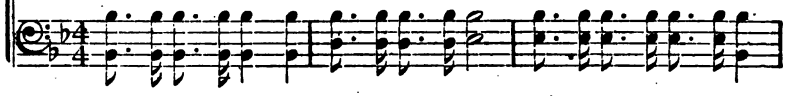
If Thou Leadest Me.

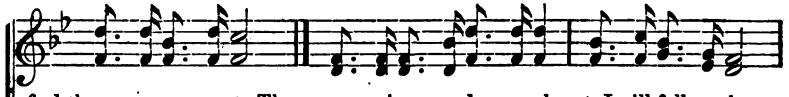
"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Psalms 16: 11.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. T.

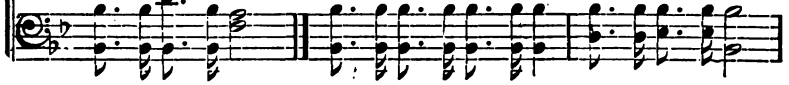


1. A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, lead my willing feet, On-ly let me clasp thy hand,
2. A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, on-ly on me smile, Strengthen, guard and comfort me,
3. A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, on - ly this I pray: Keep me in the narrow path,
4. A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, if at last I come, Where I'll see thee face to face

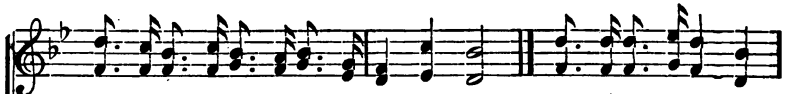




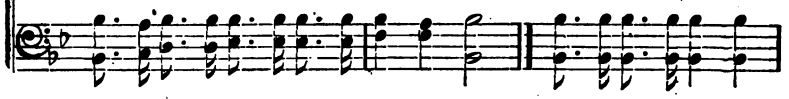
feel thy presence sweet; Thorns may pierce and snares beset, I will follow thee,
let not sin beguile; Dark and toilsome be my way, I will nev-er fear,
nev - er let me stray; Sin may plead with si-ren voice, I will answer nay;
in my heav'nly home; There are many mansions bright, there remains a rest,

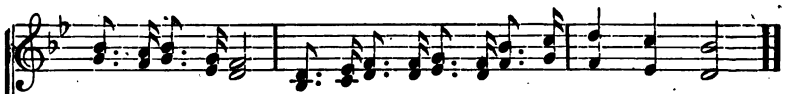


Chorus.

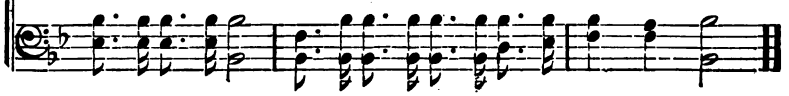


A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, if thou leadest me.
A-ny-where, dear Je-sus, if thy presence cheer. A-ny-where, dear Je-sus,
Kept by thee, dear Je-sus, I will hold my way.
There with thee, dear Je-sus, I'll be truly blest.





A-ny-where with thee, A-ny-where dear Jesus, If thou lead - est me.



Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beauti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heaven, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sav-ior! Is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Savior, Is my name written there?
letters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?

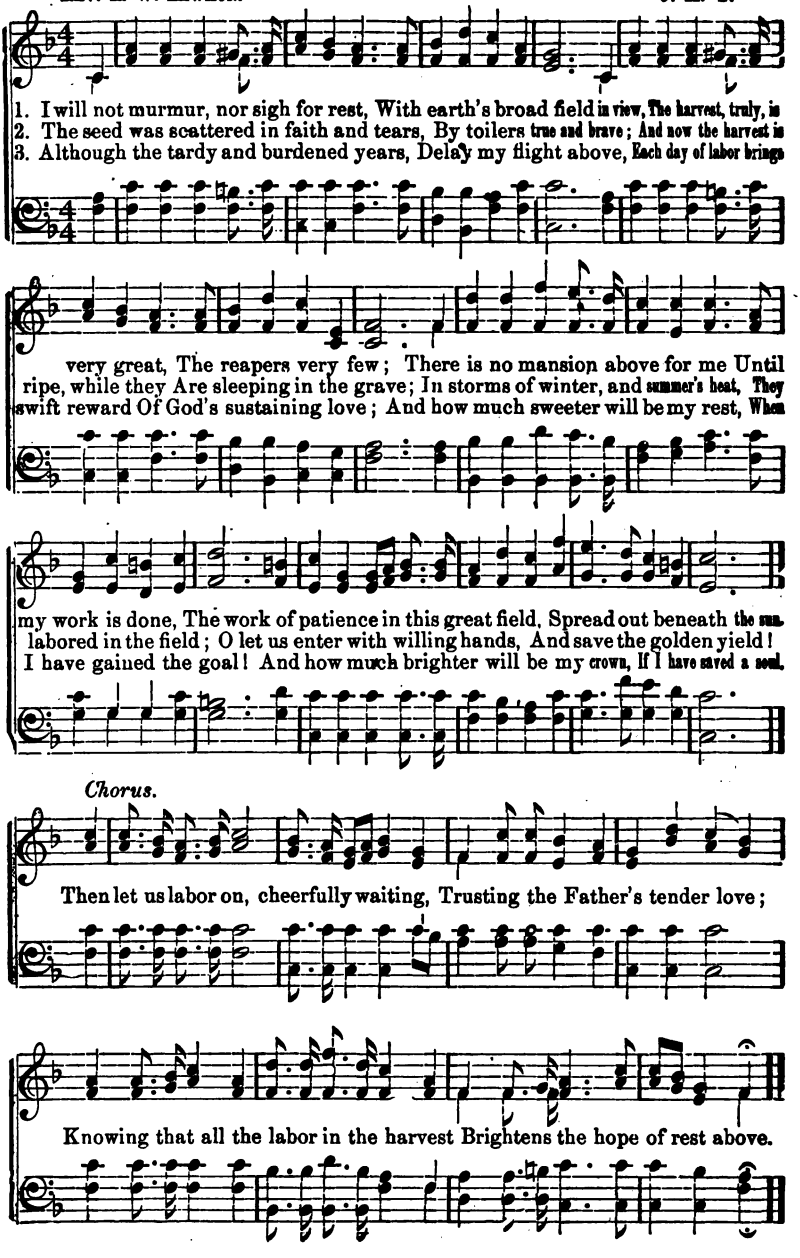
Chorus.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

Work Before Reward.

Rev. E. W. Lawhon. J. H. T.



Hallelujah! He Redeemed Me.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. The Lord is all in all to me, O help me tell the sto - ry!
For by his blood he ransomed me, And I will give him glo - ry.
2. I am re-deemed, O wondrous grace! The Lord is my sal-va - tion;
Come, join with me his name to praise In songs of ac-cla - ma - tion.
3. My ma - ny stains are washed a-way, My sins are all for-giv - en;
I walk with Christ the narrow way, And find in him my heav - en.

Hal - le - lu - jah! he re - deemed me, O give him all the
Hal-le-lu-jah! He redeemed me,

glo - ry! He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Hal-le-

D.S. shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Hal-le

Fine.

lu - jah! he re - deemed me. Re-deemed, Re-deemed, Re-

lu - jah! he re - deemed me.

D.S.

deemed, Redeemed, Re-deemed, Redeemed, Re-deemed! He

My Precious Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Psalm 119: 105.

H. B. H. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Like a Star of the morning in its beau - ty, Like a Sun is the
2. 'Tis a light in the wilderness of sor - row, And a Lamp on the
3. 'Tis the Voice of a Friend forever near me, In the toil and the
4. It shall stand in its beauty and its glo - ry, When the earth and the

Bible to my soul, Shining clear on the way of love and du - ty, As I
weary pilgrim way, And it guides to the bright, e-ter-nal morrow, Shining
battle here be-low; In the gloom of the val-ley it will cheer me, Till the
heavens pass a-way; Ev-er tell-ing the blessed, wondrous sto-ry Of the

D. S. cling to the dear, old, Holy Bi - ble, As I

Fine. *Chorus.*

hasten on my journey to the goal.
more and more unto the perfect day. Ho - ly Bi - ble! my precious
glory of His kingdom I shall know.
loving Lamb, the only Living Way. Ho-ly Bi-ble! Holy Bible! precious

hasten to the Cit-y of the King.

D.S.

Bi - ble! Gift of God, and Lamp of Life, my beautiful Bi - ble! I will
Bible! book divine! Bible! thou art mine!

From "Heavenly Carols," by per.

"He Saves To The Uttermost."

CHAS. I. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav - ior, And as vile as a sin-ner could be; I wondered if Christ the Re - deem - er, Would save a poor sinner like me. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.

2. But there in that lone - ly hour A voice sweetly whispered to me, Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath pow - er To save a poor sinner like thee." I listened, and, lo! 'twas the Sav - ior That was speak - ing so kind to me: I cried, "I'm the chief of sin - ners, Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."

3. Ful-ly then trusted I in Je - sus, And oh, what a joy came to me; My heart was filled with prais - es For he saved a poor sinner like me. No long-er in darkness I'm walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on me, And now un - to others I'm tell' - ing How he saved a poor sinner like me.

From "Dew of Hermon," by per.

Coming To Jesus.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

1. This world, blessed Sav - ior, is nothing but dross, And long we have lived without owning thy cross; Now feeling the need of thy sheltering arm, We come unto thee to be shielded from harm.
2. We long have been try - ing the pleasures of sin; Our hearts in their hard-ness would not let thee in; But now we have found that earth's beauties decay, And leave us in sor - row at each fleet-ing day.
3. Tho' wea-ry and foot - sore, we're journeying on, Assured that the time of our rest will soon dawn; Then over the riv - er of death we will go, And leave all our sor - rows and troubles be - low.

Chorus. Faster.

We're coming to thee, we're coming to thee,
Coming to thee, coming to thee, Dear Savior, receive us, we're coming to thee,
Coming to thee, coming to thee, Oh, receive we're coming to thee,

ing to thee, Yes, we're com-ing to thee.

us, we're coming to thee, Yes, we're coming, we're coming, we're coming to thee.

Come To The Cross.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. P. P. Bliss.

1. O come to the cross, near the spear-wounded side Where many have wash'd in the
2. O come and be robed in a garment of white, And walk with the Lord as a
3. O come to the feast by the Father prepared, Where thousands of souls in his

sin-cleansing tide! O plunge 'neath the waves, and the bright crimson flow Shall cleanse every
child of the light, Reflecting the glory that shines from his face, And doing his
bounty have shared; O come to the feast, it is costly yet free; There's room, and a

D. S. *save thee, He'll*

Fine. *Chorus.* *D.S.*

stain, make thee whiter than the snow!
will in the strength of his grace. O come, then, to Christ! O come, come to-day! He'll
robe, and a welcome for thee.

wash all thy stains of sin away.

Knocking At The Door.

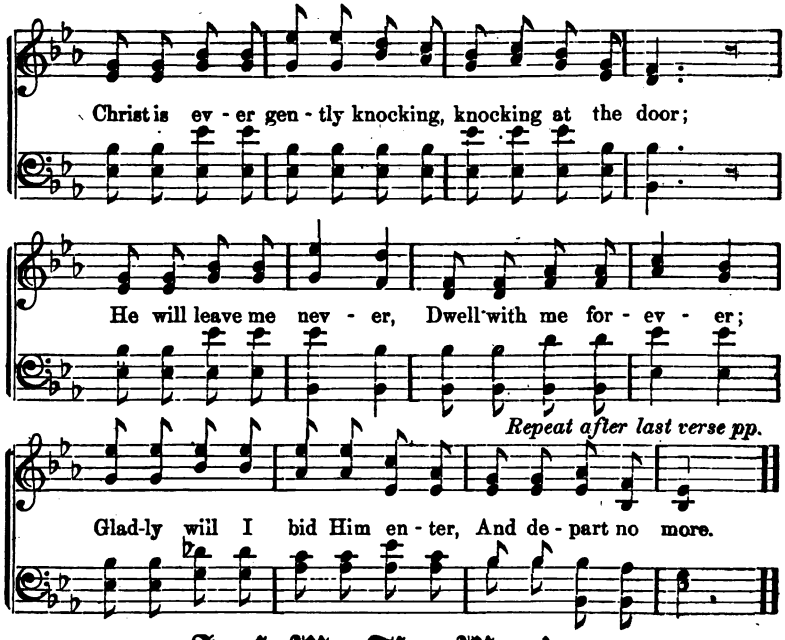
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Be - hold a stranger stand-ing, Just out - side a close-barr'd door; He's wea-ry with His wait-ing, But He will not give it o'er; He knocks, and as He's knocking He lifts His heavenly voice, "Ope the door and let me enter; I will make your hearts rejoice."
2. I heard His soft voice call-ing, Ev - er call - ing at the door; I'm knocking, sin-ner, knocking, As I've oft - en knocked be-fore; Just ope the door a mo-ment, Long e-nough to let me in, And I'll dwell with you for-ev-er, And will cleanse you from all sin.
3. Christ is knocking, gent ly knocking, Ev - er knock - ing at my heart; I'll glad - ly bid Him en - ter, I will ask Him not de-part; Welcome! welcome! blessed Stranger, Come in and sup with me— Ful-fill Thy gracious promise, Lord, And let me sup with Thee.
4. So we'll ev - er sup to - geth - er, This bless - ed Friend and I: And if I ev - er hun - ger, He can hear my faint - est cry; And when my war-fare's o - ver, I'll share His heav'n-ly bliss; Oh, who could ever bar the door 'Gainst such a friend as this?

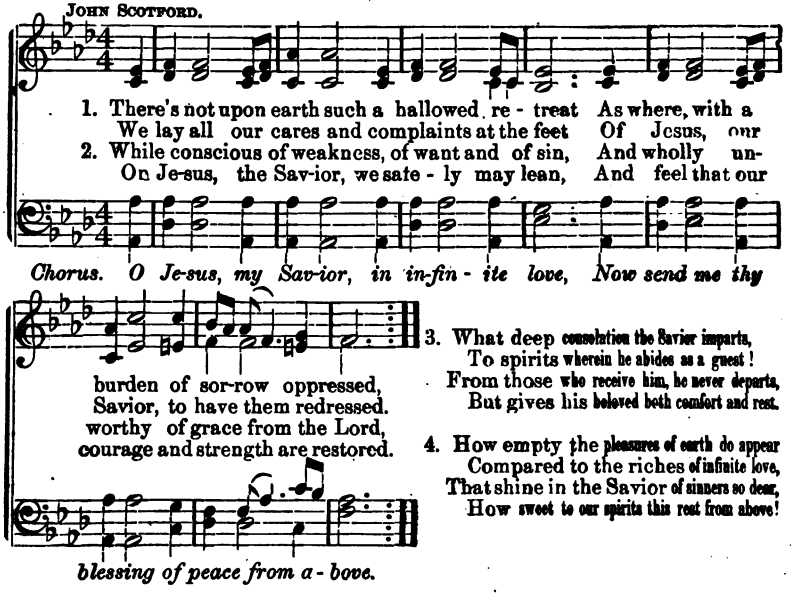
Chorus.

Knocking, ev - er knock - ing, knocking, ev - er knock - ing,

Knocking At The Door.—Concluded.



Send Me Thy Blessing.



3. What deep consolation the Savior imparts,
To spirits wherein he abides as a guest!
From those who receive him, he never departs,
But gives his beloved both comfort and rest.

4. How empty the pleasures of earth do appear
Compared to the riches of infinite love,
That shine in the Savior of sinners so dear,
How sweet to our spirits this rest from above!

Good News Comes O'er The Sea.

Moderato.

Words and Music by Rev. I. Baltzell, by per.

1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic - t'ry there; The
2. The glorious gos - pel light, In splendor shines to-day, Where
3. A - wake, the sun is high, The Master's call-ing you! Why

Duet.

heathen bow the knee, In humble, fervent pray'r; Long waited we to
naught but darkest night Fell on the heathen's way; Brave Christians heard the
stand ye i - dle by? There's work for you to do! Your treasures, pray'rs, and

hear The glorious tid-ings come, Proclaiming vic-t'ry there, Where
cry That came across the sea, "Come help us, ere we die, Come,
tears, Go, lay at Je - sus' feet; And soon we'll sing the song Of

Chorus. Lively.

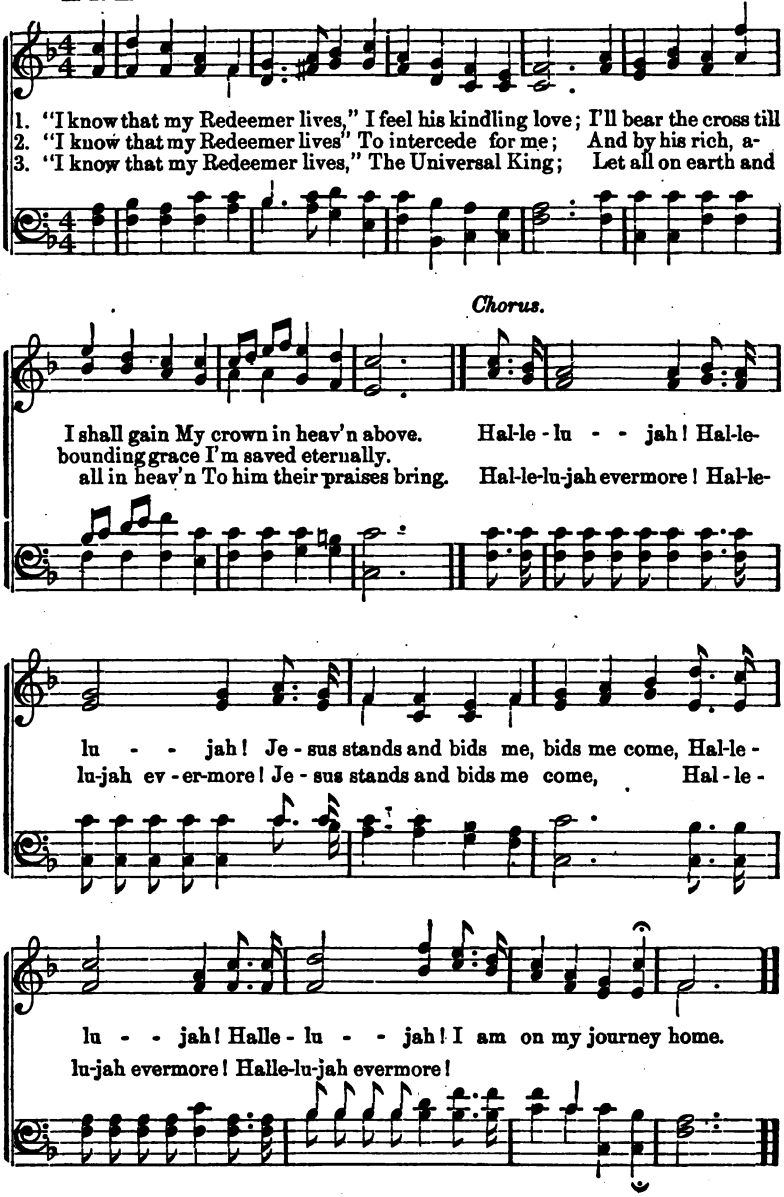
darkness reigned alone. Re-joice, re-joice, Good news comes o'er the
help us to be free."
vic - tor-y complete. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

Repeat Chorus.

sea; Re-joice, re-joice, Good news comes o'er the sea.
the sea; Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

My Redeemer Lives.

H. R. H. J. H. T.



Only Waiting.

W. G. Levin. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting, worn and weary With the battle and the strife,
3. Waiting for the golden cit - y, Where the many mansions be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this wea-ry life are gone.
Hop-ing, when the war has ended, To re-ceive a crown of life.
Listening for the happy welcome Of my Sav-ior calling me.

Chorus.

I am wait - - ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, only waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

wea - - ry life is o'er, On-ly wait - - ing

weary, weary, wea-ry life is o'er, life is o'er, Only waiting, waiting, waiting,

for my welcome From my Savior on the oth - er shore.

May repeat pp.

for my welcome, for my welcome From my Savior on the other shore.

From "Songs of Glory," by per.

His Keeping Power.

ANNIE RUDDICK. T. B. WEAVER.

1. Sav-ior, fold me in thy arms, Keep me safe from earth's a-
2. Keep me hum - ble at thy feet, Always for thy use made
3. Knowest thou my pains and fears; Lord, thou se - est all my
4. Sav-ior, al - ways be my guide, While on life's un-ev-en

larms; Keep me washed in Je-sus blood— Keep me in the crimson
meet; May I, Sav - ior, find in thee, Re-fuge, fa - vor, lib-er-
tears; Lov-ing Sav - ior, meek and mild, Thou dost guide thy loving
tide; Guide me to the streets of gold, Safe-ly housed within thy

Chorus.

flood.
ty. Sweet-ly saved! all hail to the Lamb! all glo-ry and
child.
fold.

1. 2.

praise to Je-sus be giv'n, praise to Jesus be giv'n!

Trusting In The Promise.

H. B. H. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found re-pose for my wea-ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the

Savior; And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the
Savior; And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the
Savior; Oh. the strength and grace only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the

Sav - ior. I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the
Sav - ior. I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the
Sav - ior. Who-so-ever will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the
And begin to walk in the holy way, Trusting in the promise of the

1. 2.

Refrain.

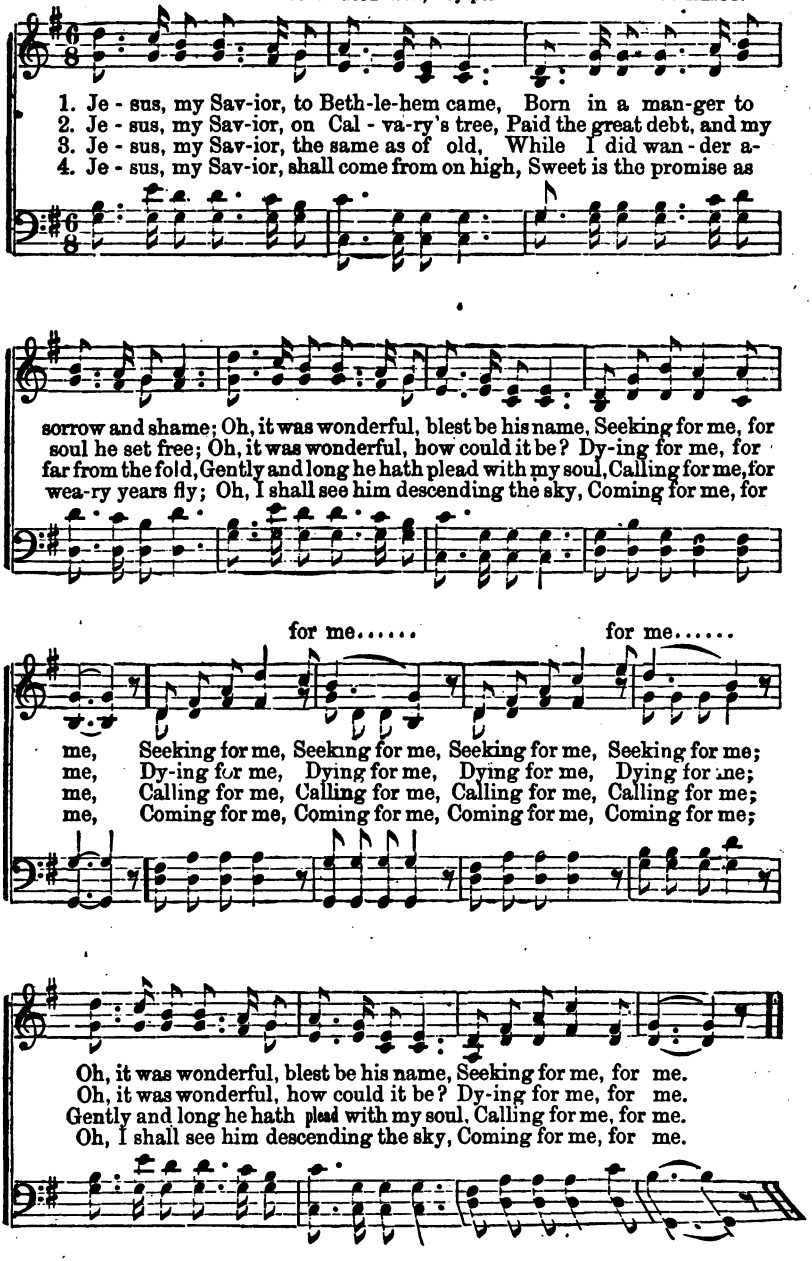
Sav - ior, Savior. Resting on His mighty arm forever, Never from his loving heart to

sev - er, I will rest by grace In his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.

From "Heavenly Carols," by per.

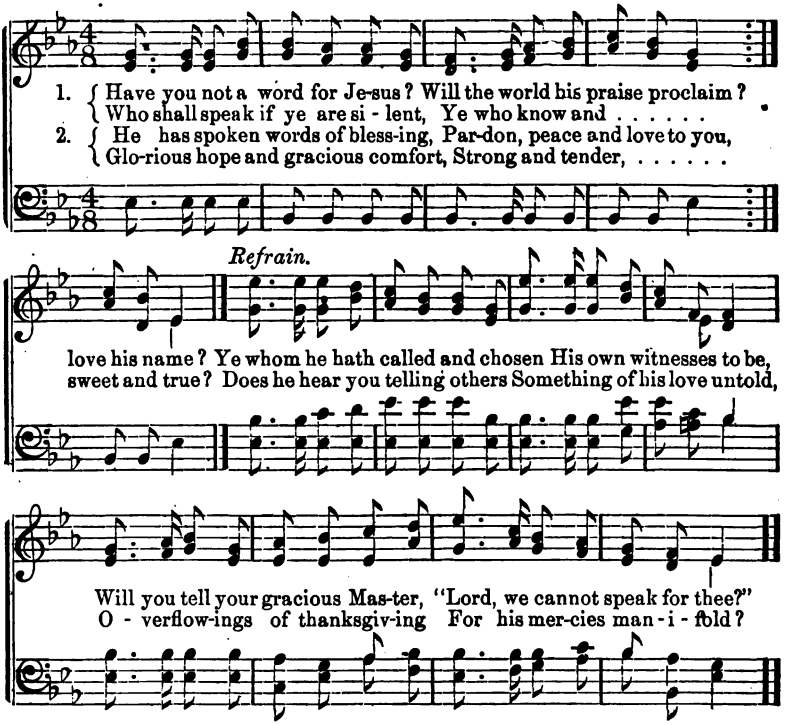
Seeking For Me.

From "Good Will," by per. E. E. HASTY.



Have You Not A Word For Jesus?

From "Songs of Gratitude," by per. J. H. FILLMORE.



3. Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,
Wait and weary for your message, Hoping you will bid them come;
Never telling hidden sorrows, Ling'ring just outside the door,
Longing for your hand to lead them Into rest forevermore.

4. Yours may be the joy and honor Some poor ransomed souls to bring,
Jewels for the coronation Of your coming Lord and King;
Will you cast away the gladness, Thus your Master's joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus Seems too much for you to dare?

The Sun Of Righteousness.

1. As the rising sun disperses
All the gloomy shades of night,
So the coming of the Savior
Turns our darkness into light.

Refrain.

Sun of Glory! shine forever,
In this lowly heart of mine;
Take away all sin and darkness;
Fill me with thy love divine.

2. Light and life, and joy and beauty,
Everywhere his coming brings;
Weep no longer, trembling mourner,
There is healing in his wings.

3. Christ has come! My soul, receive him,
Why one moment more delay?
He is ready, he is waiting
All thy sins to wash away.

MRS. MARY F. MARSH.

As sung by Mr. SANKEY *and Boston Tabernacle Choir.*

My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, by per.

1. I fol - low the foot - steps of Je - sus, my Lord, His
2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night The.
4. Pro - claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For

Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
which he a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of deliv'rance, ye
sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a-loud of His grace who my

plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ev - er - more.
par - don has bought, "For His blood washes whit - er than snow."

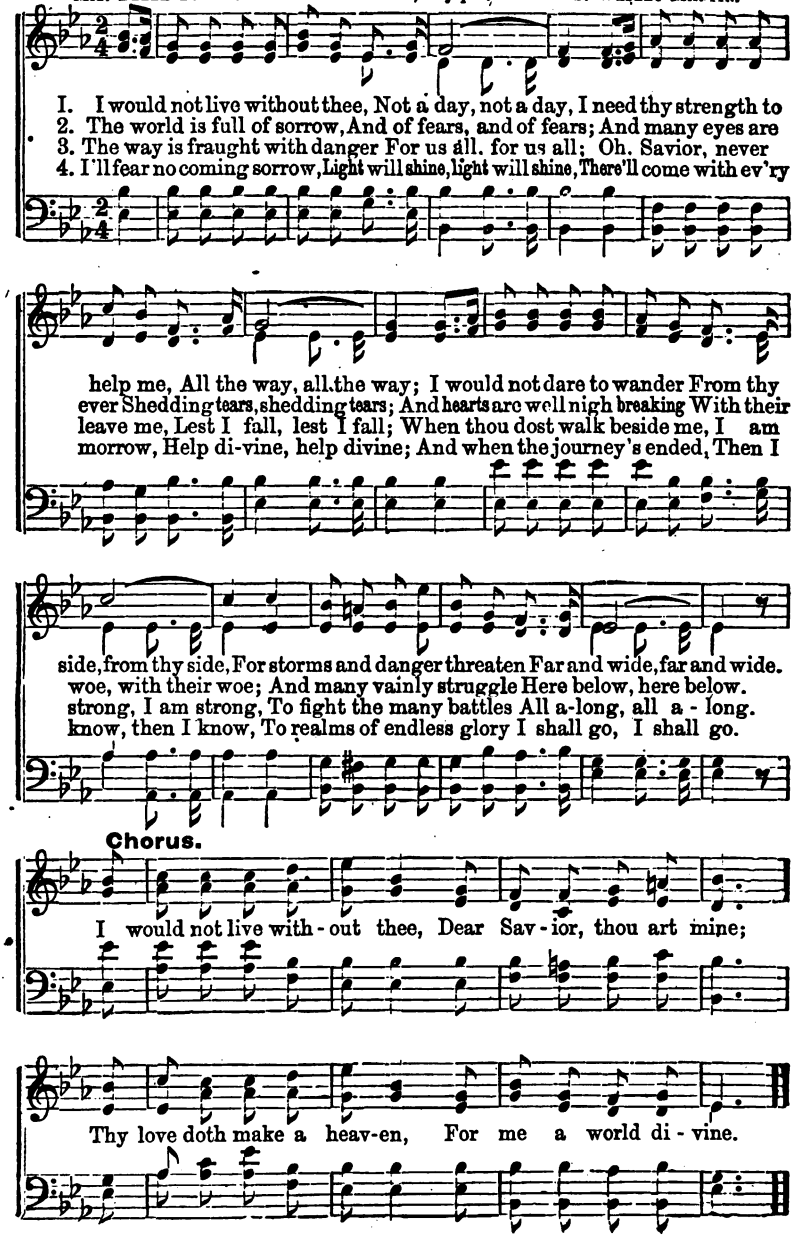
Chorus.

Glo-ry to God! my spir-it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pu - ri-fies me! I'm

walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Je-sus my Lord.

I Would Not Live Without Thee.

Mrs. Belle Towne. From "Good Will," by per. S. Wesley Martin.



Hast Thou Heard Of Jesus?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. T.

1. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je-sus, Who dwelt among sin-ners, a
2. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je-sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
3. Hast thou heard that this wonderful Je-sus, Dwells now with the low-ly in

God? Who in pu - ri-ty walked with the vil - est, Dis-
old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra - cious, Yet
heart? With the hum - ble he walks in com-mun - ion, And

Chorus.

pens - ing his fa-vors a - broad?
slight - ed by numbers un-told.
grace he will free-ly im-part.

Oh, that won-der-ful, won-der-ful

Je - sus! He left the bright glory a - bove, On a

world in its sin and its ru - in, To pour out his in-fi-nite love.

There Is Joy In Heaven.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. J. H. T.

1. There is joy in heaven, where the angels dwell, And the gladsome notes of rejoicing swell,
2. There is joy in heaven, when the lost is found, And the golden streets with the news resound,
3. There is joy in heaven, that begins below, Where the tears of grief and repentance flow;

When the tidings come from the world below, That a soul is saved from eternal woe.
Till the tide of song like an ocean rolls Unto Him who died for the love of souls.
And the saints of God with the angels share In the praise that rings like an anthem there.

Chorus.

Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song of joy!
Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song of joy!

mp *crese.*

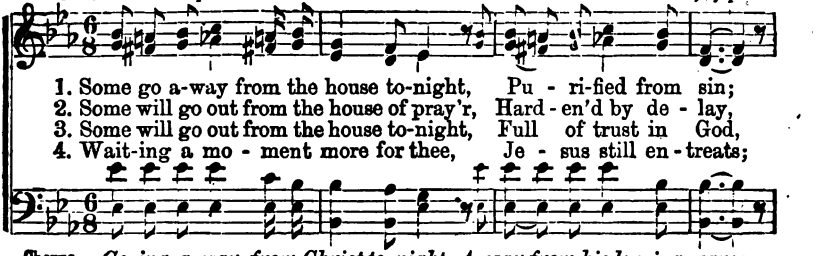
Ev'-ry harp is at-tuned un - to the sound, And the angels re-joice that the lost is found, Beautiful song! Beautiful song of joy!

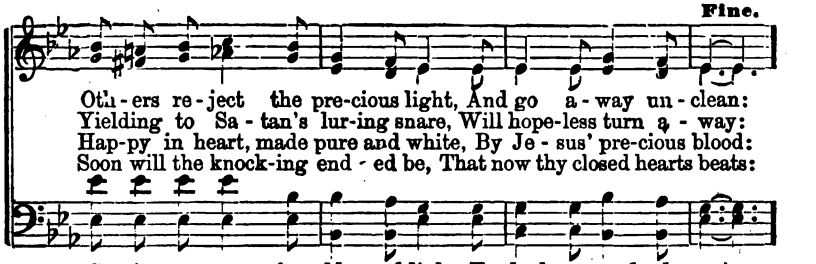
Song of joy, Bea-ti-ful song, hap-py song of joy!

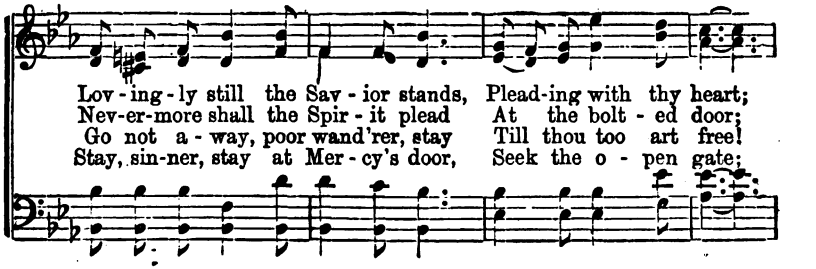
Decide To-Night.

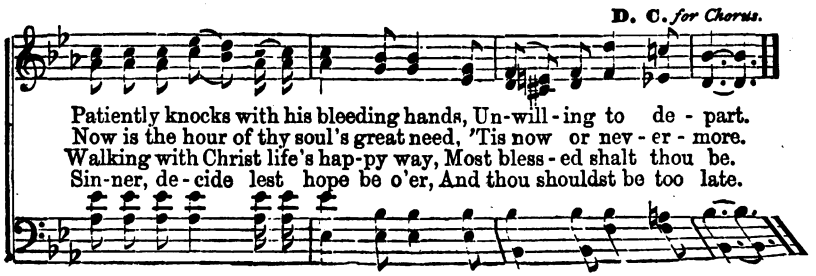
"How long halt ye?"—1 Kings xviii. 21.

Slow and with expression. W. A. Spencer, by per.









Jesus, Love Me Still.

E. A. H. — GEO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, what utter weakness fills this soul of mine! How my fre-quent stumblings wound thy heart di-vine! Count me not un-wor - thy,
2. Man - y are the fail - ures in my life I see; Man-y are the frailties cling-ing un - to me; Yet, O precious Sav - ior,
3. Pi - ty me, dear Je - sus, if I sometimes fall; I among thy ser - vants am the least of all, Weak - est of the weak ones

Je-sus, keep me thine; Love me still, Je-sus, love me still.
smile complacently, Love me still, Love and bless me still.
who up-on thee call; Therefore, love me, Je-sus, love me still.

Precious Savior! O, to love thee more!

Chorus.

Oh, what tender mercy! oh, what wondrous love! Oh, what rich compassion hails me from above; How can I but love thee, and thy grace adore!

Fine. *D.S.*

From "The Garner," by per.

Draw Me Closer To Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. T.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine em-
2. Clos - er to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am whol - ly

brace; Clos-er within thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest - ing
more; Sigh-ing to feel thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings
thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

Chorus.

place. Clos - - er with the cords of love,
o'er.
shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,

Draw me to thyself a - bove; Clos - - er
Draw me, draw me to thyself a - bove; Closer with the cords of love,

draw me, To thy-self a - bove.
Draw me to thyself a-bove, Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

I Am Listening.

It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me.—Cant. 5: 2.

W. S. Marshall. W. S. Marshall.

1. Do you hear the Sav - ior call - ing, By the woo - ings of his voice? Do you hear the ac-cents falling? Will you make the precious choice?
2. By his *Spir - it* he is woo - ing, Soft - ly draw - ing us to him, Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
3. By the *Word* of Truth he's speak-ing To the wand'ring, er-ring ones; List! the voice the still-ness breaking! Hear the sweet and solemn tones!
4. In his *Prov - i - den - tial deal-ings*, E - ven in his stern de- crees, In the loudest thunders pealing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

Refrain.

I am list - 'ning, Oh, I'm list - 'ning Just to hear the ac-cents fall; I am list - 'ning, Oh, I'm list'ning To the Sav-ior's gentle call.

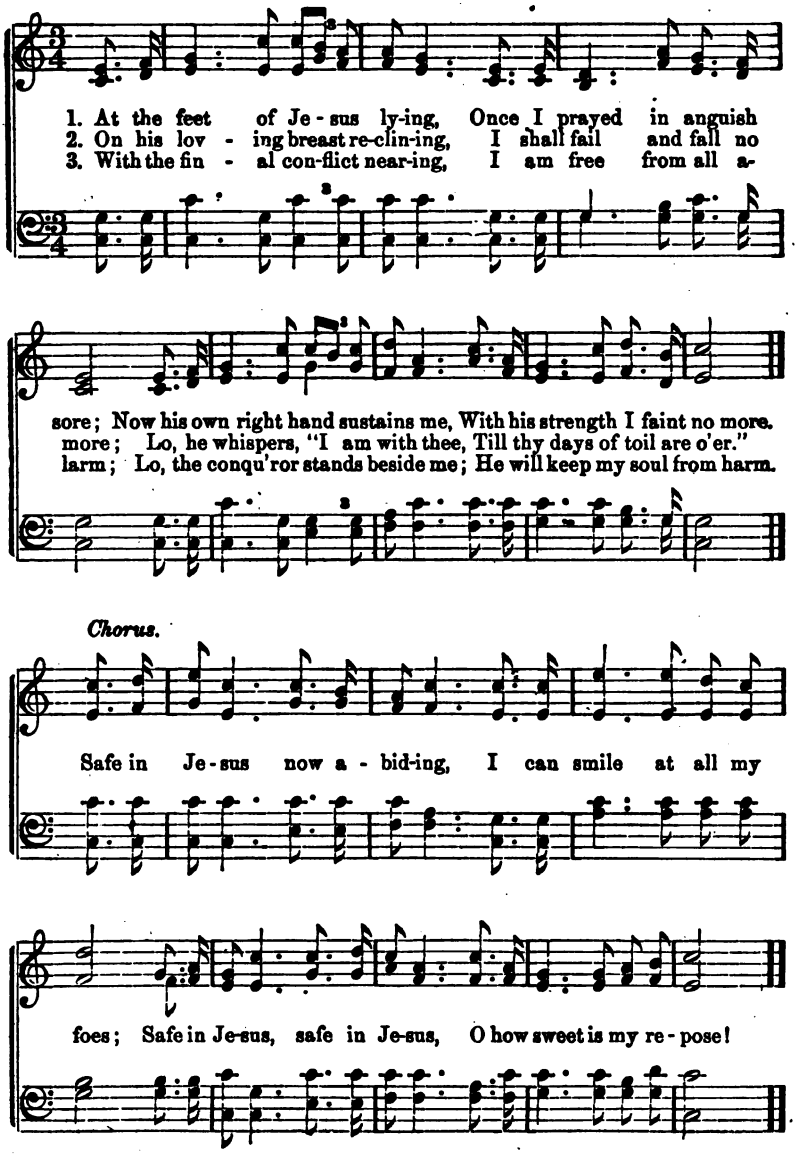
Repeat softly.

By permission.

Safe In Jesus.

"Abide in Me."—John 14: 4.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. J. H. T.



Jesus Is Passing This Way.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to - day?
2. Brother, the Master is wait - ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you While in contrition you bow;

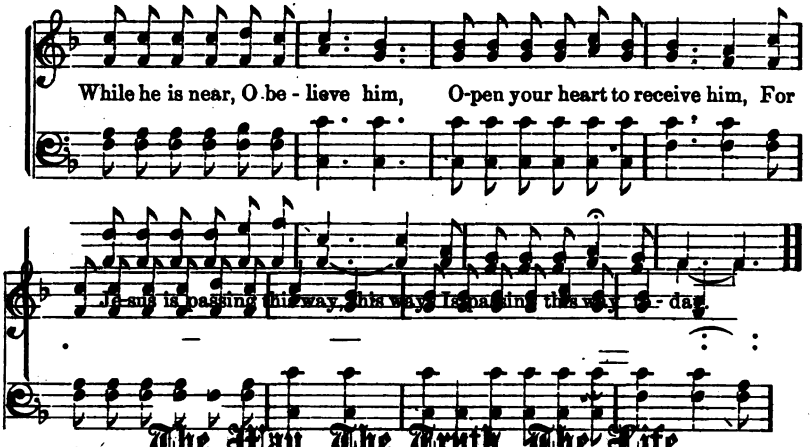
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Coming from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,
He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va - tion Je - sus is of - fer-ing here?

Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-ang ish and woe.
O-pen your heart to receive him, While he is passing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is coming so near.

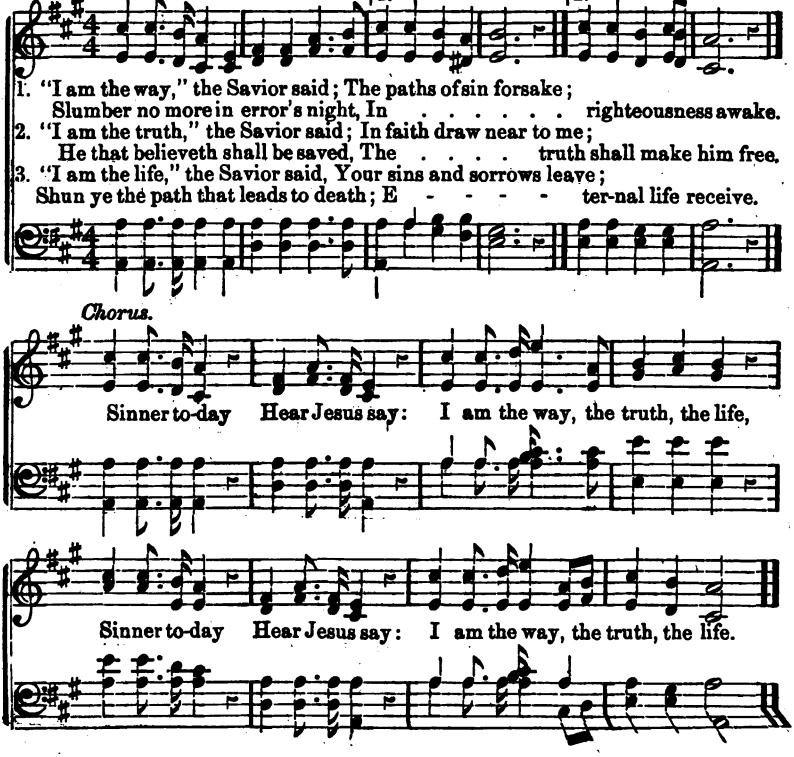
Chorus.

Je-sus is passing this way..... To - day,..... to - day,
Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to - day!



The Way, The Truth, The Life.

E. R. Latta. J. H. T.



"Pray Without Ceasing."

Words and Music by CHESTER E. POND, by per.

1. My Lord and my Sav - ior, Cre - a - tor and King,
My soul is in rap - tures, Thou reign - est with - in,
2. How bril - liant my path - way when Thou art my Light,
How honored and glo - rious Thy tem - ple to be,
3. How sweet my com - mun-ion when low at Thy feet;
Now con - scious - ly feel - ing Thy Spir - it's con - trol,

1. 2.

Thy love and Thy glo-ry for - ev - er I'll sing; } cleanse me from sin.
To car - ry my burdens and . . . . . }
How clear is my vis-ion when Thou art my Sight, } moment in me.
And know that Thou dwellest each . . . . }
Ful-fil - ing Thy will is my drink and my meat; } bod - y and soul.
With joy I sur-render my . . . . . }

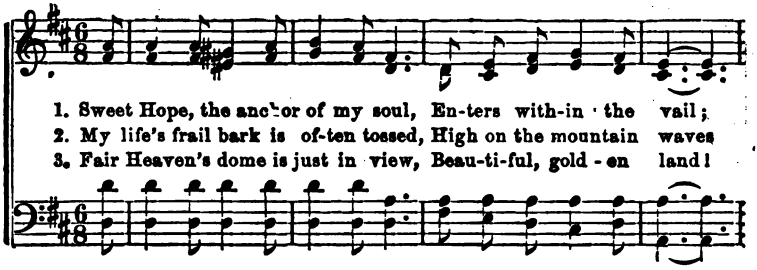
Chorus.

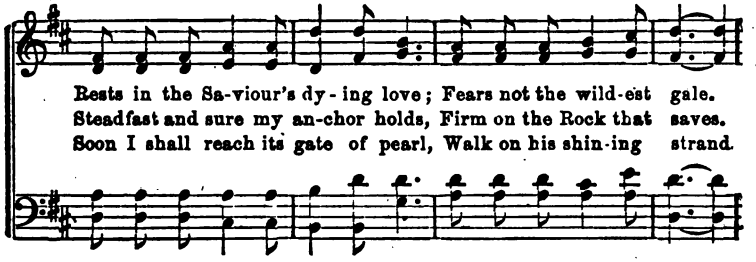
O help me re-mem-ber by night and by day, To "Pray with-out ceas-ing," Thy word to o - bey! For noth-ing so pure and so pre-cious to me, As se-cret and constant communion with Thee.

My Anchor Is Holding.

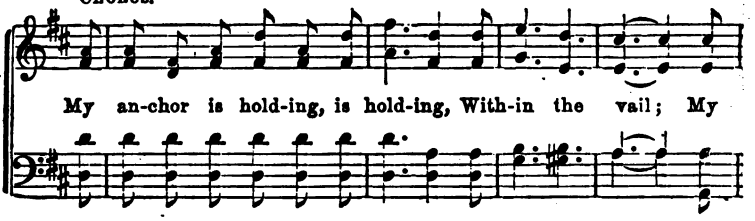
Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney, by per.

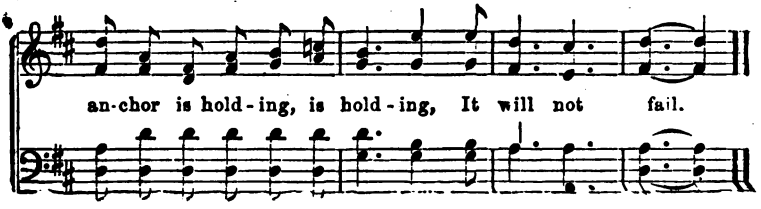
"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." Heb. 6, 19.





Chorus.





The Shining City.

THEO. S. M. TIPTON. E. H. BARLEY.

1. Far a - way, far away, ov-er the si - lent sea, Far off on that shining
2. O Zi-on, blest Zion, it stand - eth sure, Its beauties may not wax
3. Bright home of the blessed, it knoweth no night, It need-eth no moon nor

shore, There stand-eth a cit - y, we long to be With-
old; The walls, they are all of the jas - per pure, Its
sun; The Lamb, in its midst, is its liv - ing light, Its

Chorus.

in it for-ev - er more.
streets of the glittering gold. O! beau - ti - ful home, where the
tem - ple the Ho - ly One.

a tempo.

bright ones roam, Where they drink of the stream of life! We long to be

there, where they know no care, Where there cometh no sound of strife.

From the "International Lesson Hymnal" for 1879, by per.

'Neath Elim's Cooling Palms.

Rev. B. F. Bristow. F. L. Bristow.

1. We are toil - ing on-ward, hand in hand, hand in hand, We are
2. By the swell - ing wa-ters, clear and sweet, clear and sweet, Aft-er
3. There will be no dark and drea-ry night, drea-ry night, We shall

toil - ing for the promised land; Come and join our weary pil-grim
toil - ing thro' the desert's heat, We shall rest our worn and wea-ry
rest for - ev - er from the fight; We shall dwell for - ev - er in the

band, pilgrim band, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
feet, wea - ry feet, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
light, in the light. We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.

Chorus.

{ Tho' the waves loud - ly roar, We shall pass safe - ly o'er, To the
{ By the clear sil - ver gleam Of the life - giv - ing stream, We shall

1. 2.

bright happy shore of the blest, we shall rest; } rest 'neath Elim's cooling palms.

From "Golden Gate," by per. of J. Church & Co., Cincinnati, O.

When We All Get Home.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. We will sing the praise of Je - sus When we all get home, We will
2. All our tri - als will be ov - er, When we reach our home, All our
3. We will see our precious Savior When we all get home; We will

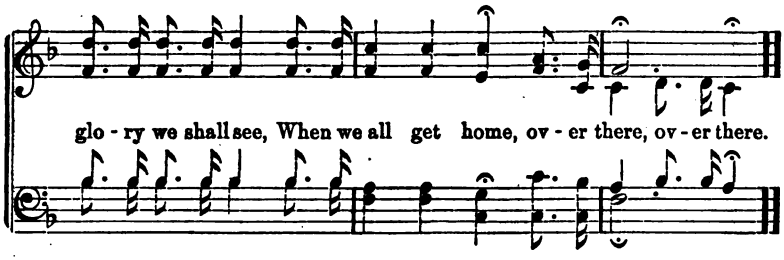
sing the praise of Jesus When we all get home, With millions round the throne, With the
trials will be ov-er, When we reach our home; How happy we will be, From all
see our precious Savior When we all get home; His glory we shall see, And thro'

myriads of his own, We will make his glo-ry known When we all get home.
sin and sor-row free Thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty, In our heaven-ly home!
all e-ter - ni - ty, O how hap-py we shall be, In our heavenly home.

Chorus.

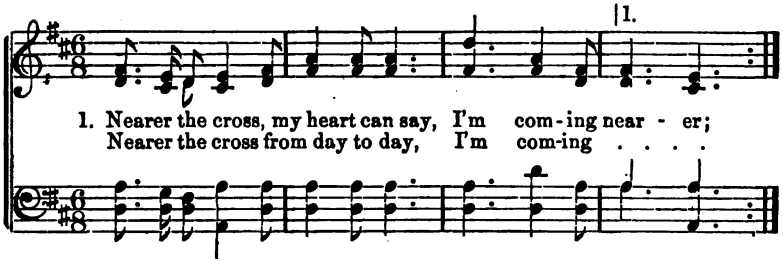
When we all get home ov - er there, ov - er there, When we

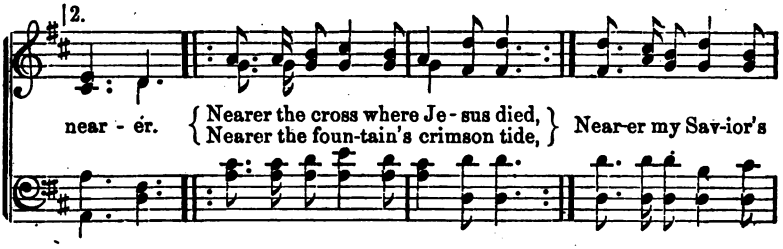
all get home, ov-er there, ov-er there, O how happy we will be When his

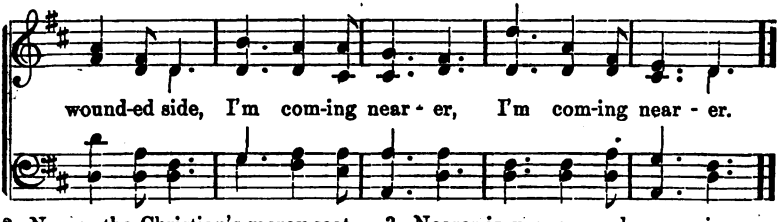


Nearer The Cross.

Mrs. Valenstyne. Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.







2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
Stronger in faith, more clear I see,
Jesus who gave himself for me,
Nearer to him I still would be,
Still coming nearer.

3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,
I'm coming nearer.

Oh, Leave Me Not Alone.

Softly. *p*

Words and Music by M. L. R, by per.

1. My life is filled with sad re-grets; No peace attends my way;
2. In-dul-gent God of love and power, To Thee for help I fly;
3. I know thou canst not let me go, Thy blood for me was shed;

f

Each day the sun in dark-ness sets, Oh, hear me, Lord, I pray.
Be with me at this solemn hour, And hear my con-trite sigh.
Now let me sink beneath its flow, And raise me from the dead.

m

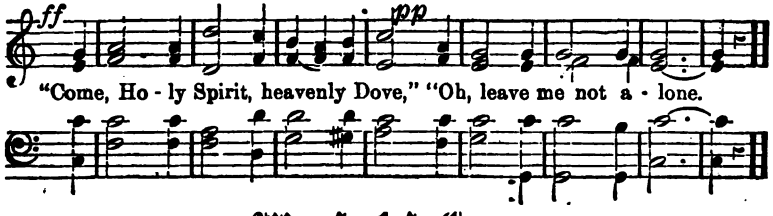
Oh, let me not in dark-ness rove, But melt my heart of stone:
Re-new my heart and be my guide To Thy ce-les-tial throne,
And bid me stretch my withered arm To Thee, whose love is shown,

f

Ac-cept my faint attempts at love, And fix my heart on things a-bove;
Oh, let me see Thy wounded side; I come to Thee, the cru-ci-fied;
And grasp Thy mantle, with its charm, To take from death its dread a-larm,

p

"Come Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove," Oh, leave me not a-lone,
Lord, con-de-scend to be my guide, Oh, leave me not a-lone,
And then, re-clin-ing on Thine arm, I shall not be a-lone,



Wonderful Grace.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Rev. I. Baltzell, by per.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! This great salvation brings;
The soul de-liv - ered of its load, In . . . . . .

2. sweet - est rap - ture sings.

Chorus.

'Tis grace! . . . 'Tis
'Tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis
grace! . . . grace! . . . 'Tis
wonder-ful grace, Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful grace! 'Tis
grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . .
won-der-ful grace! 'tis wonderful grace, Flowing still freely for me.

2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Which saves the soul from sin;
The power of rising evil slays,
And reigns supreme within.

3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Its streams are full and free;
Are flowing now for all the race,
They even flow to me.

There's Light Over There.

"For the Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. 20–5.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. T.

1. When the way seems long and drea - ry, And thy limbs are weak and wea - ry, Still pursue the path of right, "At evening time it shall be light."
2. When the hours seem dark and lone - ly, Fill'd with grief and sor-row on- ly, Then the watchword keep in sight, "At evening time it shall be light."
3. Ev - er in his love a - bid - ing, Strong in faith and hope con- fid-ing, Keep in view the Mansions bright, "At evening time it shall be light."

Chorus.

There's light ov-er there, ov-er there, There's light ov-er there, ov-er there, There's light ov-er there, The bliss of that beauti - ful place, Will all thoughts of thy sor-row ef - face, There's light ov-er there, ov-er there, There's light ov-er there, The bliss of that beauti-ful place, Will all thoughts of thy sorrow ef - face, There's

There's Light Over There.—Concluded.

There's light ov - er there, ov - er there.

there, There's light ov - er there, there's light ov - er there.
light ov - er there, ov - er there,

ov - er there, ov - er there.

Come To Jesus.

E. R. Latta. J. H. T.

1. Come to Je-sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow;
If you give your hearts to Je - sus, ...
2. Come to Je-sus! do not tar - ry; En-ter in at mercy's gate;
O de - lay not till the mor - row, ...
3. Come to Je-sus, dy-ing sin - ner! Oth-er Sav-ior there is none;
He will share with you his glory, ...

He will make them white as snow.
Lest thy coming be too late. Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus!
When your pilgrimage is done.

Chorus.

Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

Come to Jesus! come to-day,
. . . . . .
Come to Jesus! come, yes, come, come to-day!

Come to Jesus! come, come to-day!

Repeat pp

Deliverance Will Come.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald, by per.

1. I saw a way-worn traveler In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone, Yet he shouted as he journeyed, De - liv-er-ance will come.

Cho.—Then palms of vic - to - ry Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry, I shall wear.

2. I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

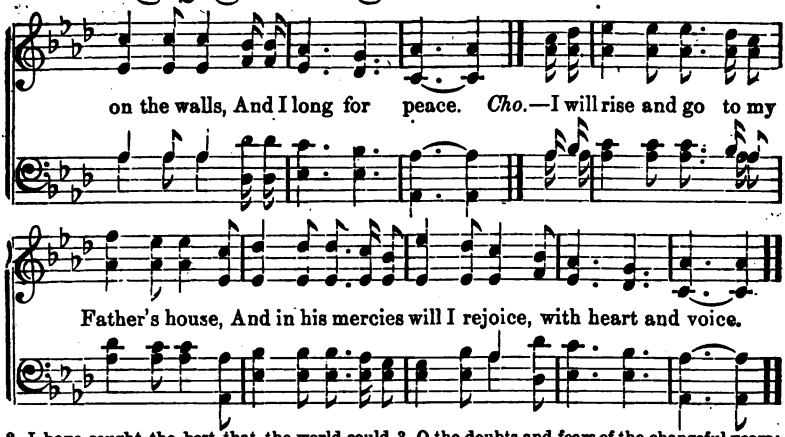
3. While gazing on that city
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come.

My Father's House.

Ellen M. H. Gates. Furnished by Mr. Sankey. W. O. Perkins, by per.

1. I am far a-way from my Father's house, And the years increase, The lights are dim in the banquet halls, The wreaths are withering

My Father's House.—Concluded.

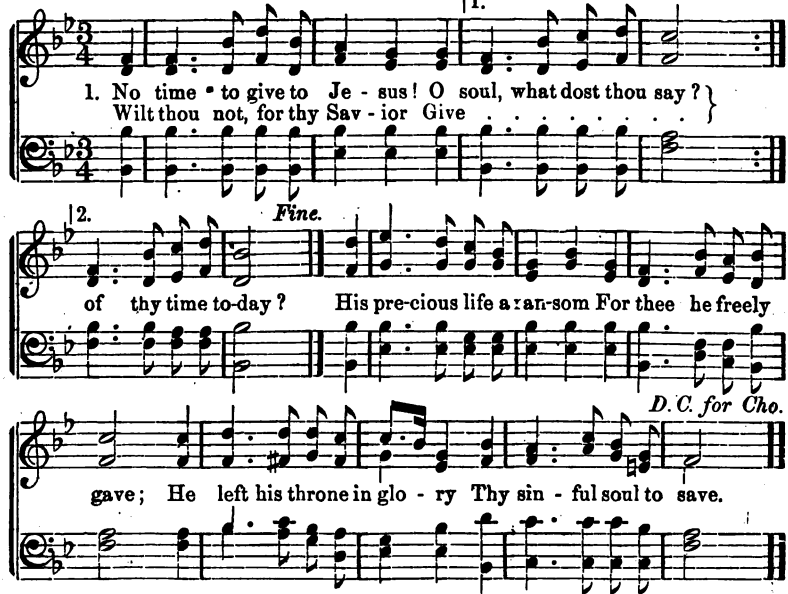


2. I have sought the best that the world could give,
As an idle guest,
My Father's house with its mansions fair,
Is the place for me, and my heart is there,
For my home is best.

3. O the doubts and fears of the changeful years;
They have vex'd my soul!
But safe forever and white and grand,
My Father's house like a rock will stand,
While the ages roll.

No Time For Jesus.

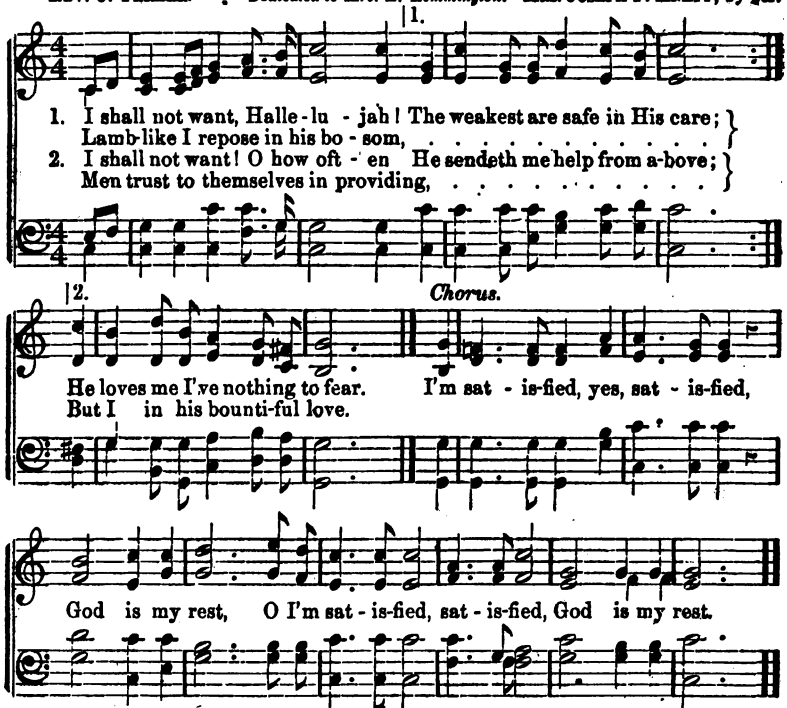
Chas. H. Gabriel. J. H. T.



2. No time to give to Jesus!
O thankless soul! why not?
Remember, by his mercy,
Thy precious soul was bought;
Canst thou not, from thy moments,
Find time to give to prayer?
In faithful vineyard-labor
Some moments for him spare?—Cho.

Satisfied.

REV. J. PARKER. *Dedicated to Mrs. E. Remmington.* MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

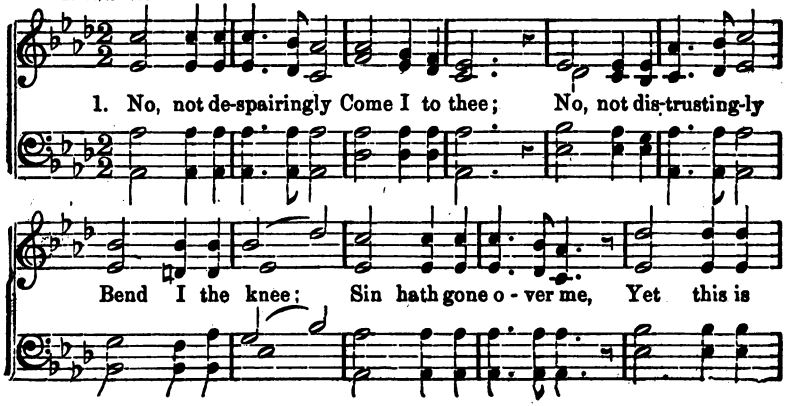


3. I shall not want! every murmur
Is hushed by the sound of his voice;
And though I may pass thro' the furnace,
I lean on His arm and rejoice.

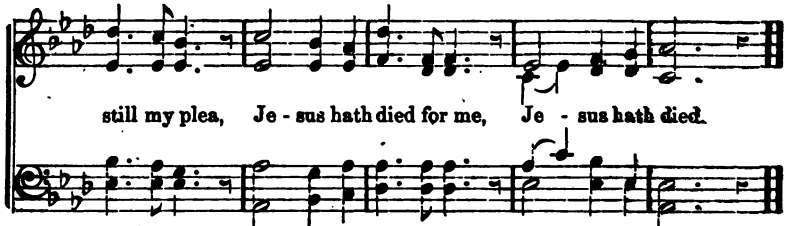
4. I shall not want! in the valley,
Where shadows of death gather round,
The morning of heaven will greet me,
And gladness and glory abound.

No, Not Despairingly.

Andante. From "Joy Bells," by per. P. P. BLISS.



No, Not Despairingly. CONCLUDED.



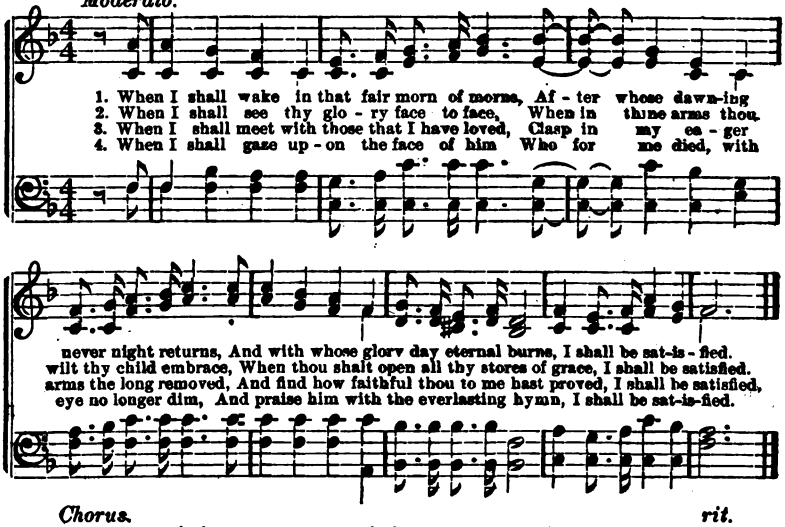
2. Lord, I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
Now, tell I all to thee,
All I have been;
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day,
Take thou my sin away;
Lord, make me clean.

3. Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou,
When sorrows call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Let the dear healing flood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

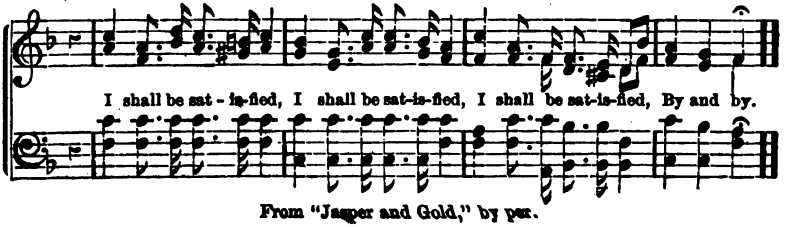
I Shall Be Satisfied.

DR. H. BONAR. REV. T. C. NEAL.

Moderato.



Chorus. *rit.*



From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

Tenderly Lead Me.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, I'm tired of my sin, And wea - ry with
2. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, I know he is love, To save err-ing
3. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, Oh, show me the way; My soul in its

fighting Po - lu - tion with-in; In mer - cy now lead me Where
children He came from a - bove; He sure - ly will heal me And
blindness Has wander'd a - stray; Then take me to Je-sus, So

I will find peace, And where all my sor-rows For-ev - er will cease.
par - don my sin, Then gra - ciously fill me With comfort with-in.
pre - cious is he, The dear lov ing Sav - ior Who suffer'd for me.

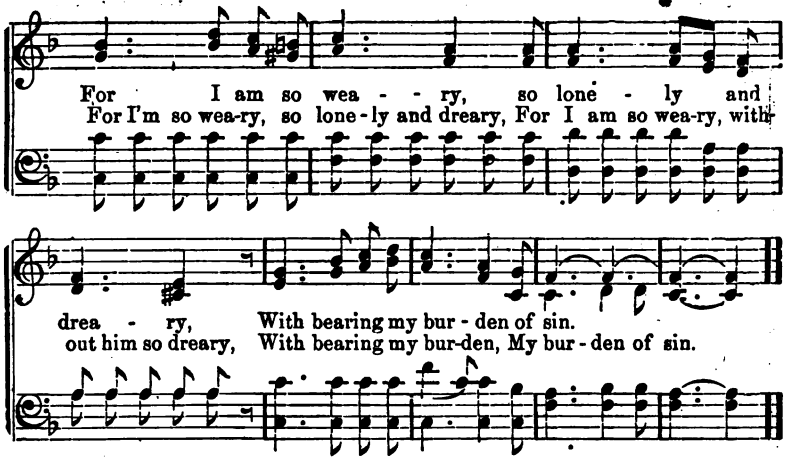
Chorus.

Oh, lead me so gen - tly, So gen - tly to Je-sus,
Lead me, oh, lead me so gently to Jesus, So gently, oh, lead me so gently to Jesus,

Ten - der - ly lead me a - way un - to him;
Tenderly, tenderly lead me, oh, lead me, Tenderly lead me away unto him;

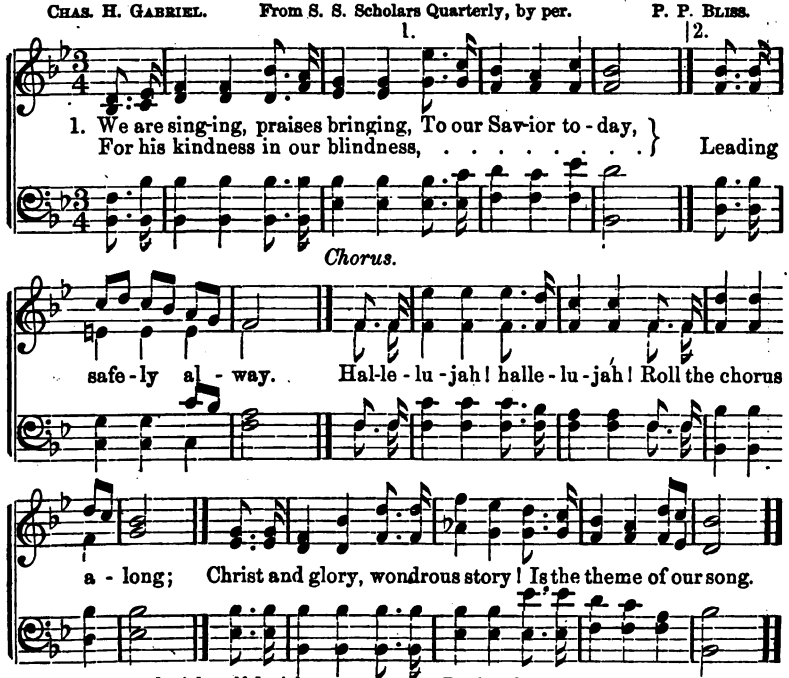
From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

Tenderly Lead Me.—Concluded.



We Are Singing.

Chas. H. Gabriel. From S. S. Scholars Quarterly, by per. P. P. Bliss.



2. Care and trials, self denials
Meet we day-after day;
But so sweetly and completely
Jesus drives them away.

3. Brother, love him, come and prove him,
Your Redeemer and King,
He'll receive you and relieve you,
Hallelujah then sing.

Down At The Cross.

E. A. H. From "Dew of Hermon," by per. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Down at the cross where the Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
D. C. for Cho. There to my heart was the . . . . . .

sin I cried, } blood ap-plied, Glory, glo - ry, glory to his name.
. . . . . .

Fine.

Chorus. *D. C.*

Down at the cross, down at the cross, Down at the cross where Jesus died,

2. I am so wondrously saved from sin;
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean;
Glory, glory, glory to his name!

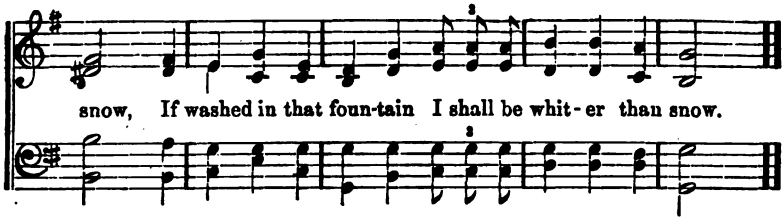
3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Humble your soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,
And give glory, glory to his name!

I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

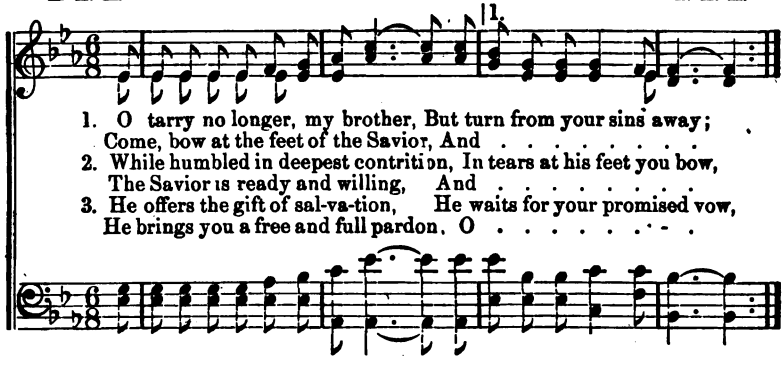
1. Thy grace, O my Sav-ior, can reach ev - en me! I know that, if
2. My soul is all weakness, my heart is un-clean, But thy precious
3. I'll doubt thee no long-er, this mo-ment I'll go, And wash in the

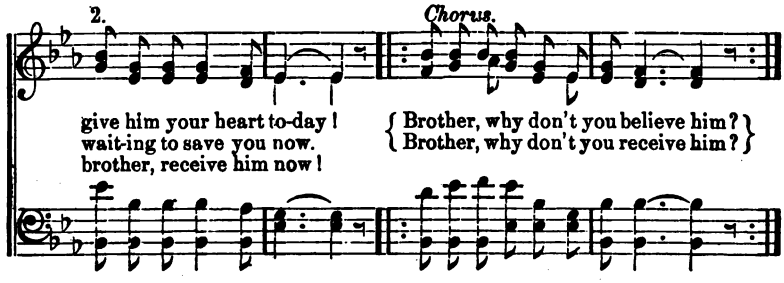
washed in thy blood, I shall be *Cho.* Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than
blood can redeem from all sin.
blood that makes whiter than snow.

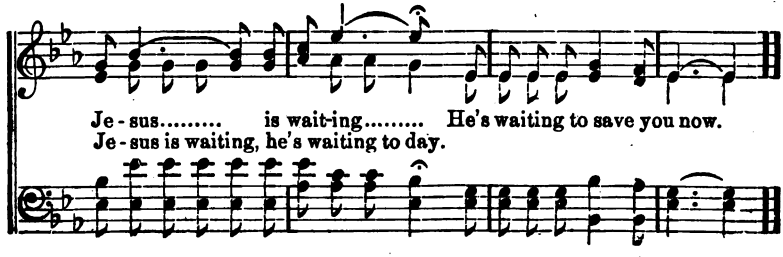


Why Don't You Receive Him?

E. A. H. E. A. H.

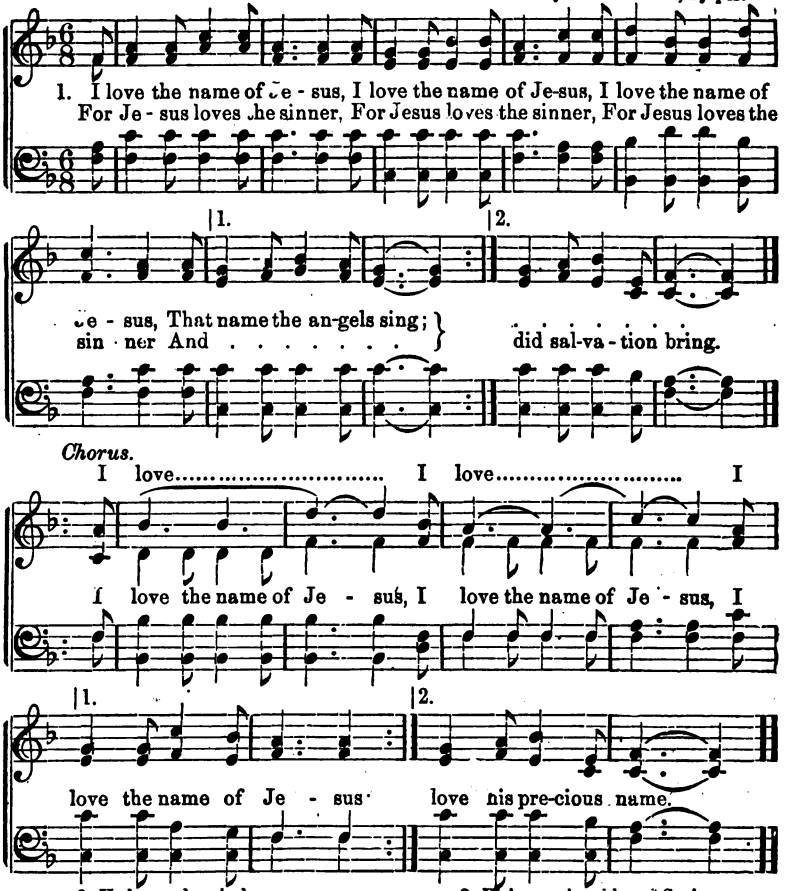






I Love The Name Of Jesus.

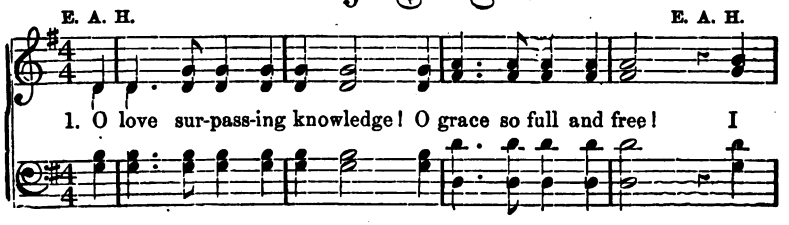
Words and music by W. T. Giffe, by per.



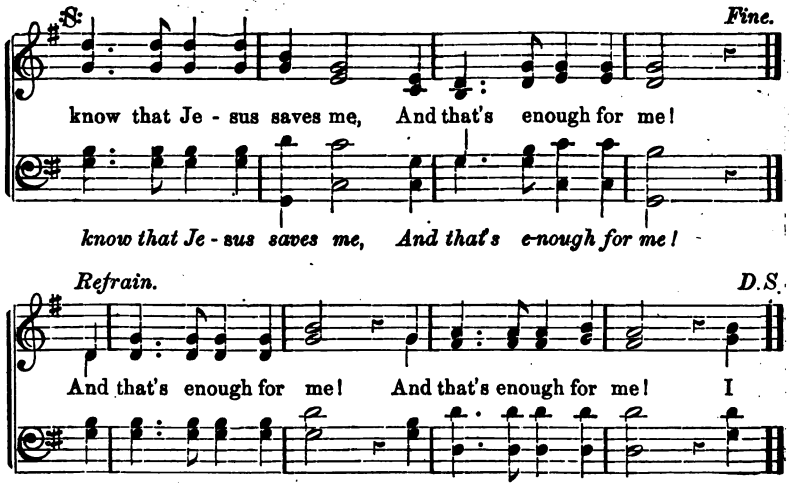
2. He has a place in heaven,
Just by the great white throne;
'Tis for his faithful children,
When Jesus takes them home.

3. We're coming, blessed Savior,
With happy hearts and free;
Stretch out Thine arms and take us,
Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

Enough For Me.



Enough For Me—Concluded.

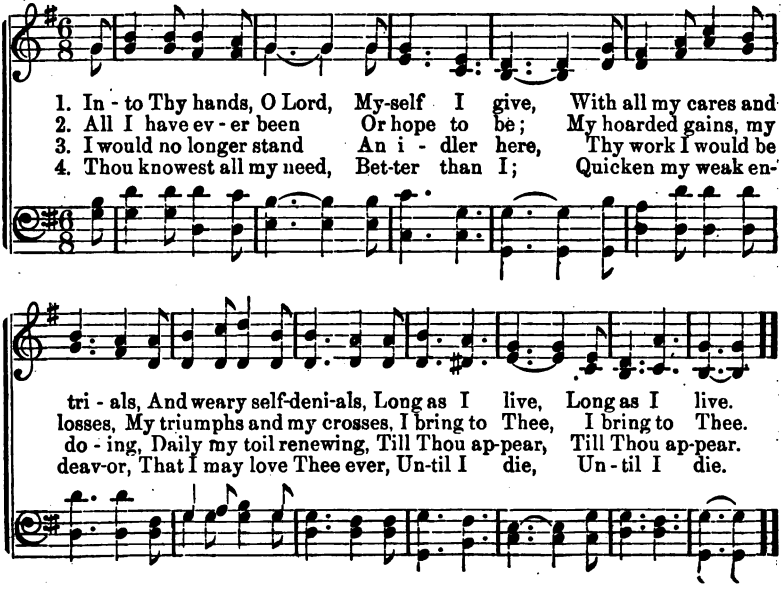


2. O wonderful salvation!
From sin he makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

3. O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

"Into Thy Hands, O Lord."

Susan J. Adams. J. H. T.



At Evening Time It Shall Be Light.

From the "International Lesson Hymnal," for 1879, by per.

Mrs. M. E. Cox. W. O. Perkins.

1. If in - stead of high-est path - ways, Low - ly ones on
2. Aft - er earn - est, strong en-deav - or, Pa - tient toil for

earth you tread, Do not deem your life a fail - ure, Nor let
ma - ny years, If your wea - ry, faith-ful la - bor Al - most

Chorus.

use - less tears be shed; { Lean on Je - sus, look to heav - en,
with - out fruit ap-pears, { Sweet the promise that is giv - en,

1. 2.

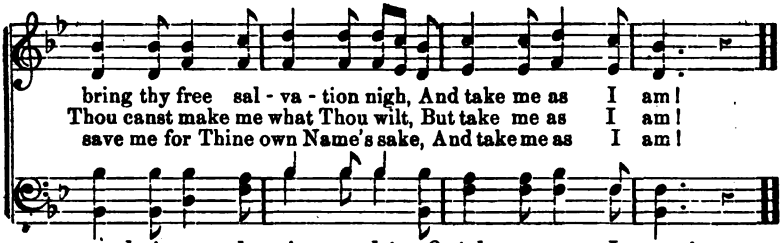
Tho' all a - round be dark as night; }
At evening . . . . . } time it shall be light.

O Take Me As I Am.

E. H. H.

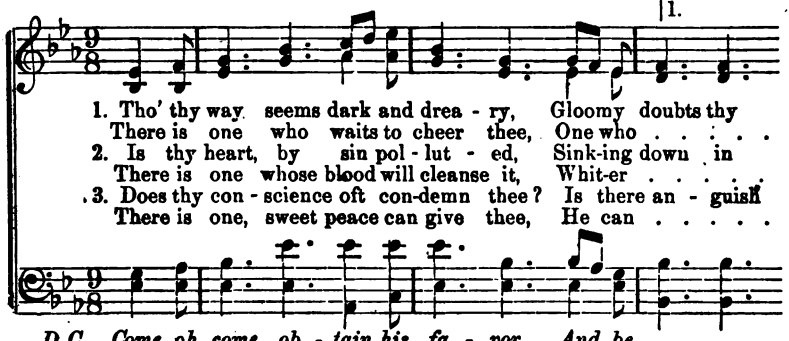
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless Thou help me, I must die: Oh,
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And
3. No pre - par-a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break, Yet

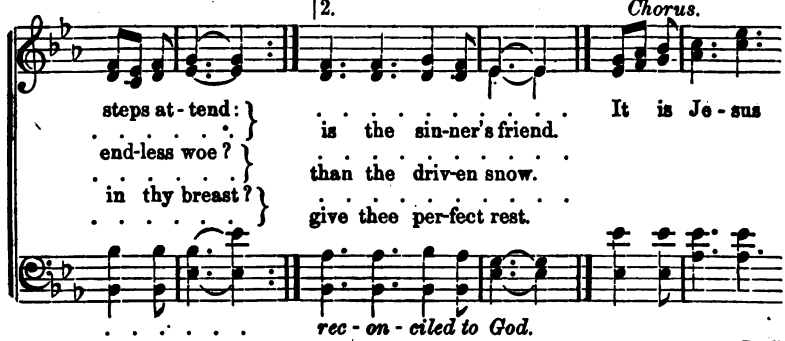
Cho. I lin-ger at the mercy seat; Behold me, Savior, at thy feet! Thy

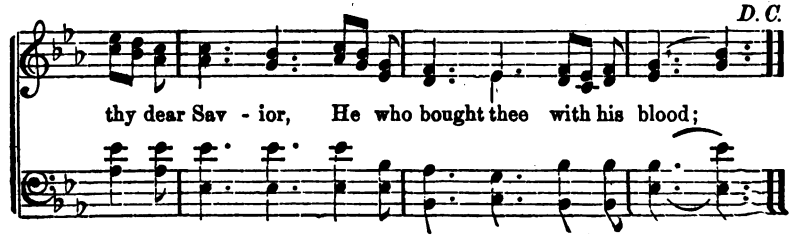


The Sinner's Friend.

J. G. From "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly, by per. Joseph Garrison.







Persuaded.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. God in his mer - cy Calls un - to me, And I'm ful - ly per-
2. Je - sus en-treats me So ten-der - ly, And I'm ful - ly per-
3. Heav - en now off - ers Par - don to me, And I'm ful - ly per-

suad - ed A Christ-ian to be.
suad - ed A Chris-tian to be.
suad - ed A Chris-tian to be.

Refrain.

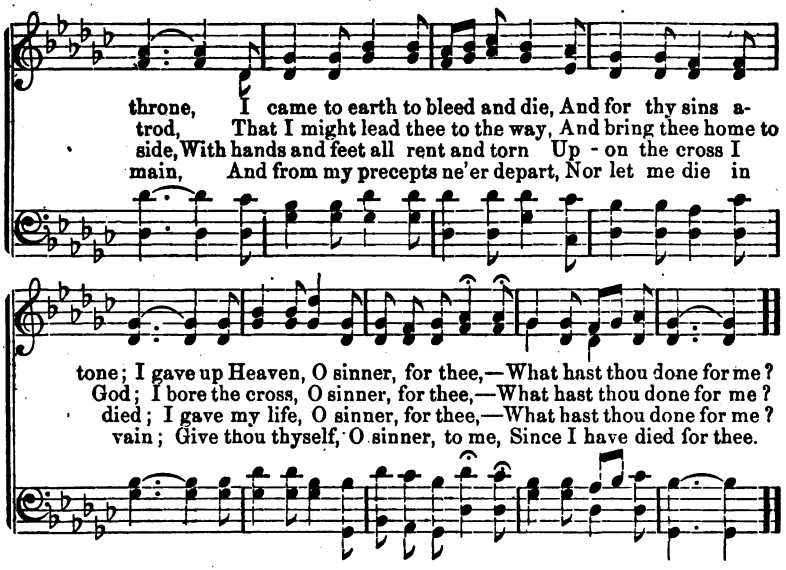
I'm ful - ly persuad - ed,

Ful - ly per-suad-ed, Ful - ly per-suad-ed A Christian to be.

"This I Did For Thee."

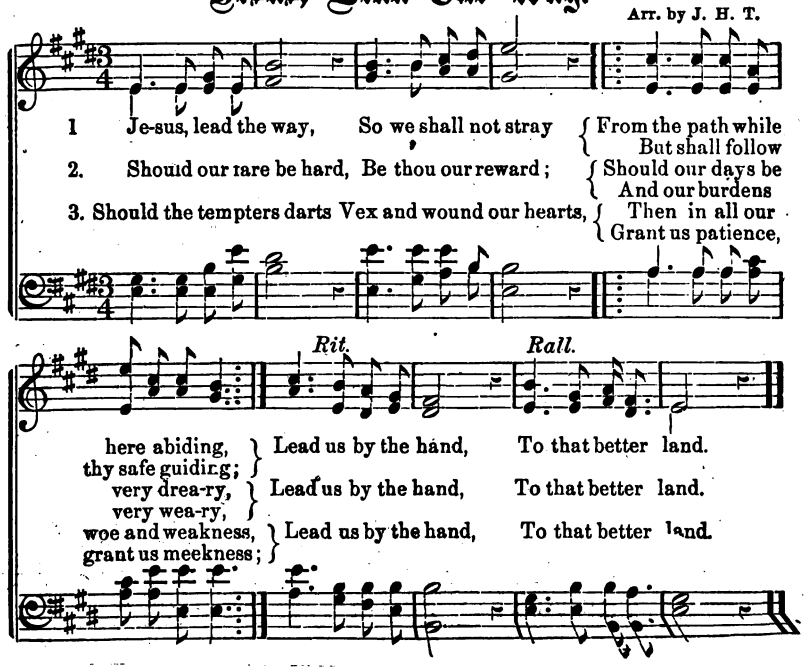
A. B. B. A. B. Bragdon.

1. I left my glorious home on high, I left my Father's
2. And thro' the earth for many a day My wea - ry feet have
3. Up - on my head a crown of thorns, A spear-wound in my
4. Oh! give to me thy wayward heart, The days that yet re-



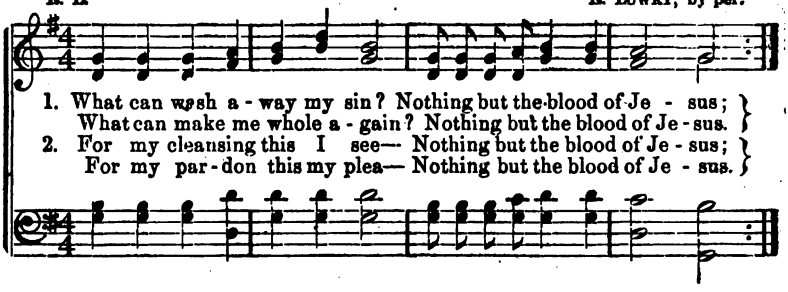
Jesus, Lead The Way.

Arr. by J. H. T.



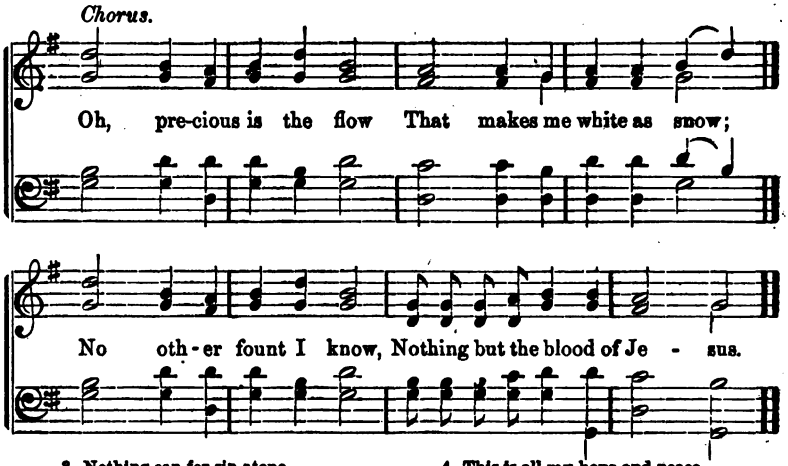
Nothing But The Blood Of Jesus.

R. L. R. Lowry, by per.



1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Chorus.



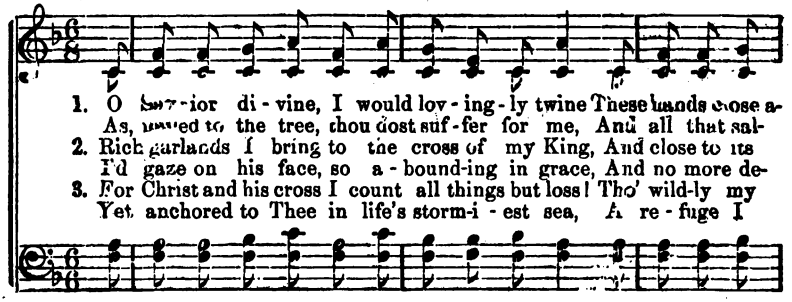
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

3. Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4. This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Christ's Cross.

Rev. J. H. Beale. E. A. H.



1. O Sa - vior di - vine, I would lov - ing - ly twine These hands close a-
As, nailed to the tree, thou dost suf - fer for me, And all that sal-
2. Rich garlands I bring to the cross of my King, And close to its
I'd gaze on his face, so a - bound-ing in grace, And no more de-
3. For Christ and his cross I count all things but loss! Tho' wild-ly my
Yet anchored to Thee in life's storm-i - est sea, A re - fuge I

bout that dear per - son of thine,
va - tion to me may be free.
foot I for - ev - er would cling;
part from that heav - en - ly place.
bark on the bil - lows may toss,
know thou for - ev - er wilt be.

I'll trust my Re - deem
I'll love him for - ev-

1. er, I'll praise and a - dore him,
er and . . . . . .

2. . . . . .
ev - er. A - men!

This Fountain Cleanses From All Sin.

1. The blood that flowed from Cal - va - ry, From all my
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion this! Un - meas - ured
3. With joy I tell to oth - ers round What depths of

Cho. This foun - tain cleans - es from all sin, And ev - ery

sins now cleans - es me, And I praise my Redeem - er, my
wealth of love and peace! I will praise my Re-deem - er, my
mer - cy I have found; And I praise my Re-deem - er, my

one may now plunge in; There's a foun - tain, a foun - tain of

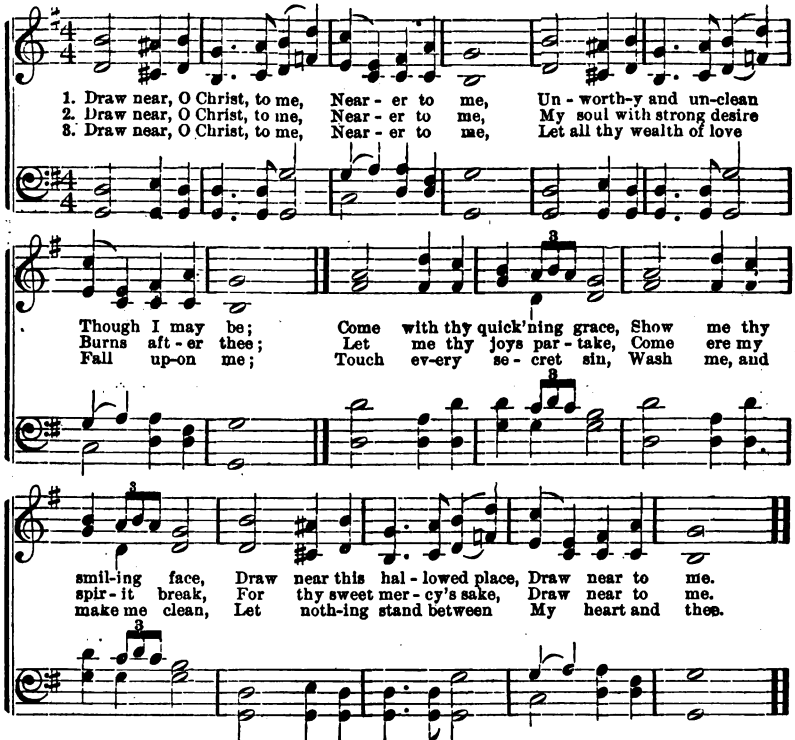
soul is free, For the blood now cleans - es me.
soul is free, For the blood now cleans - es me.
soul is free, For the blood now cleans - es me.

wa - ter and blood. Ev-er flow - ing for you and for me

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

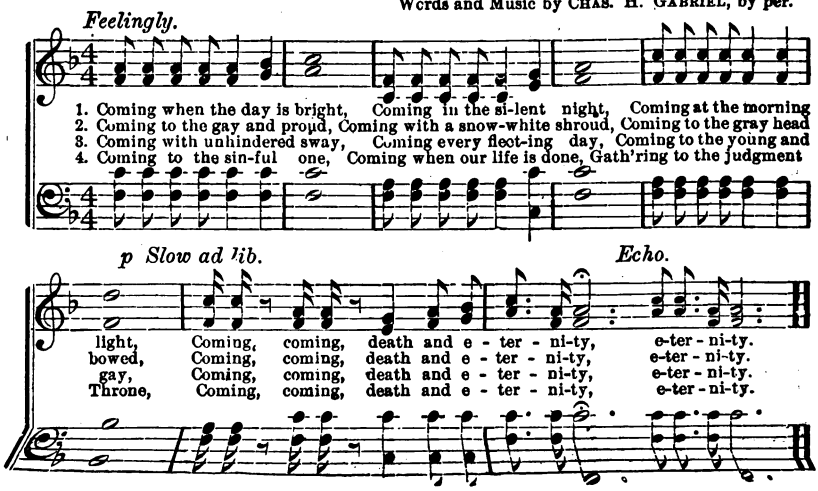
Nearer to Me.

WILLIAM A. GALPIN.



Death and Eternity.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.



Room For Jesus.

Rev. T. J. SHELTON. J. H. T.

1. Je - sus, I have room for thee, In my hum - ble dwell - ing;
2. Room with-in my heart for thee, Life's e - ter - nal foun - tain!
3. Room with-in my heart for thee, Suff' - rer in the gar - den!

Fine.

Come to me a wel-come guest, All my sins ex - pell - ing
Room for Christ who bore the cross Up to Calv' - ry's moun - tain.
If thou bring thy peace to me, If thou seal my par - don.

D.S. Come and seal me with thy love, And be - stow thy fa - vor.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Room for thee, room for thee, Pre - cious Lord and Sav - ior!

The Better Day Coming On.

M. L. Rossvalley, by per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee! I know thou art
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art

Chorus. There's a bet - ter day, there's a crowning day, There's a bet - ter day com-ing
Coming on, Coming on, Coming on, com-ing

mine, For thee all the pleas - ures of sin I re - sign;
thou, If ev - er I lov'd thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

on, There's a bet-ter day, there's a crowning day, There's a better day coming on.
on, There's a bet-ter day, there's a crowning day, There's a better day coming on.

2. I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon, being nailed to the tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.—

3. In mansions of glory, or heavenly delight,
I'll ever adore thee in regions of light;
And sing with a glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

The Quiet Vale Of Prayer.

MARIA WHEELER. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Expressivo.

1. O qui - et vale of pray'r, sweet pray'r, The fragrance of God's
2. Lone, wea - ry hearts oppressed with grief, Can wan - der there and
3. O qui - et vale of pray'r, I've found A treas - ure on thy
4. And though my fal - t'ring feet may stray From truth, to er - ror's

peace is there; Its ho - ly paths, o'er shin - ing sod, Are
find re-lief, Or, for the toil of life prepare, With-
hal - lowed ground; The pre-cious seal of trust - ing love In
trou - bled way, For - giv - ing love will meet me there, With-

Refrain.

wa - tered by the hand of God.
in that sa - cred vale of pray'r. O qui - et
God, who rules the spheres a - bove.
in that qui - et vale of pray'r.

pp Ritard.

vale, sweet vale of pray'r! The fragrance of God's peace is there.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
To the One God whom we adore,
Be glory now and evermore.

Jesus Is Calling For Thee.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE. by per.

1. When, as of old, in her sad-ness Ma - ry sat weep-ing a - lone,
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust,
3. Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some-time thy footsteps shall stray,

Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter Whispered, "The Master has come."
When of the dear-est earth treasures Dust shall re-turn un - to dust,
Where waits a boat-man to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its foun-tain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in-vite thee, Vain will its of - fer-ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad-ow, If when his com-ing thou see,

List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Cometh there soft - ly a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp*

Call - ing, call - ing, Jesus is calling for thee.
Call - ing for thee. call - ing for thee,

Sacred Season Of Communion.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. 'Tis the hallowed hour of pray'r, And we trusting - ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the precious hour of pray'r, And we humbly en - treat: Fath - er,
3. 'Tis the sa - cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a - bove; Soul to

fears and doubtings there, Sin and want, ev - ery - thing; For we
breathe the Spir-it now As we bow at thy feet; Touch our
soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev - ery

know that God de - lights A glad welcome to give, And the
lips with pow'r of song; Fill our souls with thy love; And be-
heart is sweet - ly filled With a peace most profound; O the

Chorus.

blessings that we ask for We shall freely receive.
stow the benediction Of thy peace from above. Precious hour of pray'r, hallowed
place is like to Heaven Where such true joys abound!

Rit.

hour of pray'r, Sacred sea-son of com-mu-nion, It is sweet to be there!

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The Child Of A King.

KATTIE BUELL, Alt. JOHN SUMMER, arr.

DUET.

1. My fath - er is rich, not in hous - es and lands, But he hold - eth the wealth of the world in his hands! The ru - bies and dia - monds, the sil - ver and gold Of the earth are all his; he has rich-es un - told.

2. My fath - er's own son, the Sa - vior from sin, Once wan-der'd o'er earth as the poor - est of men; But now he is reign - ing for - ev - er on high, And will give us a home in the sweet by and by. I'm the child of a King, The

3. I once was an out - cast, a stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an "a - lien" by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's writ - ten down As an heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4. A tent or a cot - tage—O why should I care? They are build - ing a pa - lace for me o - ver there; Though ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

Chorus.

child of a King; With Jesus, my Sa-vior, I'm the child of a King.

Only Near To The Kingdom.

Mark. 12: 24.

Words and Music by W. JOHNSON.

1. To live in the land where the Christ pass - es by, To
2. To come to the Sa - vior with ques - tion and pray'r, His
3. Not far from the king - dom, yet not born a - gain; Not
4. Al - most in the king - dom, al - most to the gate That

go to the place where his Spir - it is nigh, To
an - swer of love and sal - va - tion to hear, To
far from the king - dom, yet cling - ing to sin; Not
stands o - pen wide in the way that is straight; Al-

know the sweet gos - pel of Je - sus the Lord, And
speak in his pres - ence, ac - knowl - edge his word, And
far from the king - dom, close, close to the road, And
most, but not quite, O how fear - ful the word! Al-

Refrain

yet on - ly near to the kingdom of God.
yet on - ly near to the kingdom of God. Near to the kingdom,
yet on - ly near to the kingdom of God.
most, yet but near to the kingdom of God.

Rit.

Near to the kingdom, And yet on - ly near to the kingdom of God.

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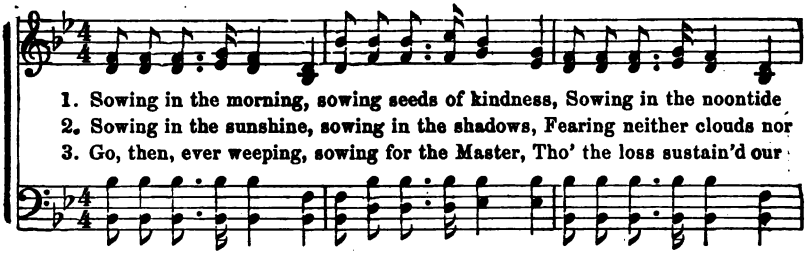
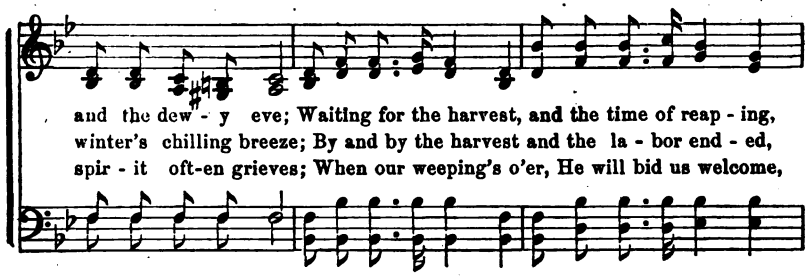
Bringing In The Sheaves.

Matt. 13: 39. GEORGE A. MINOR.

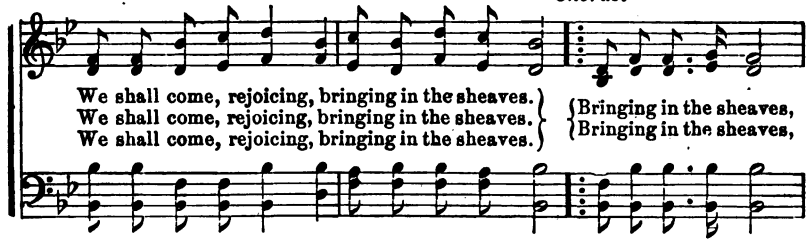


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

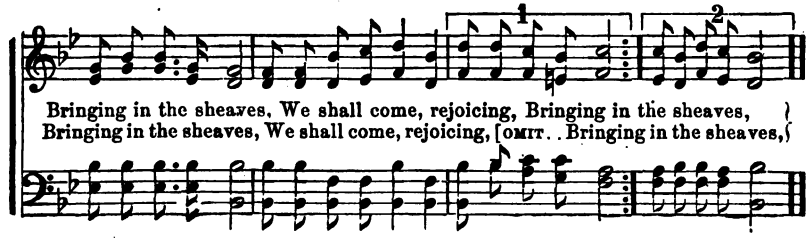


and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap - ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o'er, He will bid us welcome,

Chorus.



We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, [OMIT. . Bringing in the sheaves,

From "Golden Light."

Saved.

ABBIE MILLS. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - ho - vah is my King, Low at his feet I
2. 'Twas he re - moved my guilt, I can - not tell you
3. From en - vy, and from pride, Which God can - not al-
4. To him who clean-seth me I will per - form my
5. Come, ev - 'ry wea - ry soul, Come, at his foot-stool

bow;.... With joy his wondrous love I sing, For
how;.... But this I know, his blood was spilt, And
low;.... From all his presence can - not hide, My
vow;.... His praises in my mouth shall be, For
bow;.... 'Tis Je - sus can make whole, And

Chorus

Je - sus saves me now. The Lord re - moved my
Je - sus saves me now.
Je - sus saves me now.
Je - sus saves me now.

guilt,..... I can - not tell you how;..... But

this I sure - ly know, That Je - sus saves me now.

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Soldiers Of Zion.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Soldiers of Zi - on, on we go, Brave are the hearts that face the foe,

Cho.—Soldiers of Zi - on, on we go, Brave are the hearts that face the foe,

FINE.

Vic-t'ry awaits us, for we know, We fol-low the Lord our King;

Vic-t'ry awaits us, for we know, We fol-low the Lord our King;

Not by the might of hu-man arm, Not by the pow'r of each to harm,

D.C. Chorus.

But by the Spi - rit's ho - ly charm, Shall we the tri - umph sing.

2. Hark to the trump that sounds for war,
See how the flag goes on before,
Look how the ranks swell more and more
As Jesus the King leads on:
Strong are the hosts of Sin and Death,
Stronger the might of Him who saith,
"I will consume them with my breath!"
Then will the field be won. *Cho.*

3. Sure as the Truth, will dawn the day
When giant Wrong will end his sway,
Bondage and Error flee away,
And earth to the Lord belong;
Courage, ye souls who fight and plod,
This is the path that worthies trod;
Gird up your loins, Elect of God;
Soon comes the victor's song. *Cho*

From "Our Glad Hossana." by per. of Biglow & Main.

The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1 Cor. 2: 9. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy, For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can des - troy.
2. I know that thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng, And sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song. The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free; The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood— it cleanseth me.
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With - out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
4. O Sa - vior, pre-cious Sa - vior mine! What will thy presence be If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

Rit.

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Why Not Trust In Him Now?

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. The Savior hath called thee and shown thee his love; He died for poor sinners like thee; He left his bright home in the mansions a-bove, The cap-tive from bond-age to free.
2. His blood he hath shed to redeem thee from sin; A fount has been opened for thee; He tells thee of heav-en, and bids thee come in, The beauties of E-den to see. O. why not trust in him,
3. He'll clothe thee with vesture that's whiter than snow; In pastures of verdure will lead, Where wa-ters of life in a-bun-dance do flow, Thy soul in its rap-ture to feed.

Chorus.

[trust in him] now? O, why not trust in him, [trust in him] now? He loves thee. and bids thee on him to re-ly; O! why not trust in him now?

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Make Me A Worker For Jesus.

E. E. Rexford. D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast, and earnest, and true,
2. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Do-ing the task to be done,
3. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Rea-dy to toil where he needs,
4. Make me a work-er, O Je - sus! Then at the set of the sun,

Will-ing to do for the Mas - ter All he expects me to do.
Cheerful - ly, earnest - ly, glad - ly Lab'ring till set of the sun.
Sow-ing good seed for the harvest, Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
Say; Thou wert faithful, my servant, Rest, for thy work is now done.

Chorus.

Make me a work - er for Je - sus. Toil - ing faith-ful - ly, ...

Do - ing my best for the Mas - ter; He has done great things for me.

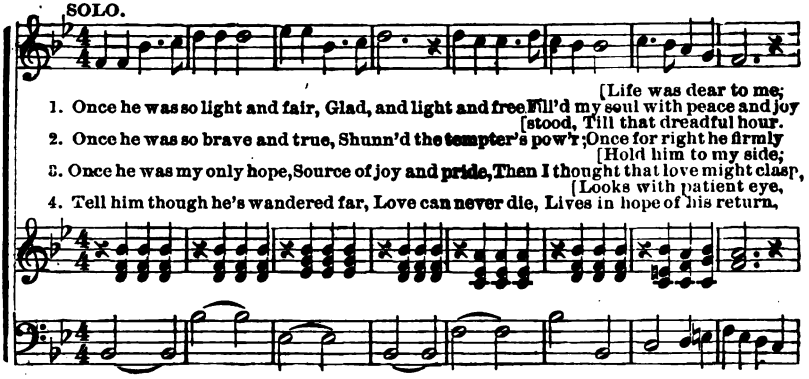
Save The Boy!

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10: 1

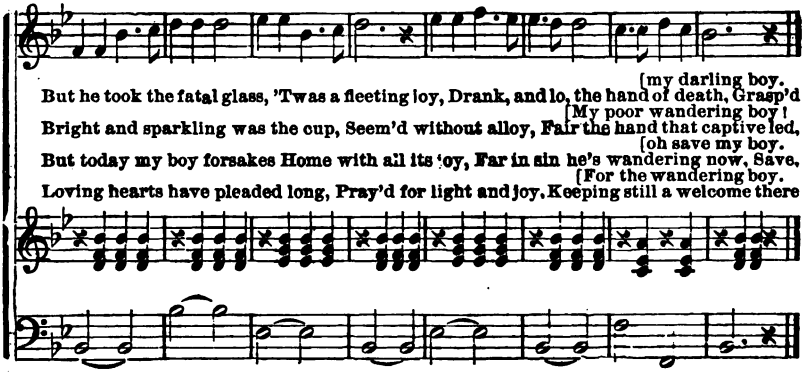
(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

MRS. S. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per

SOLO.

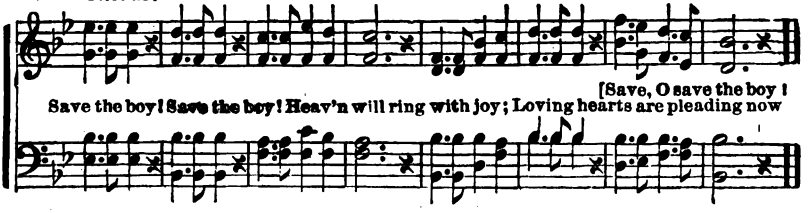


[Life was dear to me;
1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free, Fill'd my soul with peace and joy
[stood, Till that dreadful hour.
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r; Once for right he firmly
[Hold him to my side;
3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that love might clasp,
[Looks with patient eye,
4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die, Lives in hope of his return,



[my darling boy.
But he took the fatal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd
[My poor wandering boy!
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led,
[oh save my boy.
But today my boy forsakes Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wandering now, Save,
[For the wandering boy.
Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there

Chorus.



[Save, O save the boy!
Save the boy! Save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy; Loving hearts are pleading now

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In The Life-Boat.

Rev. Wm. P. Breed, D. D. alt. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Tossing on the bil-low, Rocking in the blast, Sick'ning on the pil-low,
2. Gone each earthly treasure, Cut away each mast, Vanished earthly pleasure.
3. Sorrows mul-ti-ply-ing, Prospects overcast, Weeping, groaning, sighing,

Verg-ing to the last; Skies all clad in sable, Storm-clouds scudding past,
Still I'm anchored fast; For I rest in Je-sus, In whose arm of pow'r,
Still I'm anchored fast; Swiftly to my grave-bed, I am mak-ing haste,

Chorus.

Clinging to the ca - ble, I am anchored fast.
I'm se-cure-ly sheltered, Safe forevermore. I am in the Life-Boat,
Trembling 'neath the death-dread, Still I'm anchored fast.

I am in the Life-Boat, I am in the Life-Boat, Safe forevermore!

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Standing On The Mighty Rock.

Psalms 40: 2.

A. W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Standing on the Migh - ty Rock, Migh - ty Rock, Migh-ty Rock,
2. Let the wa - ters mad - ly sweep, mad - ly sweep, mad - ly sweep,
3. Some may seek the shift - ing sand, Shift - ing sand, shift-ing sand,
4. We have suf - fered pain and loss, Pain and loss, pain and loss,

Far a bove the bil - low's shock, Safe with Je - sus.
Care we not if we may keep Close to Je - sus.
Ours the bet - ter part to stand, Safe with Je - sus.
Now we rest be - neath the cross, Safe with Je - sus.

Chorus.

And we cry: Christ is nigh; {He will guard our lit - tle flock, / From the storm and bil - low's shock,}

Stand-ing on the Migh - ty Rock, Safe with Je - sus.

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Will You Be Washed In The Blood?

Words and Music by Rev. 1: 5. E. O. Excell, by per.

1. List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?.....
2. Sinner, now this blessing claim; Will you be washed in the blood?.....
3. Christ can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?.....
4. Je - sus drank the cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?.....

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Through the dear Redeemer's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't re - ject the Spir-it's call; Will you be washed in the blood?

Par-don will be giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Claim him as your Sa - vior, He can save for - ev - er.
You can know this hour.... Of his sav - ing pow - er.
Grace is now a-bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n resound - ing.

Chorus

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Wonderful Love.

Words and Music by B. F. Blakely.

1. O the wonder-ful heights of God's love! Its riches no mor-tal can
2. When no arm could redeem fallen man, And hope had expired in each
3. O what glory there shines through his love On souls humbled low at his
4. I now walk in the sun-light of God; He washed and redeemed even
5. Light and glory are fill-ing my soul, My heart is o'erwhelmed with his

know; It has reached to the depths from a-bove To
breast, The Re-deem-er for sin-ners was slain; In
feet! They have hope of a man-sion a-bove; Their
me; I am saved, and the sin-cleans-ing blood My
love; 'Tis a well spring-ing up as a pool; The

Chorus.

ran-som poor sin-ners from woe.
him they have pardon and rest.
peace and their joy is complete.
hope and re-joic-ing shall be.
fountain is Je-sus a-bove.

O the won-der-ful love, Of the

Fath-er a-bove, Who has washed and redeemed even me! With my

life's latest breath, And in Heav'n after death, This my song of rejoicing shall be.

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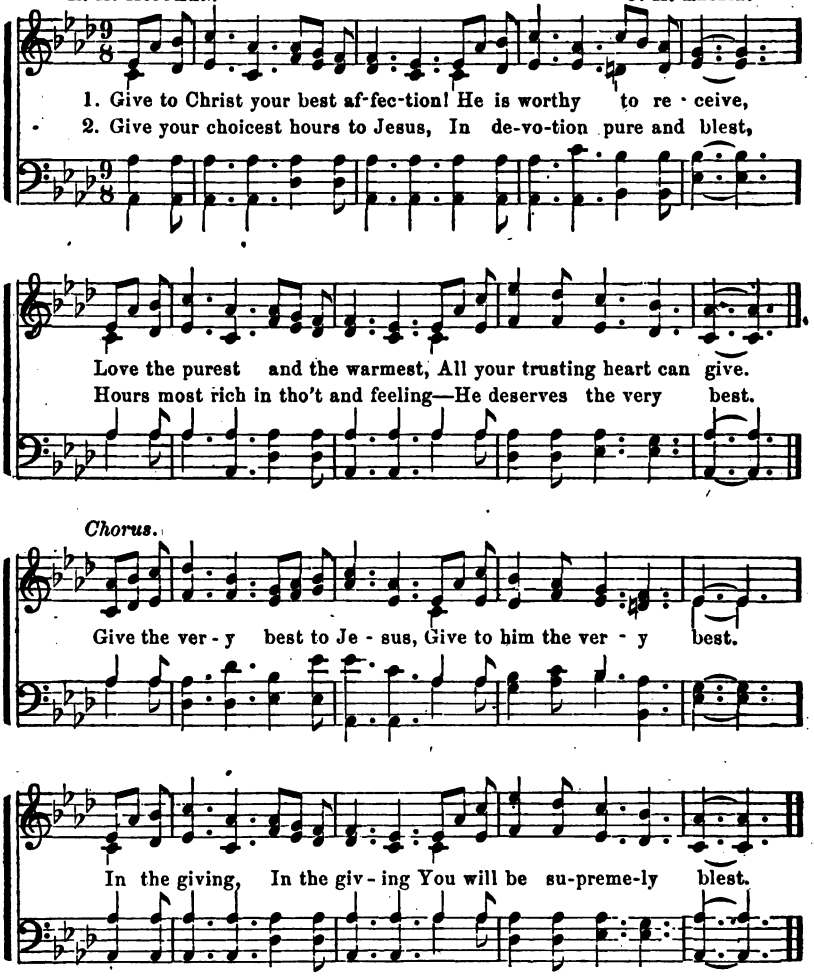
The Very Best For Jesus.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Leslie.



3. Give to Christ your noblest talents!
Use them in his sweet employ;
In the using you will harvest
A reward of blissful joy.—Ref.

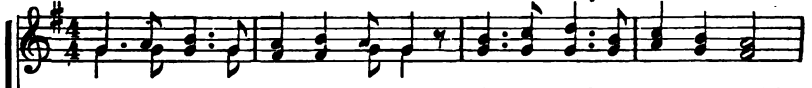
4. Give your influence to the Savior!
Bring no stain upon his name
By a heart untrue and faithless,
By a life of sin and shame.—Ref.

5. Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
As a willing sacrifice;
Your reward shall be a mansion
In the shining Paradise.—Refrain.

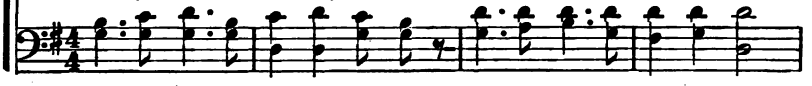
From "Songs of Faith."

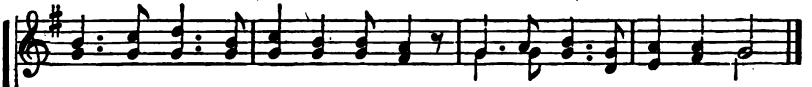
Have More Faith In Jesus.

Words and Music by E. A. Hoffman.

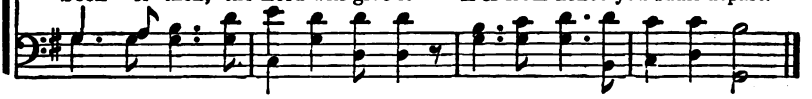


1. Full and per-fect faith in Je-sus, O how wondrous is its pow'r!
2. Faith subdues the earth-ly kingdoms In these hearts of sense and sin,
3. Faith re-moves the many mountains Of our fear and un-be-lief,
4. Faith lays hold on God's strong promise, Touches Christ, the Father's Son,
5. Faith can stop the mouth of li-ons, Quench the vi-o-lence of fire,
6. O for more such faith in Je-sus, Migh-ty faith in Christ, the Lord,
7. Have you such a faith, my brother? Do you trust with all your heart?

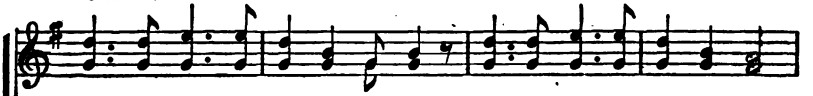




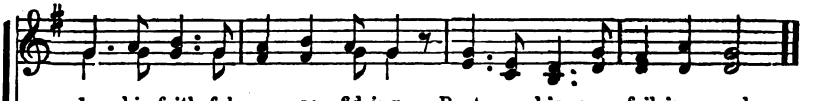
Such a faith can save and keep us Ev-'ry moment, ev-'ry hour.
Cleanses us from all de-file-ment Brings the heavenly Kingdom in.
And un-seals the liv-ing fountains, Of God's grace for our re-lief.
Then the bless-ed Ho-ly Spi-rit Brings the heavenly blessing down.
Make us strong to work or suf-fer, And our hearts with zeal inspire.
Faith that holds God to his prom-ise, To his sure, un-fail-ing word!
Seek it then, the Lord will give it E'er from hence you shall depart.



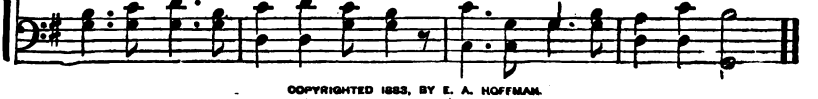
Chorus.



Have more faith in Christ, my brother, Have more faith in Christ, your Lord;



In his faith-ful-ness con-fid-ing, Rest on his un-fail-ing word.



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In The Shadow Of The Rock.

RAY PALMER. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, (let me rest,)
2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, (till I see,)
3. Then my pil - grim staff I'll take and once more, (and once more,)

When I feel the temp - est shock thrill my breast, (thrill my breast,)
That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me,)
I'll my on - ward jour - ney make as be - fore, (as be - fore,)

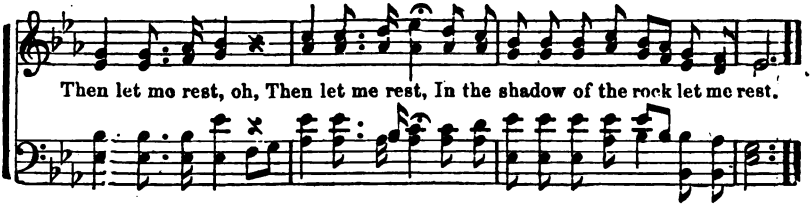
All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,)
That the burn-ing heats are past, and the day, (and the day,)
And with joy - ous heart and strong I will raise, (I will raise,)

Chorus.

And my tranquil sta-tion keep by Thy side.
Bids the tra - ve - ler at last go his way. Then let me rest, oh,
Un - to Thee, O Rock, a song glad with praise.

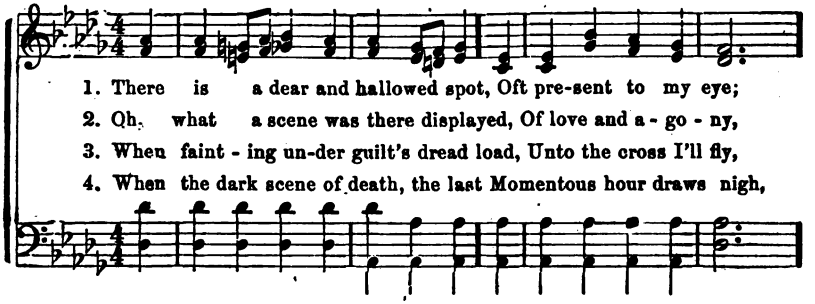
Then let me rest, In the shadow of the Rock, let me rest, (let me rest,)

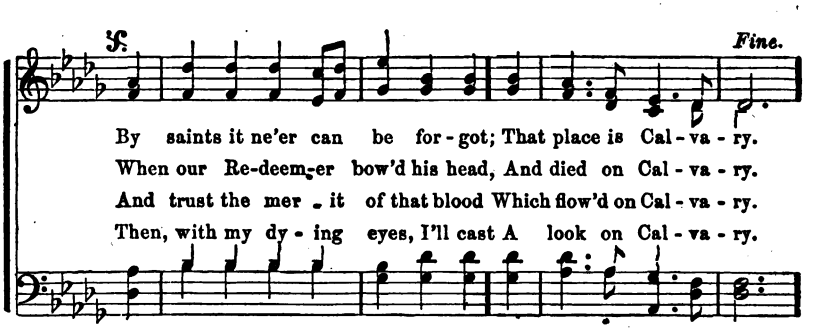
In The Shadow Of The Rock.—Concluded.

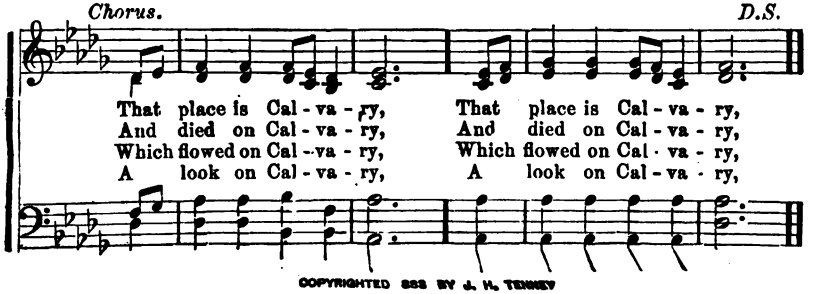


Calvary.

J. H. Tenney.







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The Hand To Which I Cling.

MARY D. BRINE, alt. JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

1. There's not a moment of each day That I do not need to cling To the
2. I'm blind, too blind tochoosemy way Through this strange, bewildering land, So I
3. And though it be through storm or shine, I am told to fol-low on, Yet it

Migh-ty Hand which leadeth me, To the palace of my great King. My
dare not e'en for one brief moment, Let go of the Father's hand. And
matters not, since I may tread Where my Savior's dear feet have gone. And

stumbling feet press the living path Which leads to the great white throne, But
well—ah! well do I know it, Lord— I ne'er can reach a - -
day and night as the moments pass, I may not see my guide, Yet
know, by faith in my trusting heart, That He is close at my - -
closer still to His hand I cling, By faith, by praise, and pray'r, Till
at His feet I shall lay me down, For - ev - er at rest from - -

Chorus.

lone.
side. Then to his kind hand cling-ing, I dai - ly fol - low,
care.

sing-ing, Because my soul he's bring - ing Up to the great white throne.

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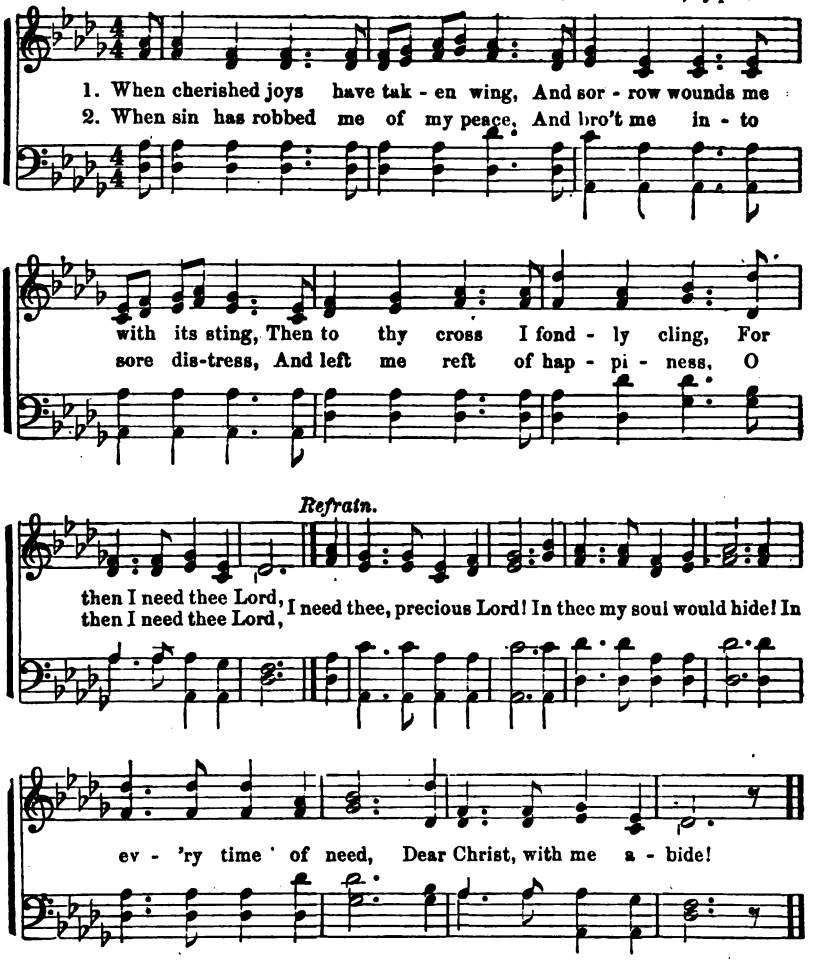
I Need Thee, Lord.

JOHN 15: 5. "Without me ye can do nothing."

E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.



3. When at the cross, in anguish bent,
An humble, weeping penitent,
My tears and all my efforts spent,
O then I need thee, Lord!

4. When strong temptations come to me
To tear my trembling soul from Thee,
Then to thy cross for help I flee,
For then I need thee, Lord.

5. When longs my soul for deeper rest,
To be with all thy fullness blest,
I lean me, then, upon thy breast,
For then I need thee, Lord.

6. I need thee, precious Lord, just now,
As at the mercy-seat I bow,
And offer up my solemn vow,
Just now I need thee, Lord.

The Golden Light.

Isa. 2: 5.

E. A. HOFFMAN. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Walk, my brother, in the light; Keep your soul-robes pure and white,
2. Walk - ing dai - ly in the light, All the way shall grow more bright;
3. Fol - low Je - sus in the light; Where he walks there is no night;
4. Walk in fel - low-ship of love Till you reach the home a - bove;

Spot-less, stain-less, free from sin, In the blood of Je - sus clean.
God his wealth of love will pour On your spir - it more and more.
All is per - fect, blissful day; Heaven's glo - ry floods the way.
They who fol - low in the light Shall with Je - sus walk in white.

Chorus.

Walk, walk in the light,.... Walk, walk in the light,....
Walk-ing in the golden light, We're walking in the golden light, We're

Repeat pp

Walk, walk in the light,.... The golden light of God.
walk-ing in the golden light, The golden light of God.

Only In The Name Of Jesus.

"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—JNO. 14: 14.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D — E. S. LORENZ.

1. There is peace on-ly in His name, On-ly in the name of Je - sus;
2. There is strength for the feeble heart, On-ly in the name of Je - sus;

And that peace, wretched souls may claim, Only in the name of Je - sus!
God will freely this strength im-part, Claim it in the name of Je - sus!

Chorus.

Name of Je - sus, Name of Je - sus! When you pray, O pray in His name! Go to God with ev - 'ry care; Tell it to Him in your pray'r, On-ly in the name of Je - sus.

3. Tell to God, what your sins have been,
Coming in the name of Jesus;
He will make you all pure within,
In the precious name of Jesus.

4. Tell to God what your weakness is,
Tell it in the name of Jesus;
Ask in faith, for to help is His,
If you plead the name of Jesus.

From "Songs of Grace."

Satisfied By And By.

Theme of Chorus from Webster. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Enthroned is Je - sus now Up - on his heavenly seat; The king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
2. There we shall see his face, And nev-er, nev - er sin; There from the riv-ers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
3. Yes, and be-fore we rise To that im-mor - tal state The thoughts of such a-maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate.
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev-e ry tear be dry; We're marching, thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Chorus.

There with the glo.- ri-fied, Safe by our Sa-vior's side, We shall be sat - is - fied By and by, By and by,

There, there with the glorified,

By and by, We shall be sat-is-fied By and by.

Safe, safe by our Savior's side.

Who Will Be There?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Who will be one of the mul - ti-tude great, Sweeping with joy thro' the bright pear-ly gate? Who of our number will still go a-stray, Nev - er to en - ter the re - gions of day?

2. Who will ascend with the Savior to be, Washed in the blood that is flow - ing so free? Who will be rea - dy to en - ter the rest Christ has prepared in the home of the blest? Say, Oh, my brother, will you be there? Robes white and fair, Christ shall prepare;

3. Who will be sealed by the Lord as his own, Saved and re-joic - ing be- fore the great throne? Who will be there to take part in the song, Sung by the thousands who heavenward throng?

Chorus.

Rit. p

Tell me, my brother, will you be there? will you be there?

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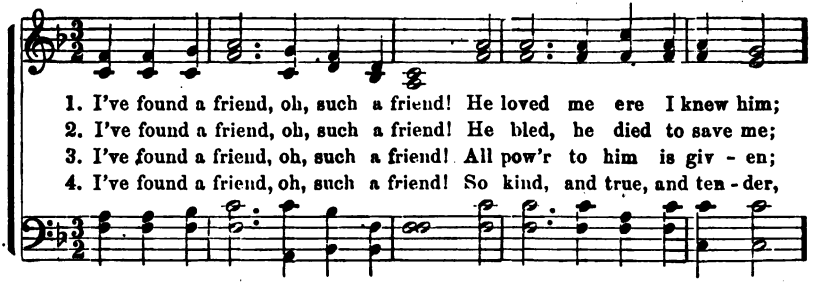
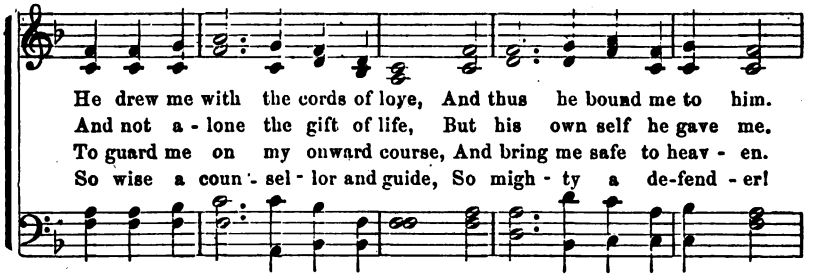
I've Found A Friend.

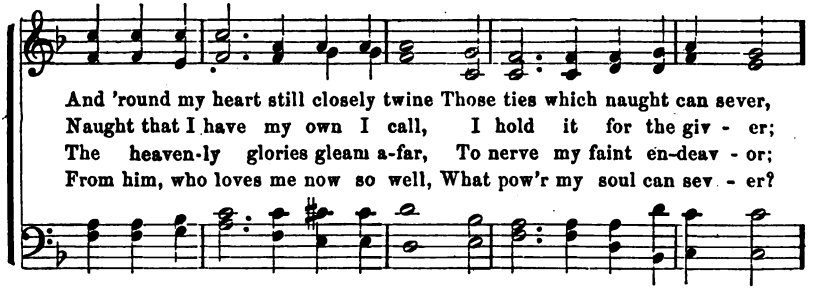
E. A. HOFFMAN.



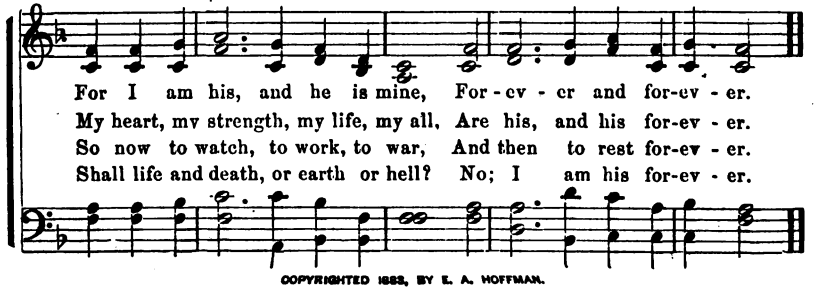
1. I've found a friend, oh, such a friend! He loved me ere I knew him;
2. I've found a friend, oh, such a friend! He bled, he died to save me;
3. I've found a friend, oh, such a friend! All pow'r to him is giv - en;
4. I've found a friend, oh, such a friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a coun - sel - lor and guide, So migh - ty a de-fend - er!



And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the giv - er;
The heaven-ly glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav - or;
From him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am his, and he is mine, For - ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for-ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
Shall life and death, or earth or hell? No; I am his for-ev - er.

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Rest, Sweet Rest.

W. B. TAPPAN. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourning wanderers giv - en; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sin and sor - row driven,— When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and
3. There faith lifts up her cheer-ful eye To bright-er pros - pects giv - en and views the tempest pass-ing by, The evening sha-dows
4. There fra - grant flow'rs immor - tal bloom, And joys supreme are giv - en; There rays di - vine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines

Chorus.

wounded breast; 'Tis found a-bove in heav - en.
o - cean rolls, And all is drear—but heav - en. There's sweet rest in
quick - ly fly, And all se-rene in heav - en.
of the tomb Appears the dawn of heav - en!

W

Heaven, There's sweet rest in Heaven, There's sweet rest in Heav'n, (in Heav'n.) Sweet, sweet rest.

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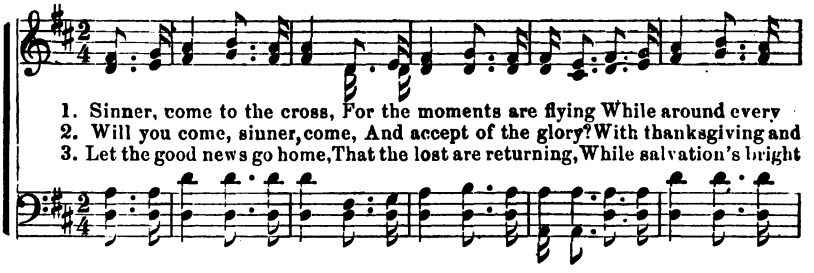
Will You Come To The Cross?

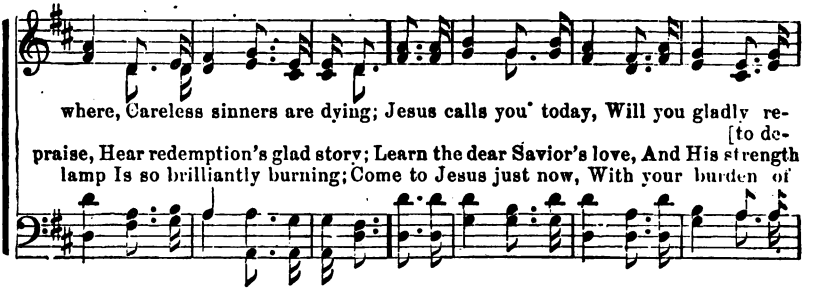
To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.—HEB. 4: 7.

MARY E. KAIL. J. K. LESLIE, by per.

Andante.

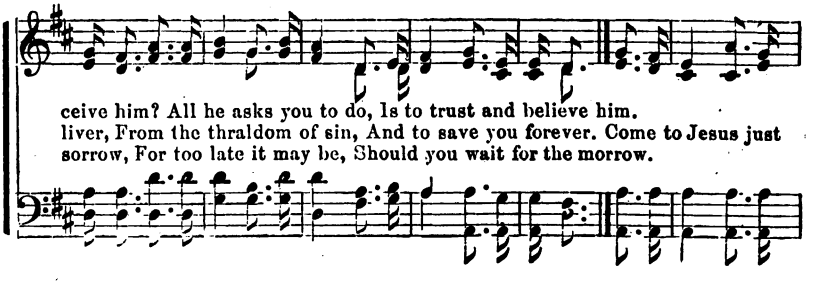


1. Sinner, come to the cross, For the moments are flying While around every
2. Will you come, sinner, come, And accept of the glory? With thanksgiving and
3. Let the good news go home, That the lost are returning, While salvation's bright

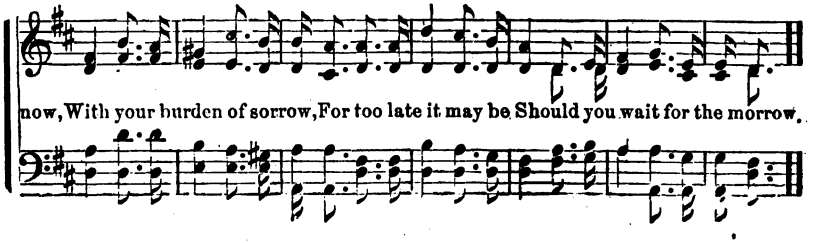


where, Careless sinners are dying; Jesus calls you today, Will you gladly re-
[to de-
praise, Hear redemption's glad story; Learn the dear Savior's love, And His strength
lamp Is so brilliantly burning; Come to Jesus just now, With your burden of

Chorus.



ceive him? All he asks you to do, Is to trust and believe him.
liver, From the thraldom of sin, And to save you forever. Come to Jesus just
sorrow, For too late it may be, Should you wait for the morrow.

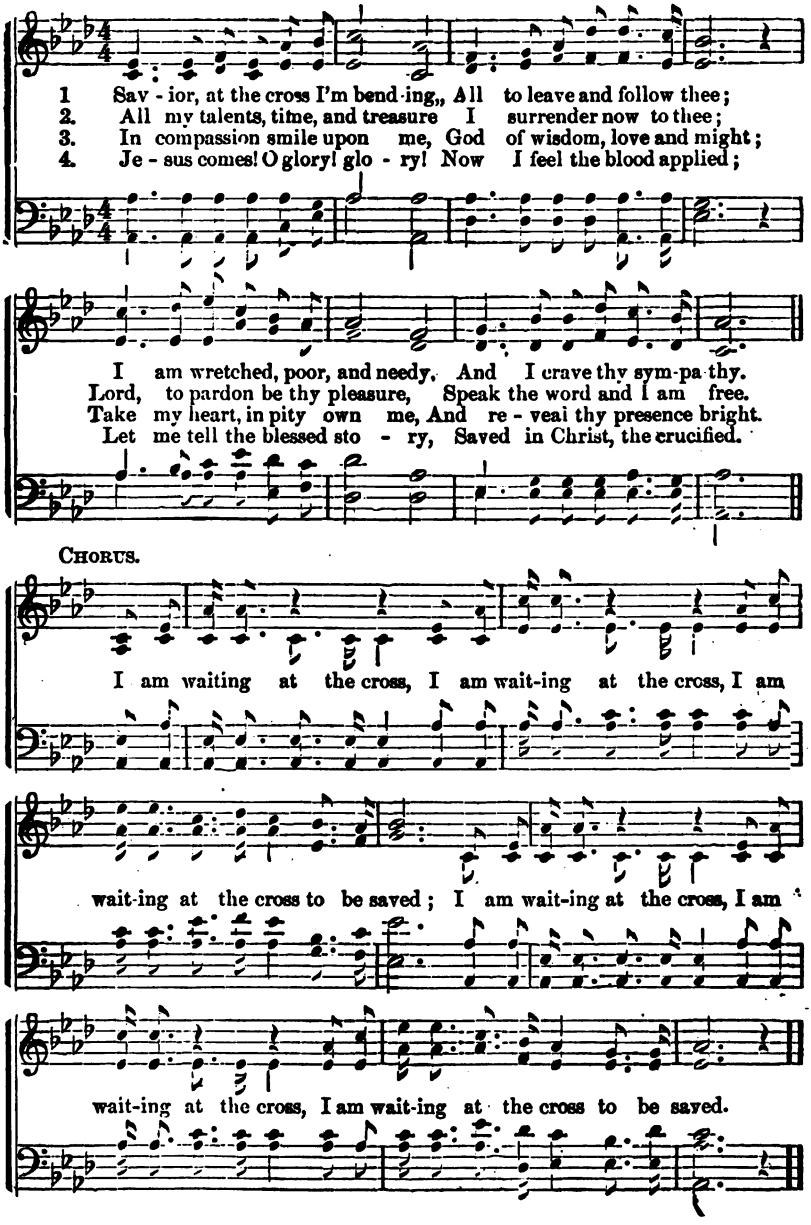


now, With your burden of sorrow, For too late it may be Should you wait for the morrow.

Waiting at the Cross.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. 40 : 4.

J. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.



Each Day A Little Nearer.

FAITH WILLIAM. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus would I rise, And find the ser - vice ev - er A glad - ly sweet sur- prise; Tho' what each day is bring-ing My soul may nev - er guess, Yet to His cross I'm clinging. And on my way I press.

2. And day by day I'm learn - ing That, tho' my earth - ly way, Is oft thro' sha-dows winding, 'Twill lead to per - fect day, Each day I know I'm near - ing His shelt'ring, rest - ful arms; My heart, this thought enfolding, Is safe from earth's alarms.

3. So, trust - ing in His mer - cy And love so mea - sure- less, Each day my soul is ful-ler Of peace and joy - full- ness; Each day while life is giv - en Still near - er would I come, Till from on high my Savior Shall call me, "Child, come home."

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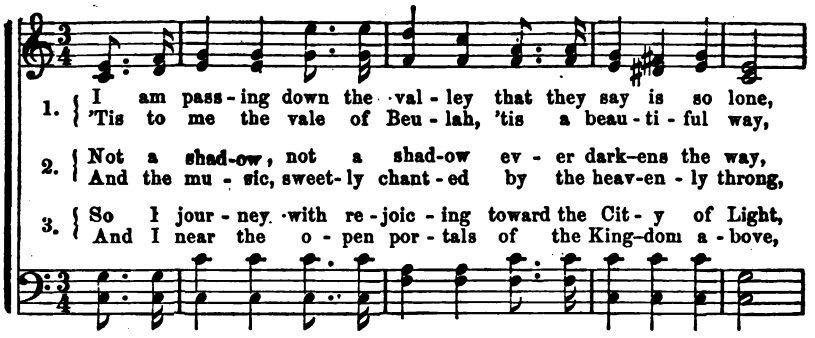
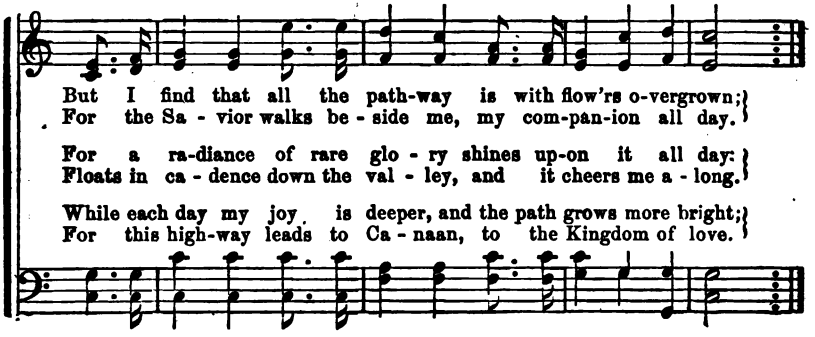
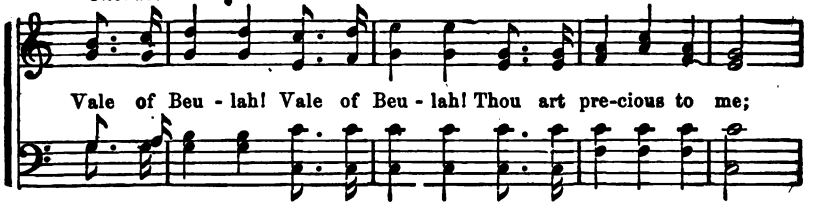
Vale Of Beulah.

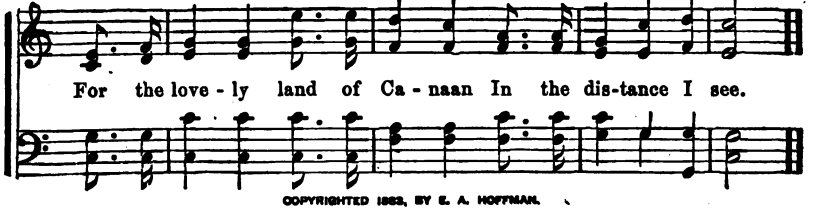
E. A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON.





Chorus.





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Holy Spirit! Pity Me.

KING'S HIGHWAY. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! pi - ty me, Pierced with grief for grieving
2. Tast-ing that the Lord is good, Pin - ing then for poisoned
3. Oh how light - ly have I slept, With these dai - ly wrongs un-
4. Still Thy com - forts do not fail. Still Thy heal - ing aids a-

Thee; Sins un - num - bered I con - fess, Of ex-
food; At the foun - tains of the skies Crav - ing
wept! Sought thy chid - ings to de - fer, Shunned the
vail; Pa - tient in - mate of my breast, Thou art

ceed - ing sin - ful - ness. Deaf-ness to Thy whispered
crea - ture - ly sup - plies; Chilled de - vo - tions, changed de-
wound - ed Com - for - ter; Woke to ho - ly la-bors
grieved, yet I am blest. Oh be mer - ci - ful to

calls, Rash-ness midst re - mem-bered falls, Tran - sient
sires, Quenched cor-rup - tion's ear - lier fires; Sins like
fresh, With the plague - spot in my flesh; An - gel
me Now in bit - ter - ness for Thee! Fath - er,

fears be-neath the rod, Treacherous tri - fling with my God.
these my heart de - ceive, Thee, who on - ly know'st them, grieve.
seemed to hu-man sight, Stood a lep - er in Thy light!
par - don, through Thy Son, Sins a - gainst Thy Spi-rit done!

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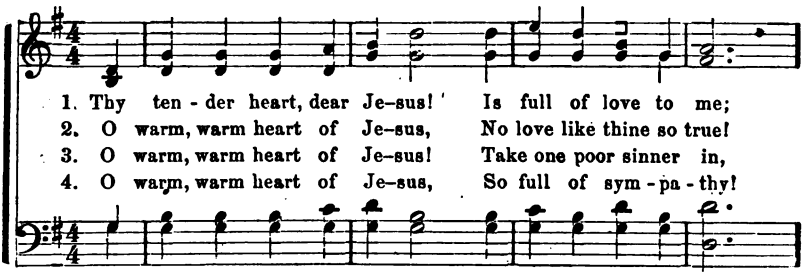
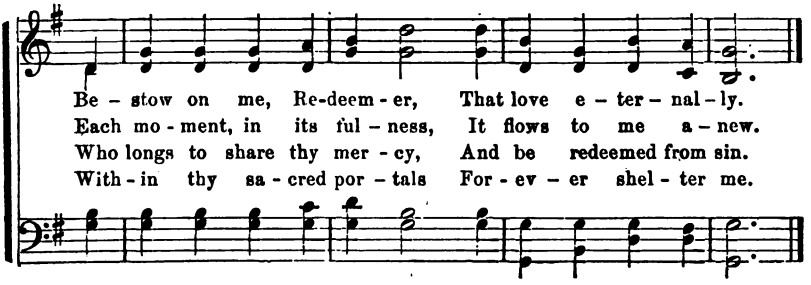
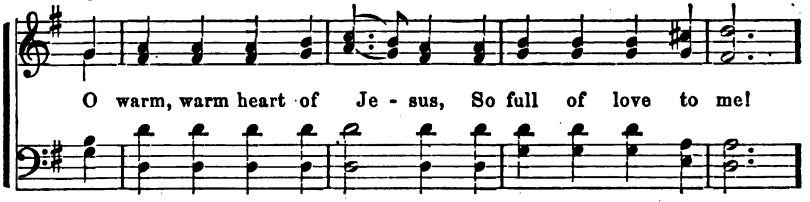
The Warm, Warm Heart Of Jesus.

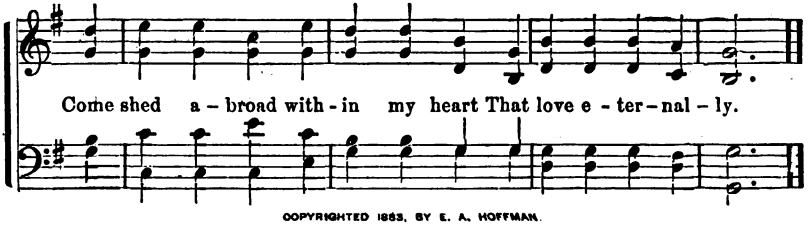
E. A. HOFFMAN. R. A. KINZIE.





Chorus.





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Brother, Pray For My Soul.

Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Brother, pray for my soul to-night! Brother, pray to the Lord of Light!
2. Brother, long I have been astray, Wandered far from my Lord away;
3. Brother, this is my hour of need; Un-to heav-en for mercy plead;

Brother, pray with the Spir-it's might! Earnest-ly, fer-vent-ly pray!
Weeping, I would re-turn to-day, Pray for me, faithful-ly pray;
God will wel come me then in-deed, Back to his bo-som to-day;

Bear me up to the Father's throne. He has pow-er to save a-lone;
Pray'r to heaven will lift me up, Give me courage and kin-dle hope;
Then my spir-it shall not be lost, Bought at such a tre-men-dous cost;

Ritard. - - - - - -

Pray for my soul, Pray for my soul, Earn-est-ly, fer-vent-ly pray!
Pray for my soul, Pray for my soul, Earn-est-ly, faith-ful-ly pray!
Pray for my soul, Pray for my soul, Plead-ing-ly, trust-ing-ly pray!

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Sometime, Somewhere.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Unanswered yet? the pray'r your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of
2. Unanswered yet? tho' when you first present - ed This one pe - ti - tion
3. Unanswered yet? nay, do not say un-grant - ed; Perhaps your part is
4. Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered; Her feet are firm - ly

heart these many years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope de - part - ing,
at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing,
not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was uttered,
planted on the Rock; A - mid the wild - est storms she stands undaunted,

And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not, the Fath - er
So urg - ent was your heart to make it known, Tho' years have pass'd since
And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun; If you will keep the
Nor quails be - fore the loudest thun-der-shock; She knows Om-ni - po-

had not heard your pray'r; You shall have your answer sometime, somewhere.
then, do not despair; God will answer you sometime, somewhere.
in-cense burning there, You shall see his power sometime, somewhere.
tence has heard her pray'r, Ories, "It shall be done," sometime. somewhere.

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I Want To Be A Worker.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord; I want to love and trust his holy
2. I want to be a worker every day; I want to lead the erring in the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave; I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be toil - ing ev - 'ry day In the
way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the
save; All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home In the
word That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die In the

Chorus.

vine - yard of the Lord.
king - dom of the Lord. I will work, I will
king - dom of the Lord.
king - dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will
work and pray

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord

Wandering Sinner, Return.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. { Sin–ner, oh, why wilt thou go / Still on thy ru - in - ous way?
Why wilt thou hunger and thirst? / Why in the des–ert re-main?

2. { Sin–ner, oh, wander no more! / List to the wel-com-ing sound!
Sa - tan would lure thee to death, / Glad - ly thy soul would destroy!

3. { Sin–ner, thy wretchedness see! / Oh, thou art whol-ly un-done!
He will not turn thee a - way, / If thou respond to his call!

Je – sus hath ransomed thy soul, / Je - sus entreats thee to stay!
Turn, like the Prodi - gal Son, / Come to thy Sa–vior a - gain!

On - ly through in-fi - nite love, / Par–don and peace may be found!
Je – sus would woo thee to life, / Woo thee to life and to joy!

Look to thy mer-ci-ful Lord, / Trust in God's cru-ci-fied Son!
Je - sus who suffered for thee, / Suffered to ransom us all!

Chorus.

Sin-ner, repent of thy sins! Cease thy Re-deem-er to spurn:

E'er 'tis for–ev – er too late, Wan–der–ing sin–ner, re-turn!

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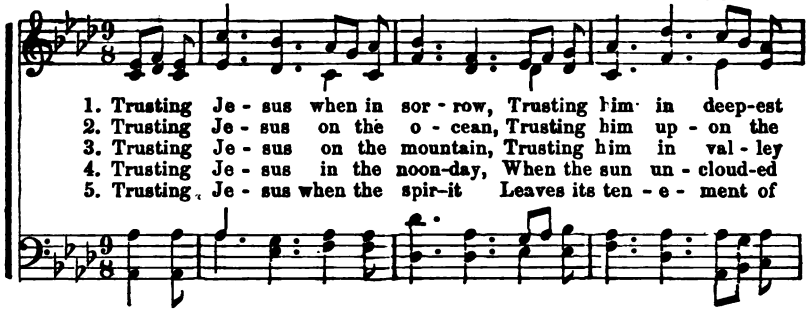
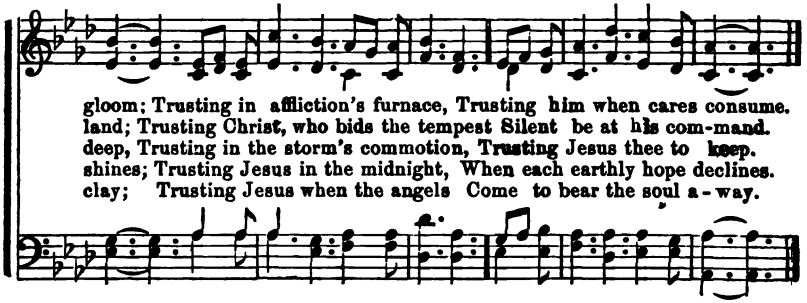
Faith Hymn—Trusting Jesus.

R. G. Staples, by per.

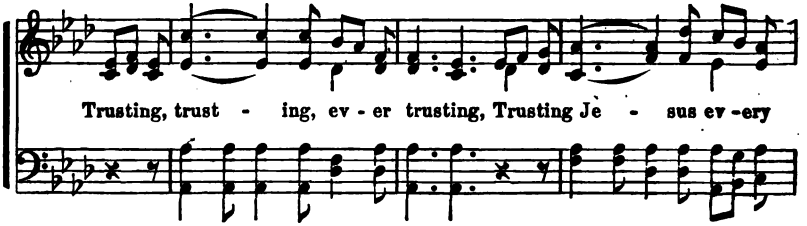


1. Trusting Je - sus when in sor - row, Trusting him in deep-est
2. Trusting Je - sus on the o - cean, Trusting him up - on the
3. Trusting Je - sus on the mountain, Trusting him in val - ley
4. Trusting Je - sus in the noon-day, When the sun un - cloud-ed
5. Trusting Je - sus when the spir-it Leaves its ten - e - ment of

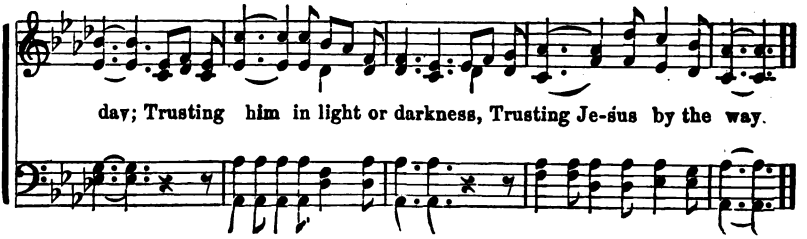


gloom; Trusting in affliction's furnace, Trusting him when cares consume.
land; Trusting Christ, who bids the tempest Silent be at his com-mand.
deep, Trusting in the storm's commotion, Trusting Jesus thee to keep.
shines; Trusting Jesus in the midnight, When each earthly hope declines.
clay; Trusting Jesus when the angels Come to bear the soul a - way.

Chorus.



Trusting, trust - ing, ev - er trusting, Trusting Je - sus ev - ery



day; Trusting him in light or darkness, Trusting Je-sus by the way.

We'll Be There.

H. Bonar, Arranged. J. H. Tenney.

1. Where the earth-fad - ed flow - er shall fresh - en, Freshen
2. Where the morn-ing shall wak - en in glad - ness, And the
3. Where the dear child has found its lost moth - er, And the
4. Where the love-bond is nev - er - more sev - ered, Where no

nev - er, no, nev - er to fade,..... Where the shaded sky
noon the pure joy shall pro - long;..... Where the daylight dis-
moth - er has found her lost child;..... Where the fam - i - lies
part - ing is ev - er - more known,..... We shall meet with the

once more shall brighten, Brighten ne'er to be darkened by shade.
solves in rich fragrance Mid the burst of en-rap - tur - ing song.
once more are gath - er'd That were scattered on this earthly wild.
ho - ly and ransomed By the beau-ti - ful, beauti - ful throne.

Chorus.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Crowns unfading and white robes to wear; We'll be

there, we'll be there, In the beau - ty and glo - ry to share.

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It Is Brighter Over There.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. W. S. Martin, by per.

1 The sky with clouds is o - ver-cast, No ray of light is beam-ing
2. Within the city decked with pearls, Where loved ones with the angels
3. The jas-per walls, the crystal sea, The crowns of gold with jewels

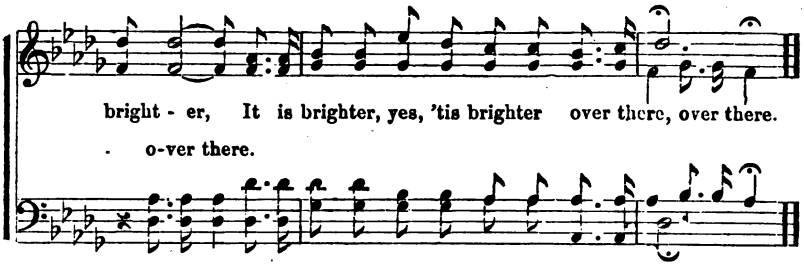
fair, But soft and sweet the whisper low: It is
are, No grief disturbs, no tear - drop falls; It is
rare, The Lamb, the glo - ry, and the light, Make it

Refrain.

brighter o - ver there. It is bright - er, It is bright - er, It is
brighter o - ver there.
brighter o - ver there.

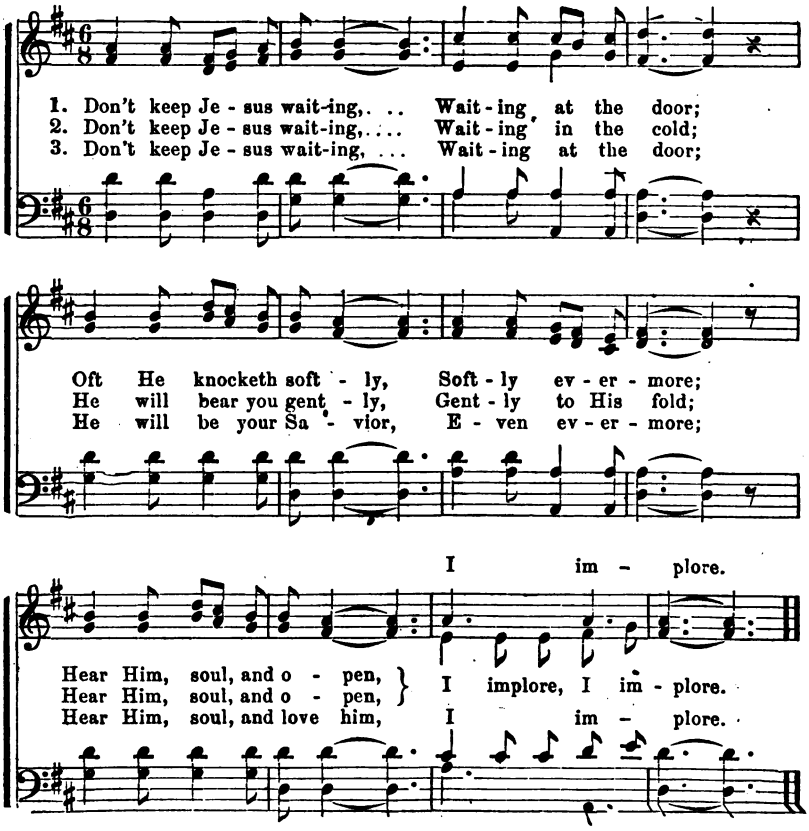
over there, o-ver there,

bright - er o - ver there, It is bright - er, It is
o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,



Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. Cline, by per.



We Pray For Thy Blessing.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. Arranged by J. H. TENNEY.

1. We humb - ly, O Lord, kneel in pray'r at Thy foot - stool, And
2. More gifts we im-plore, Heav'nly Fath - er, O grant them; More
3. More peace 'mid the tur - moil of voic - es around us; More

thirst for a show'r of re-fresh - ing from Thee; Our hearts are so
strength for those du - ties that have to be done; More faith to re-
ea - ger de - sire for Thine ad - vent, O Lord; More light to dis-

We know, Ho - ly

hard, they are cold and un-fruit - ful;—Pour down a rich
ly on the help Thou hast prom-ised; More hope to look
cov - er the signs of Thy com - ing; More plea - sure in

Sa - vior, how much Thou hast giv - en, And there - fore we

Fine. Chorus.

bless - ing, life-giv - ing and free.
for - ward to vic - to - ry won. Our wants are so ma - ny, so
read - ing the truths of Thy Word.

ven - ture to ask Thee for more.

D. S.

large, bless-ed Mas - ter, We each have some special desire to im-plore;

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Whosoever Will, Let Him Come And Be Saved. 125.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. The Spir - it, in our heart, Is whisp-'ring, "Sin-ner, come," The
2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a-bout him, "Come!" Let
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh let him free - ly come, And
4. Lo! Je - sus, who in - vites, Declares, "I quick - ly come;" Lord,

Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "Come!"
him that thirsts for righteous-ness, To Christ, the foun - tain, come!
free - ly drink the stream of life! 'Tis Je - sus bids him come
e - ven so! we wait thine hour; O blest Re-deem - er, come!

Chorus.

The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come, sin - ner, come; And
he that is a-thirst, a-thirst let him come, And whosoev-er will, and
who - so-ev-er will, And who-so-ev-er will, let him come and be saved."

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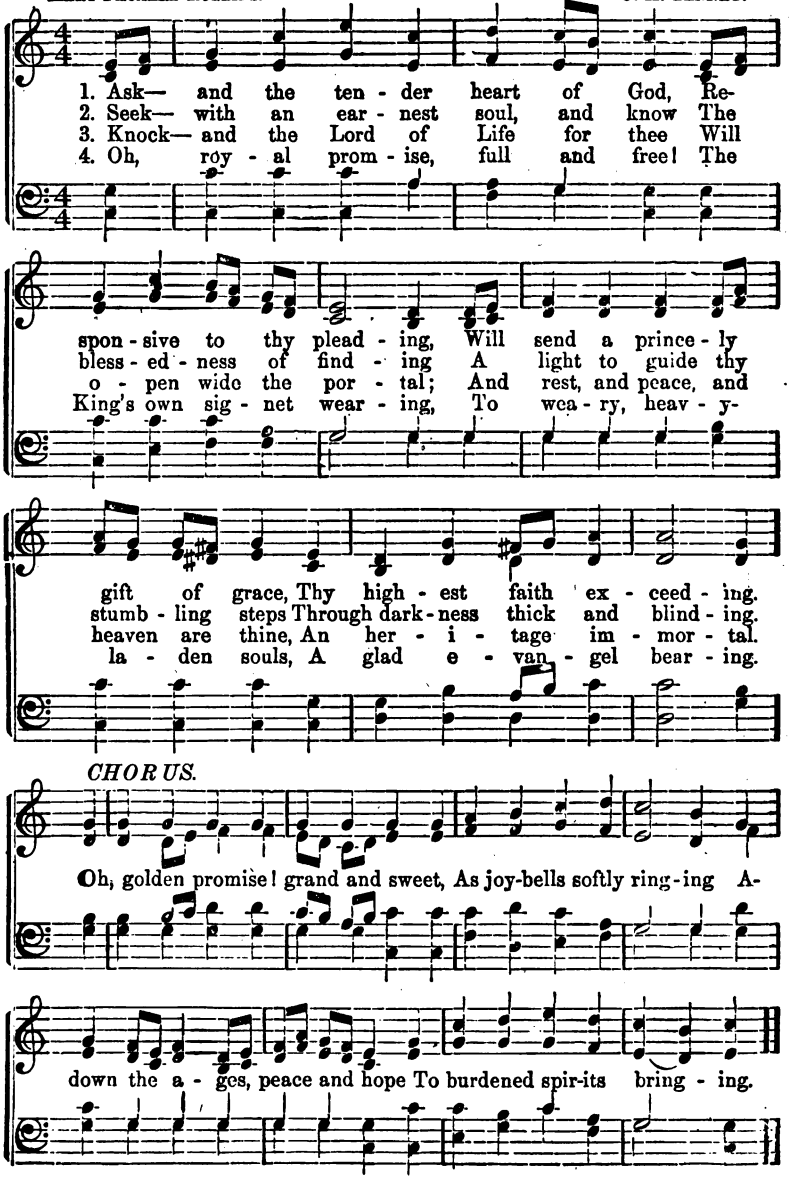
The Three Fold Promise.

"ASK— and it shall be given you; | SEEK— and ye shall find; | KNOCK— and it shall be opened unto you."

MARY PACKARD ROLLINS. J. H. TENNEY.



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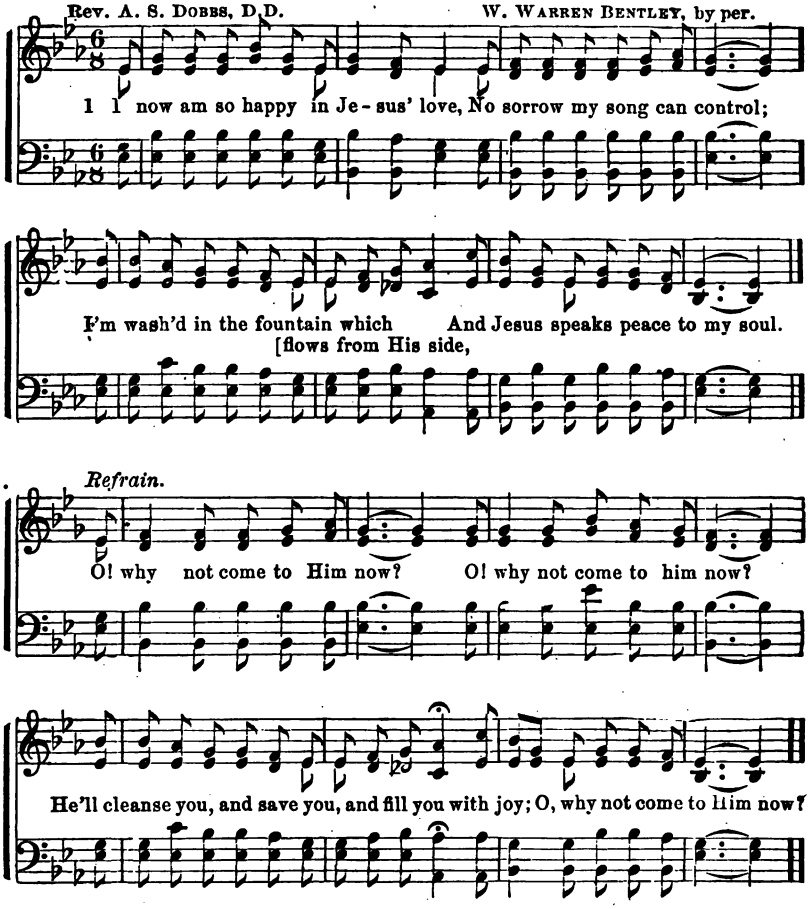
Why Not Come To Him Now?

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."—Heb. 2: 3.

Rev. A. S. Dobbs, D.D. W. Warren Bentley, by per.



2. I know I'm a sinner, a sinner redeemed,
A brand taken out of the flame!
I'll let my light shine so that others may see,
And glorify Jesus' name.—*Chorus.*

3. O, poor wandering sinner, cast off by the way,
And ready to perish and die,
Believe, and accept Him, while mercy is near,
For Jesus is now passing by.—*Chorus.*

4. The way is so simple, the foolish may view,
The lame and the blind may come too—
Though your sins are as crimson, he'll welcome you home,
His blood can make whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

My Beautiful Home Above.

Words arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Oh! how my spir - it longs for thee, Where I may rest from sorrow free, } Beauti - ful home a - bove!
2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, And trav-el in the toilsome way, } Beauti - ful home a - bove!
3. Thy shin-ing walls by faith I see, The mansions fair prepared for me, } Beauti - ful home a - bove!

With - in the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white,
My weary feet are bruis'd and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruis'd before,
Oh! let me keep my longing eyes In - tent - ly fixed up-on the prize,

I'll walk with an-gels fair and bright, In my beautiful home a - bove.
To bring me to the o-pen door Of my beau-ti - ful home a - bove.
Till an-gels bear me to the skies, To my beauti - ful home a - bove.

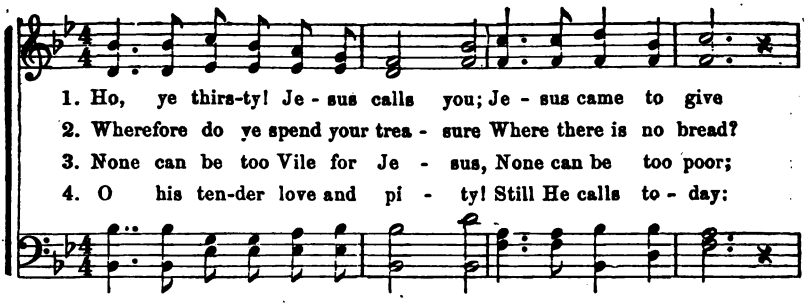
Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful home a-bove . . . Beau-ti - ful home a-bove, . .
Beautiful home, bright home above, Beautiful home, bright home above,

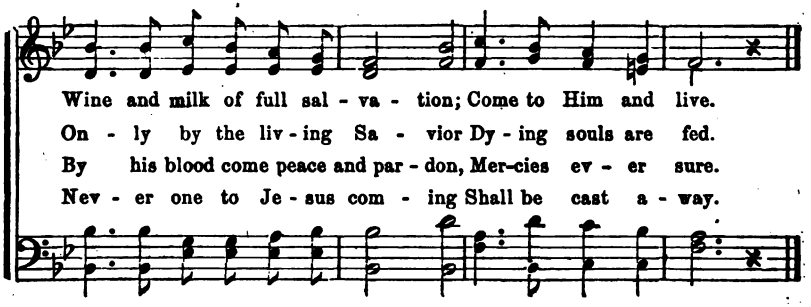
Oh! come and take me, Savior dear, To my beautiful home a - bove.

Come To Him.

ENGLISH. W. JOHNSON.

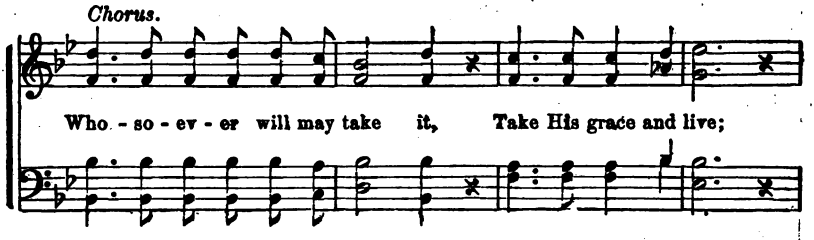


1. Ho, ye thirs-ty! Je - sus calls you; Je - sus came to give
2. Wherefore do ye spend your trea - sure Where there is no bread?
3. None can be too Vile for Je - sus, None can be too poor;
4. O his ten-der love and pi - ty! Still He calls to - day:

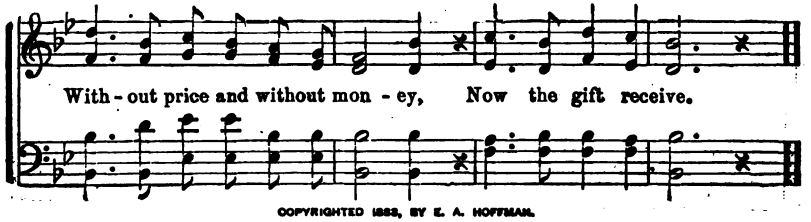


Wine and milk of full sal - va - tion; Come to Him and live.
On - ly by the liv - ing Sa - vior Dy - ing souls are fed.
By his blood come peace and par - don, Mer-cies ev - er sure.
Nev - er one to Je - sus com - ing Shall be cast a - way.

Chorus.



Who - so - ev - er will may take it, Take His grace and live;



With - out price and without mon - ey, Now the gift receive.

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I Am Coming.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. With a heav - y load of woe, Lord, I come, With repentant heart I come no more to roam; For I know at thy dear feet there is room
2. I will lay my bur-den down at thy feet; See thy child re-turn-ing, heavenly Fa-ther, see! In a voice of tend-er love, low and sweet, welcomes of thy face; O that I, from sin redeemed, soon may sing
3. Heavy eyes, so tired with weeping, I bring That they scarce can trace the be for - ev - er gone; Look on me with peace and fa - vor di - vine;
4. Soon I know the skies will break, Father mine, And the clouds and darkness

Chorus.

For a sin-ner com-ing home. I am com - - ing! I am coming, Make the pathway with thy smiling presence bright, fair and bright! I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Let me be accepted in thy sight.

Welcome, Lord, and pardon me
For the gladness of thy grace!
Let the day of mer - cy dawn.

I am coming, I am coming, I am coming, I am coming, I am coming, I am coming,

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Soft And Low.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Soft and low the gen - tle zephyrs Stir the leaf - lets green;
2. Soft and still the shin-ing dewdrops On the leaves dis - till;
3. Soft and still the morning sunbeams Chase the night a - way;

Soft and low the Spir - it whis - pers Of the joys un - seen.
But the Spir - it's ten - der woo-ing s Lov - ing hearts en - thrill.
So the Spi - rit's bright ef - ful-gence Floods the soul with day.

Chorus.

Gen - tle Spir - it, kind-ly whis - per To our hearts in love;...

Ten-der Spir-it, Christ re - veal - er, Show us joys a-bove.

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Closer To Thee.

Words and Melody by Rev. E. H, LONG.

Moderato.

1. Draw me, Savior, near - er, Near - er and near - er to Thee;
2. As the eagles soar - ing, High - er and high - er as - cend,
3. As the riv-er flow - ing Dai - ly draws near - er the sea.

Let me see still clearer, All thy love for me. Freed from self, and
Thus, while Thee adoring, Upward I would tend. Far from earth and
Thus may I keep go-ing, Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er ad-vance and

whol-ly Thine, Let me in Thy beauty shine; While I sing, O, may I be
sin a - way, Nearer heaven's perfect day; E - ven now, O, may I be
grow in grace, Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e - ter-nal-ly,

Rit. *A tempo.*

Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Closer, clos-er, clos - er to Thee.
Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Closer, clos-er, clos - er to Thee.
Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Closer, clos-er, clos - er to Thee.

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I Am The Lord's Forever.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. My glad-some heart these words re - peat; "I am the Lord's for-
2. Too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for - sook me
3. 'Twas Christ, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, That loved and sought me
4. I am the Lord's! O bless-ed thought! And he will leave me
5. This is the bur - den of my song; "I am the Lord's for-

ev - er!" And eve - ry time they seem more sweet; Oh,
nev - er; Now walk - ing in the nar - row way, I
ev - er, That broke my chains and set me free; Oh,
nev - er; By Je - sus' blood my soul was bought, And
ev - er!" And naught that earth can of - fer me My

Chorus.

praise his name for-ev - er!
am the Lord's for-ev - er!
praise his name for-ev - er!
I am his for-ev - er!
heart from Christ can sever.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

{ Light breaks in up - on my soul;
{ *Omit*..... .....

{ .....
{ Je-sus blood has made me whole!

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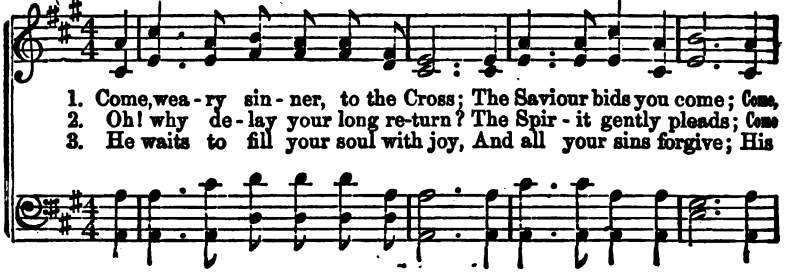
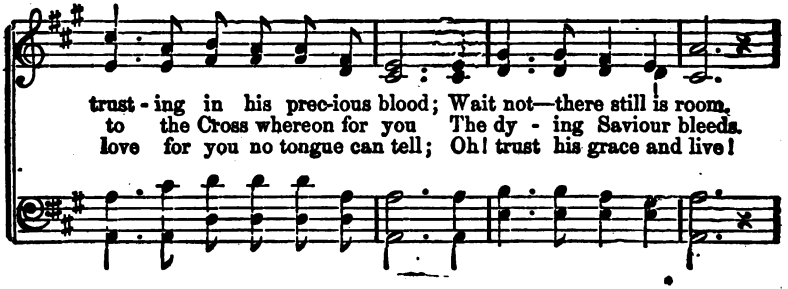
Jesus now is Passing by.

Luke 18:37.

Words and music by R. E. HUDSON.

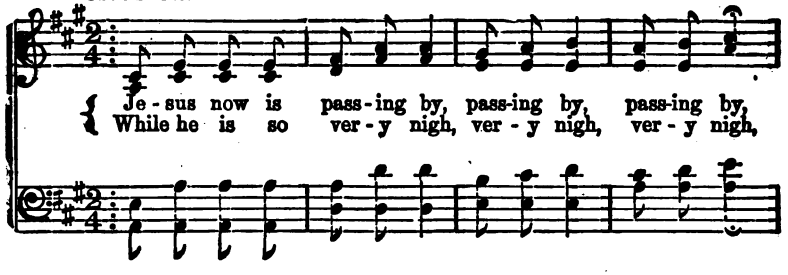


1. Come, wea - ry sin - ner, to the Cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come,
2. Oh! why de - lay your long re-turn? The Spir - it gently pleads; Come
3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His

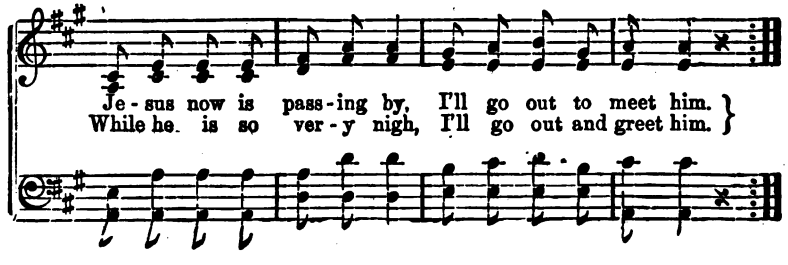


trust - ing in his prec-ious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
to the Cross whereon for you The dy - ing Saviour bleeds.
love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live!

CHORUS.



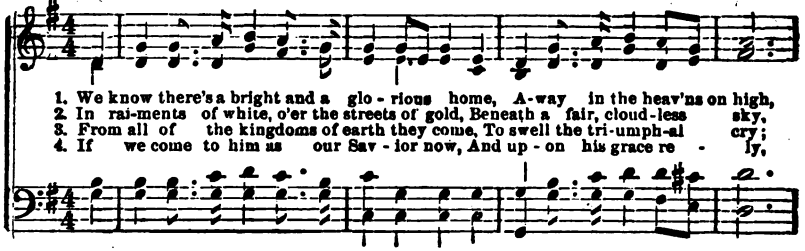
Je - sus now is pass - ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by,
While he is so ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh,

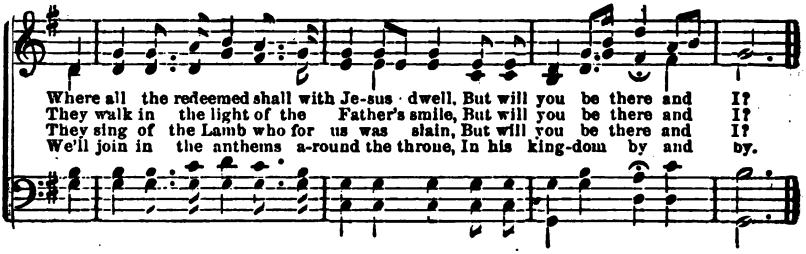


Je - sus now is pass - ing by, I'll go out to meet him.
While he is so ver - y nigh, I'll go out and greet him.

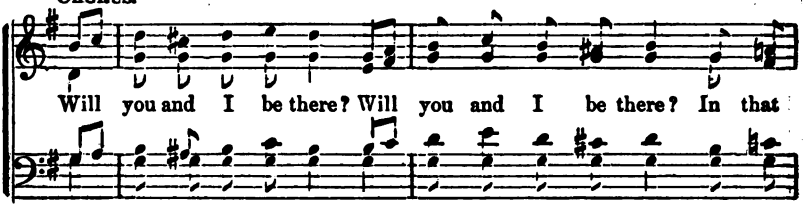
Will You And I Be There?

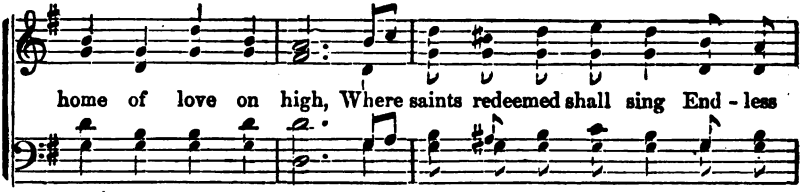
W. F. CHUTE. ALDINE S. KIEFFER, by per.

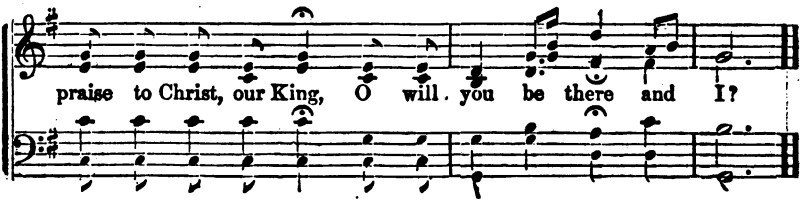




CHORUS.







Jesus Is Able To Save.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sin - ner, un - done thy con-di - tion, Thou art of Sa - tan the
2. If thou wilt seek him in earn - est, Thou his for-give-ness shalt
3. How he, on Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, Prayed for his foes, and for-
4. Think how the migh - ty Re-deem - er Triumphed o'er death and the

slave; Yet thou canst hope for sal-va-tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
have; Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage; Jesus is a - ble to
gave! He will not slight thy pe-ti - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
grave; Seek him, oh, seek him, or perish! Je - sus is a - ble to
is

Chorus.

save..... A - ble to save ..... a - ble to
a - ble to save. A - ble to save,

save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save, A - ble to

save..... a-ble to save, Je-sus is a - ble and will-ing to save.
A-ble to save.

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He Knows Best.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Let Je - sus lead thee; surely he knows best Which way is saf - est
2 Let Je - sus help thee; surely he knows best What is thy strength, and
3 Let Je - sus teach thee; surely he knows best What lessons thou dost
4. Let Je - sus keep thee; surely he knows best What hidden dangers

for thy ea - ger soul; Walk where he leads and trust him for the rest,
what thy toil and need; Do what thou canst, and leave to him the rest,
need to make thee wise; Receive what he makes plain and leave the rest,
lie a - long thy way; Go, watch and fight and pray, and leave the rest,

Chorus.

And he will bring thee to the high-est goal.
And he will make thv trust thy noblest deed. Let Je - sus save thee;
Till thou shalt see him with im-mor - tal eyes.
To him who is thy ev - er - last-ing stay.

sure-ly he knows best How great the curse, how deep the woe of sin;

Believe, obey, and he will do the rest, And so thy faith eternal life shall win.

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Our Dear Happy Home.

MRS. EMMA PITT. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Beauteous flowers bloom in heav-en, Flow'rs that never fade a-way,
2. Friends we've lov'd have gone before us, Pass'd the portals of the grave,

All is bright, and calm, and ho - ly, In that land of end - less day:
Sing the hal - le - lu - jah chorus, Vict'-ry's ban-ner joy - ful wave:

There temptations can-not harm us, Tears will never dim our eye, There the Savior
There no grief can ev-er en-ter, All is bliss be-yond the sky; We shall see our

REFRAIN.

waits to greet us In that happy home on high. Sweet, sweet home, our dear, happy
bless-ed Savior In that happy home on high.

home, Our sweet, happy home on high, Our dear hap - py home.

Jesus Shall Have It All.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - sus, I hear thee call - ing; "Give me, my son, thy heart!"
2. My whole, though broken heart, Lord, From hence no long-er mine,
3. All of my love, dear Sa - vior, Weak and though cold it be,
4. All of my ser - vice, Mas - ter, All shall be henceforth thine;
5. Sa - vior! this con - se - cra - tion Now in thy book re-cord;

Take thou the gift; 'tis thine, Lord! None else shall share a part.
I lay up - on thine al - tar, And con - se-crate it thine.
All, though so poor and worth-less, Henceforth shall flow to thee.
Help me to keep this cov - 'nant, And all to thee re-sign.
Grant me a faith - ful ser - vice, And then the great re-ward.

Chorus.

My heart I give to thee, Lord, Give it be-yond re-call;

None else shall share a part, no, Je - sus shall have it all!

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Seeking Peace And Rest.

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Restless and un-hap-py, Burdened and distressed, Now I come to Jesus,
2. Sin has almost crushed me 'Neath its weight of woe; Now with all my burden,
3. Will the Lord have mercy? Will he pardon me? From my sin and anguish

Chorus.

Seeking peace and rest.
Un - to Christ I go. If the Lord, my Savior, Will but smile on me,
Will he set me frre?

O how ve - ry hap-py My poor soul will be! At the cross I linger,

At the cross I pray, Waiting till the Lord shall Take my sins away.

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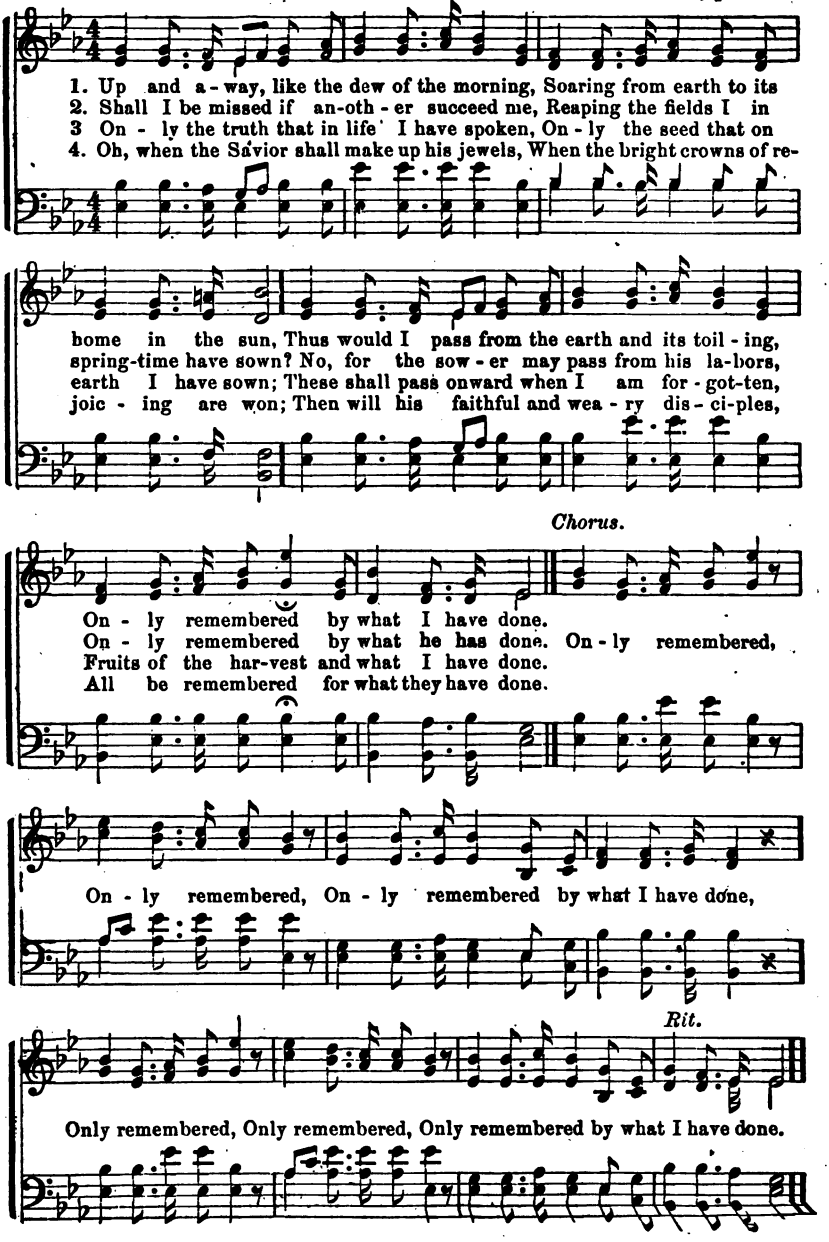
Only Remembered By What I Have Done.

DR. BONAR. WM. W. BENTLEY, 1y per.



Rock of Ages.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

Bass Solo.

1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide myself in thee! Let the
2. Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I

Inst.

wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed, Be of
sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone! Noth-ing
soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne, Rock of

sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure, Save from
in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling, Sim-ply
A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee, Let me

Rall - en - tan - do.

1st time. *2d time.*

wrath and make me pure.
to thy cross I cling.
(OMIT.....) hide myself in thee, Let me hide myself in thee!

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Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. Wesley. *Ps. 9:9.* R. E. Hudson.

Affetuoso.

1. Je-sus, lov - - er of my soul, . . . Let me
Je-sus, lover of my soul, Je-sus, lov-er of my soul,

to . . . thy bosom fly, . . . While the bil - lows near me
Let me to thy bosom fly, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll,

roll, . . . While the tem - - pest still is nigh; . . . Hide me,
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh, While the tempest still is nigh;

O . . . my Saviour, hide, ... Till the
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

storm . . . of life is past; . . . . Safe into . . . the haven
Till the storm of life is past, Till the storm of life is past! Safe in-to the haven guide,

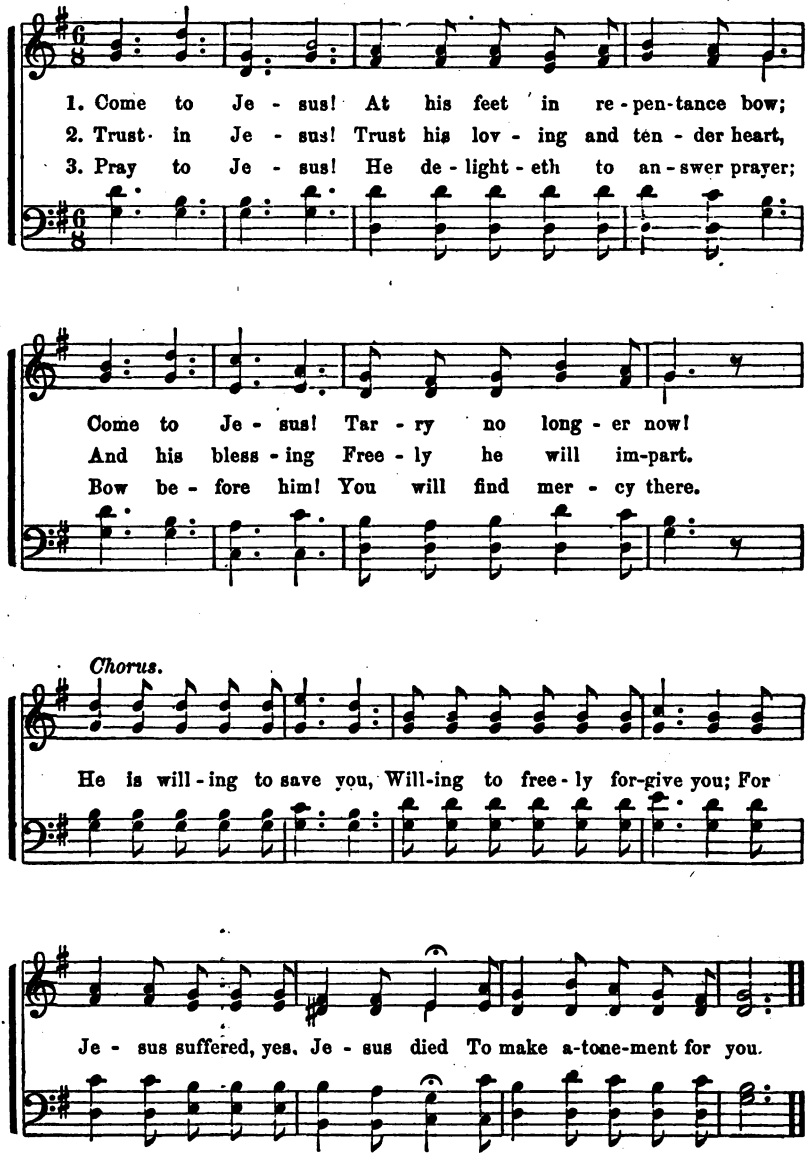
guide, ... Oh! receive . . . . my soul at last.
Safe in-to the haven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last, my soul at last.

2. Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Come, Trust, Pray.

WM. BOECKEL.



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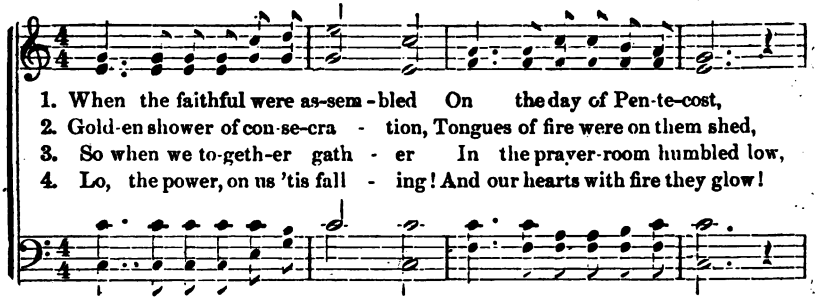
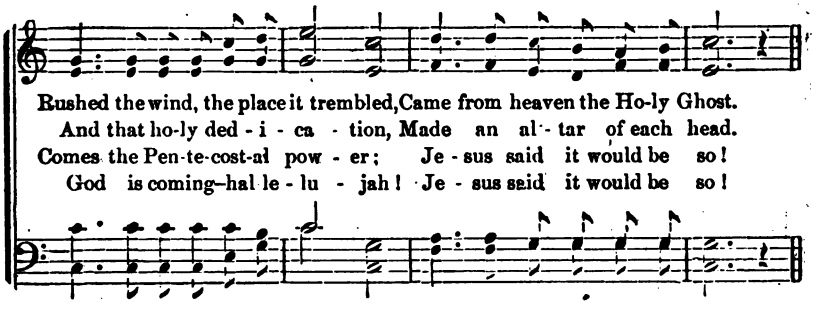
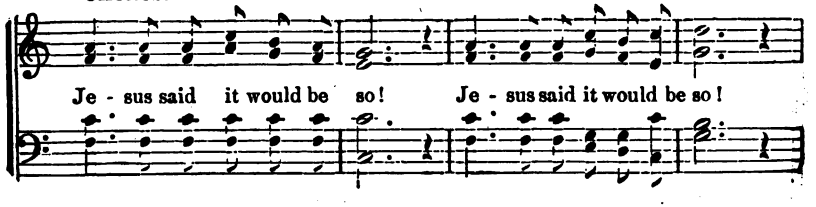
Jesus Said it Would Be So!

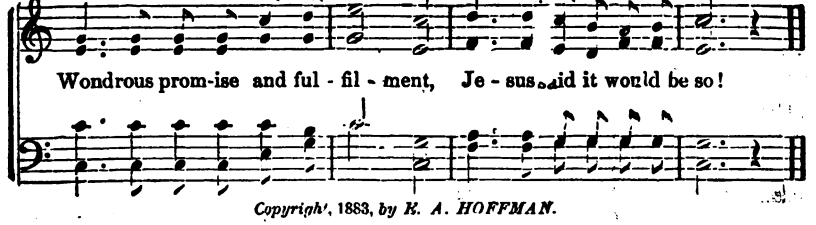
E. A. HOFFMAN.





CHORUS.





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Awake, O Heavenly wind.

THOMAS ROW. THOS. B. CUNNINGHAM.

Rather Slow.

1. Awake, O heavenly wind, Thou Spirit most divine! Come blow upon thy
2. Come, sweet celestial Dove, In thy reviving gales, And tune our souls to

garden here, And make its graces shine. Let ev-ery fruit-ful plant And
sing the Lamb Whose kindness never fails; Let his sweet name perfume The

S. Fine.

fragrant spice be seen, To make the garden of our God Most pleasant and serene.
garden of thy care; And fill our songs and every breath With thy delightful air.

D.S. with the long expected shower, And fill the sacred place.

CHORUS.

O Spirit most divine! In this accepted hour, As on the day of Pentecost, De-

D.S.

scend in all thy pow'r; Come with thy promis'd help, Come with almighty grace, Come

In The Shadow Of The Cross.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a-bove all oth - ers, Where my spirit loves to be!
2. On the cross my Sa - vior suf-fered, That He might atone for me!
3. When my heart is full of trou - ble, Then I love, on bended knee,
4. Bless-ed Sa-vior, Thou wilt hear me, When I make my earnest plea,

'Tis with - in the sa - cred shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
And I love the bless - ed shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
To approach Him in the shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
If I kneel within the shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!

Chorus.

In the shad-ow of the cross, In the shad - ow of the cross, of the cross, There my spi-rit loves to be, In the shadow of the cross. of the cross.

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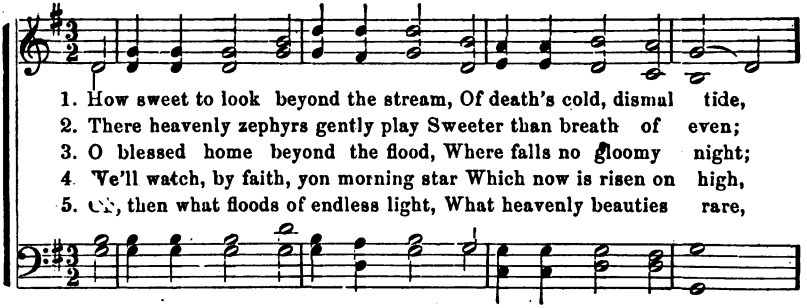
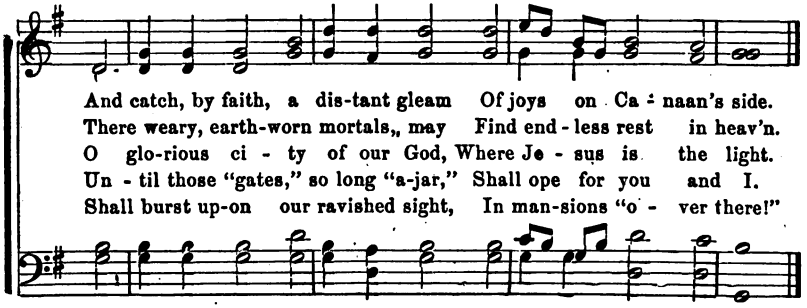
Sweet Paradise.

I. C. MONROE. E. A. HOFFMAN.

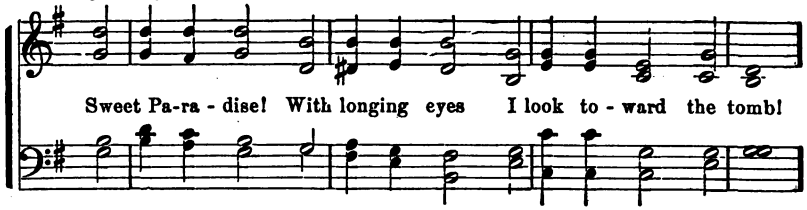


1. How sweet to look beyond the stream, Of death's cold, dismal tide,
2. There heavenly zephyrs gently play Sweeter than breath of even;
3. O blessed home beyond the flood, Where falls no gloomy night;
4. We'll watch, by faith, yon morning star Which now is risen on high,
5. Oh, then what floods of endless light, What heavenly beauties rare,

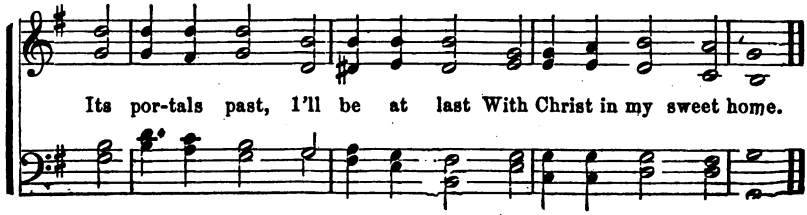


And catch, by faith, a dis-tant gleam Of joys on Ca - naan's side.
There weary, earth-worn mortals, may Find end - less rest in heav'n.
O glo-rious ci - ty of our God, Where Je - sus is the light.
Un - til those "gates," so long "a-jar," Shall ope for you and I.
Shall burst up-on our ravished sight, In man-sions "o - ver there!"

Chorus.



Sweet Pa-ra - dise! With longing eyes I look to - ward the tomb!



Its por-tals past, I'll be at last With Christ in my sweet home.

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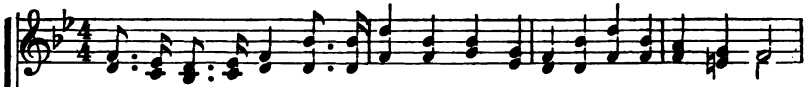
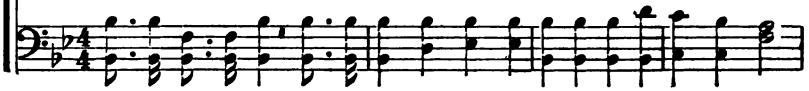
Tell Us Something More.

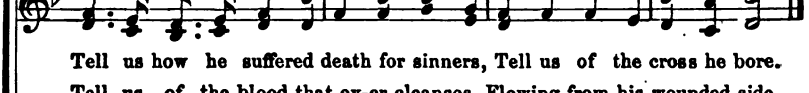
JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS, by per.



1. Tell us something more of the love of Jesus, Christian, tell us something more;
2. Tell us something more of the cru-ci-fixion, Tell us how he bled and died;
3. Tell us something more of the Holy City, When they strewed the way with palms;

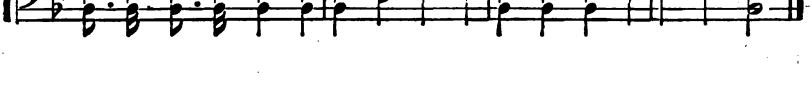


Tell us how he suffered death for sinners, Tell us of the cross he bore.
Tell us of the blood that ev-er cleanses, Flowing from his wounded side.
Tell us how he gathered lit-tle children In - to his most lov-ing arms.



Chorus.

Tell us, Christian, tell us, Tell us something more



Of the love of Je - sus, Tell us more and more.

Nearer Home.

by per. W. J. BOSTWICK.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on,

Slow - ly drops the gen-tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone;

Gone for aye its race is ov - er, Soon the dark-er shades will come,

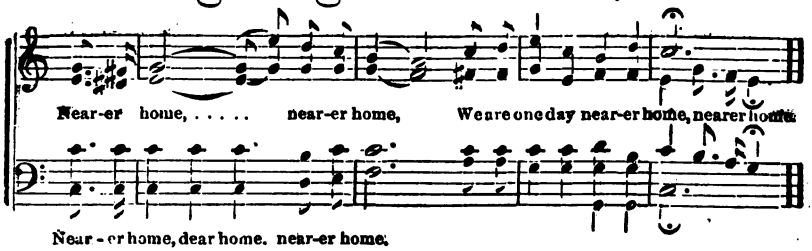
Still 'tis sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near-er home.

CHORUS.

Near-er home, near-er home, Near-er our e - ter - nal home,

Near-er home. Near-er home. sweet home.

Nearer Home.—Concluded.

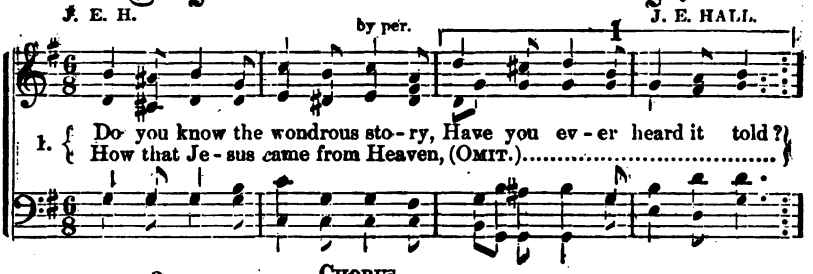


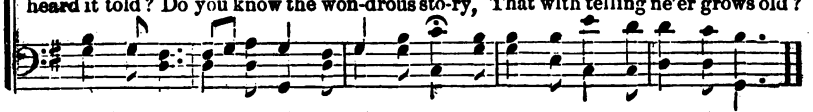
2 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim,
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done;
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains,
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

Do you know the wondrous story?

J. E. H. by per. J. E. HALL.





2 Have you heard how much he suffered,
Hanging on the cruel tree,
That we all might have salvation
And should live eternally?

3 Is it true that you have heard it?
Have the tidings reached your ear?
Then why not just now believe it,
And find comfort, hope, and cheer.

Be Not Faithless.

JAMES NICHOLSON. S. WESLEY MARTIN, arranged.

Slowly.

1. Be not faithless, but believing! Thus the Sa - vior speaks to thee;
2. Be not faithless, but believing! Wherefore, Christian, dost thou doubt?
3. Be not faithless, but believing! Will - ing and o - be-dient be;

Fine.

Those who trust his mighty pow - er, Shall his great sal-va - tion see.
He is wait - ing now to en - ter, Un - be-lief will keep him out.
Place your soul's im-mor-tal in-terests In the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

Ask, and then by faith receive it, All his gifts are full and free.

In the hour of deep-est darkness, In the time of sore dis-tress,
Take him as your present Sa-vior, From the guilt and pow'r of sin;
Now present your soul and bod - y, As a liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

Call by faith, and Christ will answer, He is al- ways near to bless.
Trust in him this ver-y moment, He can cleanse, and keep you clean.
Those who make this conse-cra - tion, Je-sus sweet-ly sanc - ti - fies.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Ask for par - don—he will give it; Ask for peace and pur - i - ty;

Wonderful Grace.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Grace suf - fi - cient Je - sus giv - eth, Grace for ev - ery time of need,
2. Grace to fol - low in the dark-ness, Grace to do his ho - ly will,
3. Grace each mo - ment to up-hold me, Grace a-bound-ing, rich and free,
4. Grace o'er ev - ery foe to con-quer, Grace my spir - it to pre - pare,

Grace to bear us thro' earth's tri-als, Grace to trust the Friend in-deed.
Grace to la - bor in the vine-yard, Grace to suf-fer and be still.
Grace to keep me hope-ful, cheer-ful, Grace that I may faith-ful be.
While I run the race with pa-tience, For the man-sions ov - er there.

CHORUS.

Won-der - ful grace of God to me! Won-der - ful mer - cy so rich and free!

Won-der-ful love! O how can it be, He hath bestowed such blessings on me!

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Father, Lead Me.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Father, lead me, gent - ly lead me, Keep me, keep me near to thee;
2. On the cross, love made thee bear-er Of transgressions not thine own,
3. Though the cup I drink be bitter, Yet, since thou hast made it mine,

Friends I love may oft deceive me— Thou wilt e'er my sol-ace be.
And that love still makes thee sharer In our sor-rows on the throne;
This, thy love, will make it sweeter Than the world's best mingled wine;

Change can ne'er our un - ion sev - er, Death its links may nev - er part;
From thy glo - ry thou art bend-ing Still on earth a pitying eye,
Dark - er days may yet betide me, Sharper ar - rows I may prove,

Yes - ter-day, to - day, for-ev - er Thou the same Re-deem-er art.
And 'mid an - gel-songs as-cend-ing, Hearest every mourner's cry.
But the worst will not di-vide me, O my Sa - vior, from thy love!

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Now My Heart Is Full Of Rapture.

E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Now my heart is full of rap - ture and glad - ness, And my
2. In the downward road of ru - in he found me, Kind - ly
3. In an in - stant all my dark-ness had van - ished, And the
4. Though but late I wan - dered forth in the dark - ness, Far from
5. I am walk-ing in the sun-light of Heav - en, O that

Sa-vior I a-dore and ex - tol, For he banished all my sor-row and
asked me to re-pent and believe, Threw his arms of tender mer - cy a-
heavenly light and peace entered in, I became a child, an heir of the
vir - tue, far from Heaven, and God, Yet today I'm bound with you to the
words but half my joy could express! I now wear the roy-al robes of the

sad - ness, Washed a-way the stains of sin from my soul.
round me, Whispered, "Child, thy sins I free - ly for - give."
King - dom, And was won - der - ful - ly saved from my sin.
King - dom, Ful - ly rec - on-ciled through Christ's precious blood.
King - dom, Washed and cleansed in Je-sus' blood, I am his.

Chorus.

{ And he dai - - ly walks be-side me,
{ Yes, he leads me and di-rects me,

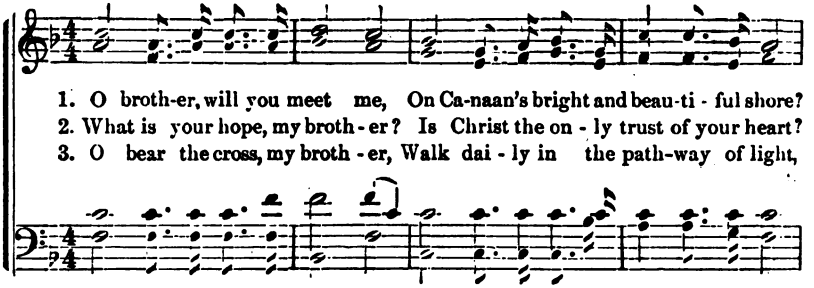
{ And he dai - ly walks be-side me, And he dai - ly walks be-side me,}
{ Yes, he leads me and di-rects me, Yes, he leads me and directs me,}

1 2

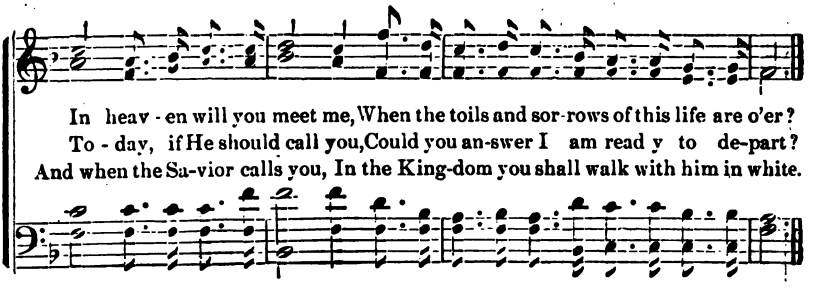
And he cheers me with his love by the way,.... }
And will bring me to his home far a - - way. }

Would you meet me in the Kingdom?

"AMERICAN SPIRITUAL," ARR.

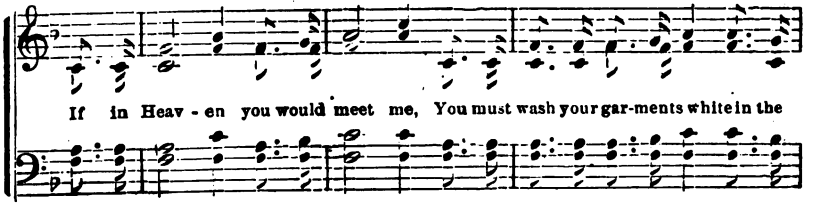


1. O broth-er, will you meet me, On Ca-naan's bright and beau-ti - ful shore?
2. What is your hope, my broth - er? Is Christ the on - ly trust of your heart?
3. O bear the cross, my broth - er, Walk dai - ly in the path-way of light,

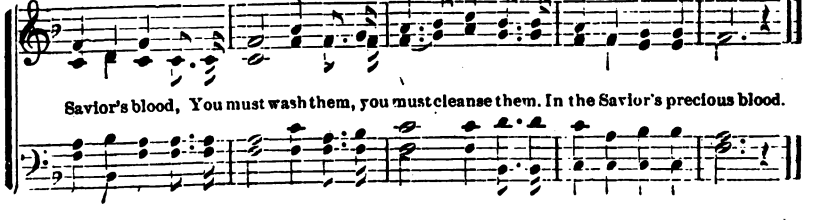


In heav - en will you meet me, When the toils and sor-rows of this life are o'er?
To - day, if He should call you, Could you an-swer I am read y to de-part?
And when the Sa-vior calls you, In the King-dom you shall walk with him in white.

CHORUS.



If in Heav - en you would meet me, You must wash your gar-ments white in the

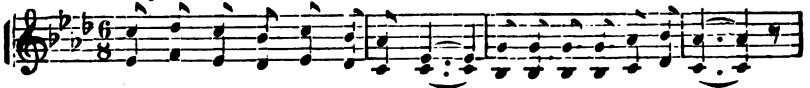


Savior's blood, You must wash them, you must cleanse them. In the Savior's precious blood.

What will you do in that Day?

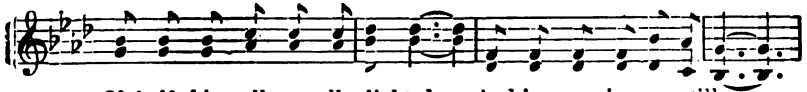
T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER.

Tenderly. SOLO OR DUET.

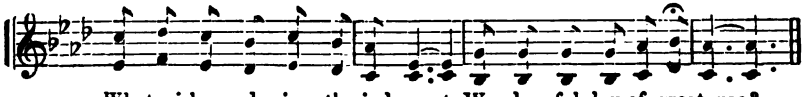


1. Lis-ten, oh! lis - ten to Je - sus, Tender-ly asking your heart,
2. Christ is a ref-uge for sin - ners, Flee to the arms of his love;
3. Toiling for wealth that will per-ish, Charmed with the toys that decay,
4. Think of the loved ones in Heaven, In yonder cit - y of Light,

Will-ing to res-cue and save you, And his rich grace to impart!
If you neg-lect this sal - va - tion, How can you meet him above?
Blinded by sin and by fol - ly,... Sinning from day un-to day,
Waiting for you at the por - tal; What, if your soul take its flight?

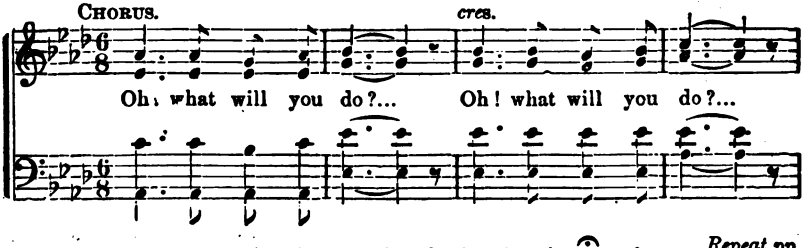


Oh! if his calls are all slighted,... And in your sins you still go,
Can you not give up your pleas-ures, Turn from earth's trifles a way?
Sin - ner, just think of the wa - ges You for your sin shall receive!
Would you be read y to greet them, Anxious the gates to pass through?



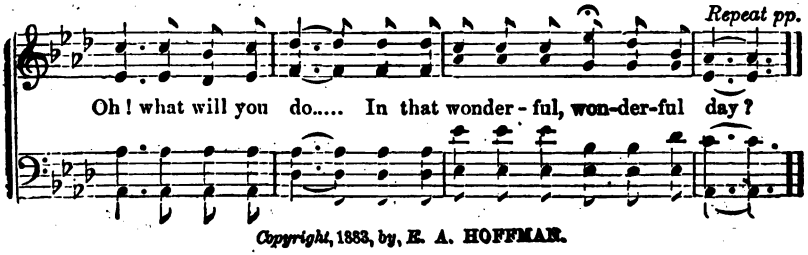
What will you do in the judgment, Wonder-ful day of great woe?
Oh! if you cling to your i - dols, What will you do in that day?
Turn to the dear, lov-ing Sa - vior, Hum-bly con-fess and be-lieve!
If you have no hope in Je - sus, Sinner, then, what will you do?

CHORUS. *cres.*



Oh, what will you do?... Oh! what will you do?...

Repeat pp.



Oh! what will you do..... In that wonder - ful, won-der-ful day?

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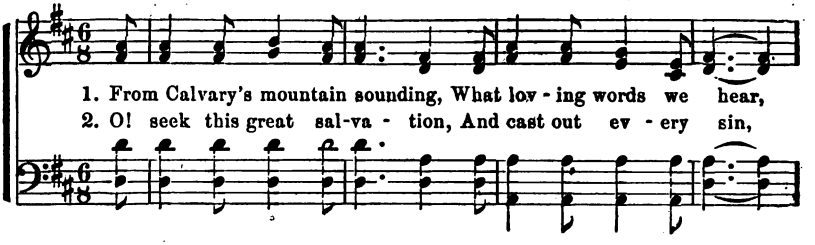
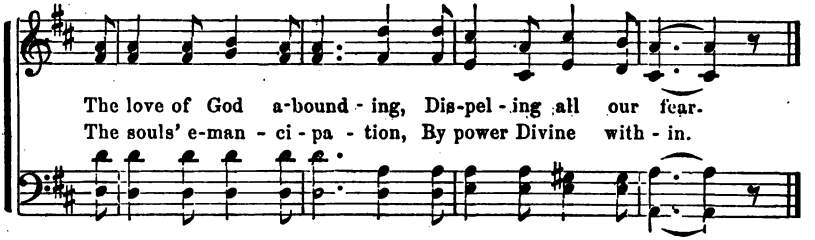
Whosoever Believeth.

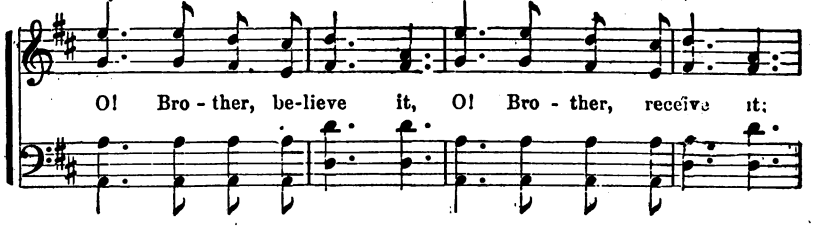
"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

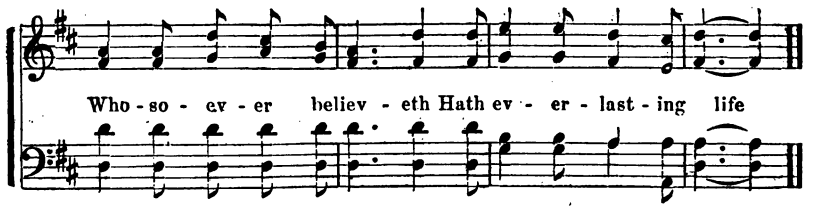
Rev. Frederick Denison. W. Warren Bentley, by per.





Refrain..





3. Whoe'er my Word believeth,
We hear the Savior say,
A pardon full receiveth,
All sins are washed away.

4 O! Brother come and trust Him,
O! come to Him to-day,
He's waiting to receive you,
Why longer then delay?

Be Thou My Help.

Psalms CXLVI-5- "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

C. E. P.

Music by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. by per.

1. Be Thou my *help*, my joy in trib - u - la-tion— O God of Ja - cob,
2. Be Thou my *friend*, when earthly friends forsake me—O God of Ja cob,
3. Be Thou my *all*, when nearing death's dark billow— O God of Ja - cob,

hear me from a-bove; And may my soul in ev - 'ry sore temp-ta-tion Look
be Thou at my side, And may Thy ev - er-blessed-Spir-it make me More
hold me in Thine arms; Dispel all fear, and let my dy - ing pil - low Dis-

up to Thee, with con - fi-dence and love.
close - ly lean on Thee, my lov - ing guide. Shield and de-fend, on
play Thy glo - ry, and re-flect Thy charms.

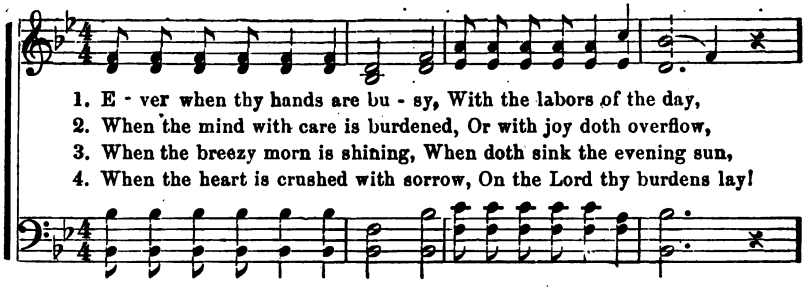
Chorus.

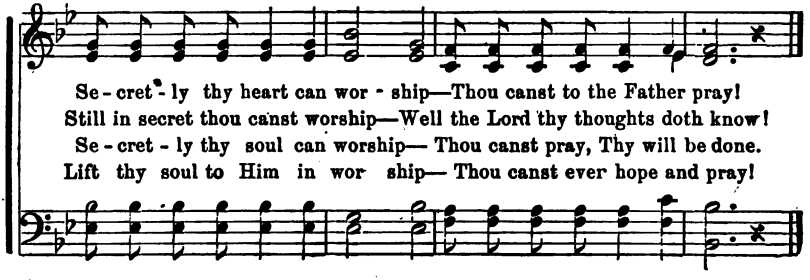
Thee I de-pend, My help and my strength are from Thee,

Guard and provide—I'll ever confide, Till Thou shalt from sin set me free

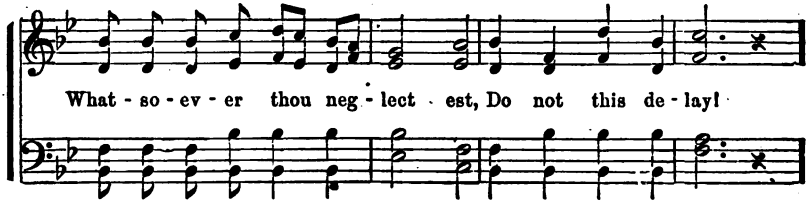
Don't Forget To Pray.

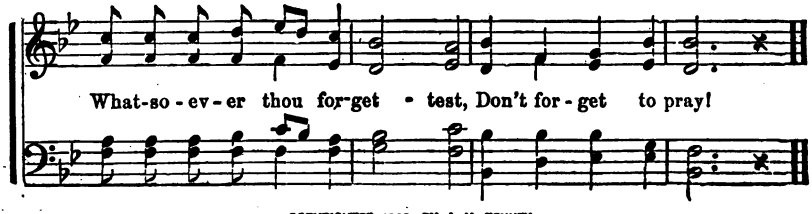
E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.





Chorus.





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The Land is Drawing Near.

FAITH MILMAN. REV. L. WHITE.

1. There's a land beyond the riv-er, Of its beauties we are told, All its
2. 'Tis the land of light and glo-ry,'The the bright immortal shore, Where the
3. There a crown of life is giv - en, To each sol-dier of the cross, Who has

walls are made of jas - per, And its streets of shin - ing gold; There the
tree of life is bloom-ing, In the sweet for - ev - er more; There the
lived for God and heav - en, Who has count-ed earth but dross, And a

good of ev-ery na - tion, Shall be gath ered home at last, Robed in
anthems loud are swelling, And the crys-tal wa - ters lave, And the
robe of shin-ing splen-dor, And a palm of vic - tor - y; And the

CHORUS.

garments of salvation When the storms of life are past. Rejoice! rejoice!
saints are ev-er praising Christ the mighty one to save. Rejoice! rejoice! the
saved will reign with Jesus thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty.

land is draw-ing near; The pearly gates are lifting, And the throne will soon appear.

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Jesus, Save Me Now.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Lord, my heart is bruised and bleed - ing With the wounds of sin;
2. I am bowed in grief and sor - row, Bur - dened and op - prest!
3. Let the bonds of sin be brok-en, Free - ly all for - give!
4. Come, dear Sav-ior, come and bless me, With thy match less grace;
5. Why not now, dear Lord, for - give me Thro' thy grace di - vine?

For thy mer - cy I am plead ing, Come and make me clean.
Come ere dawns an - oth - er mor - row, Bring me peace and rest.
Let the word of power be spok - en, That shall bid me live.
Turn to me thy heart of mer - cy, And thy smil - ing face.
Why not now, dear Lord, re-ceive me As a child of thine?

CHORUS.

All my guilt and sin con - fess - ing, At thy feet I bow,
I am wait - ing for thy bless-ing, Je - sus, save me now!

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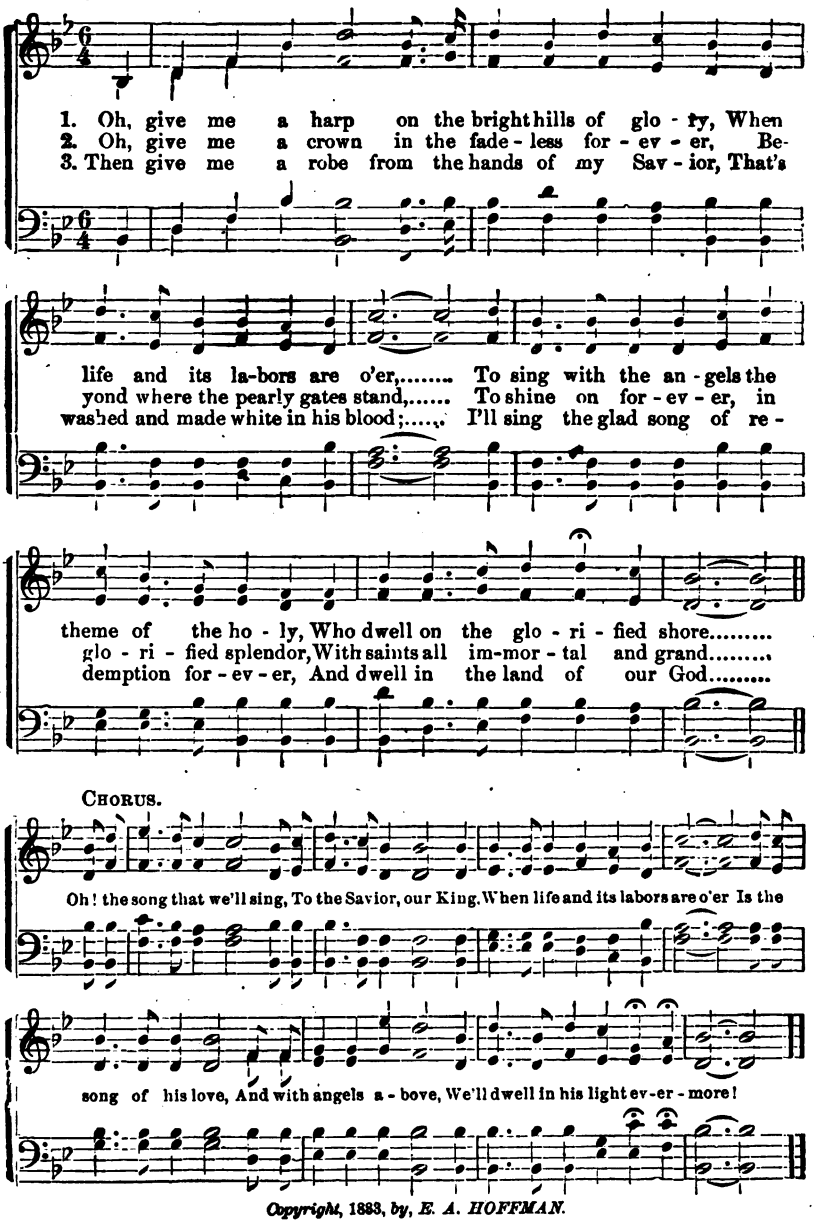
A Harp, a Robe, a Crown.

REV. L. WHITE. REV. E. STINCHCOM .



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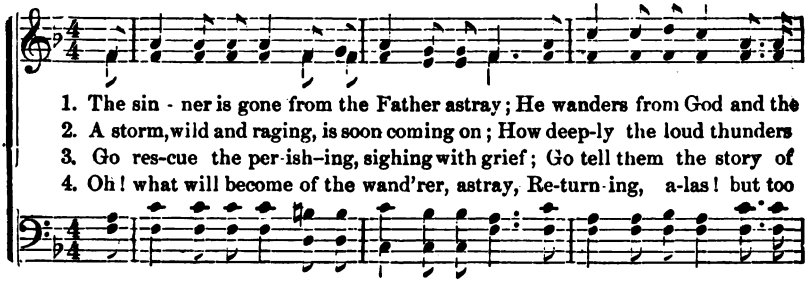
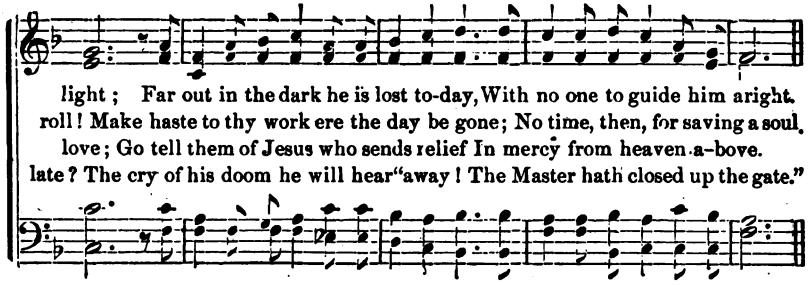
Go Work in My Vineyard.

W. REV. L. WHITE.

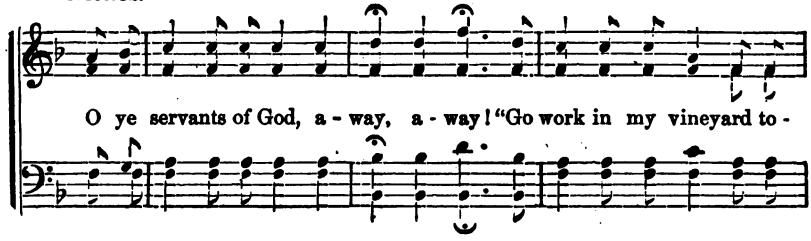


1. The sin - ner is gone from the Father astray; He wanders from God and the
2. A storm, wild and raging, is soon coming on; How deep-ly the loud thunders
3. Go res-cue the per-ish-ing, sighing with grief; Go tell them the story of
4. Oh! what will become of the wand'rer, astray, Re-turn-ing, a-las! but too



light; Far out in the dark he is lost to-day, With no one to guide him aright.
roll! Make haste to thy work ere the day be gone; No time, then, for saving a soul.
love; Go tell them of Jesus who sends relief In mercy from heaven a-bove.
late? The cry of his doom he will hear "away! The Master hath closed up the gate."

CHORUS.



O ye servants of God, a - way, a - way! "Go work in my vineyard to -

day!" Lead the lost by the hand to Immanuel's land, "Go work" is the Father's command.

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In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Gal. 6:14.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy;
3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the Cross are sanctified:

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Never shall the Cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time abide.

CHORUS.

I am cling - ing to the Cross,
I am cling-ing, cling - ing, cling-ing to the Cross,

I am cling - ing to the Cross,
I am cling-ing, cling - ing, cling-ing to the Cross,

Cling-ing, cling-ing, Yes, I'm cling-ing to the Cross.
Yes, I'm clinging, clinging to the Cross.

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Washed and Cleansed.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O won-der - ful depth of God's won-der-ful love! Its ful ness I
2. O won-der-ful heights of God's won-der ful love, En-thrilling my
3. O won-der-ful breadths of this riv - er of love! From hence I would

know, and its sweet-ness I prove; Christ brought me such wealth, such a
soul with the joy from a - bove! Such rest as the Lord on his
nev - er a mo-ment re-move; Its wa - ters I'll drink, and I'll

treasure of peace, My soul is o'erwhelmed in a sea of pure bliss.
saints doth be-stow, No sin - ner un-saved or un-pardoned can know.
here make my rest; For lean-ing on Christ I am per-fect - ly blest.

CHORUS.

{ For my Savior has washed me in the fountain of his blood. He has washed me and
Hal-le - lu-jah, he saves me! I am reconciled to God! Let me (OMIT.....

cleansed me in the flowing, crimson flood,.....
..... praise him for - ev - er, A - men! }

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I Am With Thee Every Hour.

Arranged from a "Jubilee Song," by J. H. T.

1. I am with thee ev - ery hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone:
I am with thee ev - ery hour, trust thou in Me, For My love un-change - a - ble is pledged to thee.
2. I am with thee ev - ery hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troub - led heart, thy bur - dens bear;
I am with thee ev - ery hour, My strength is thine, Thou the ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine.
3 I am with thee ev - ery hour, till life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to stand be - fore the throne:
I am with thee ev - ery hour, and Heav - en waits To throw o - pen wide for thee its pear - ly gates.

CHORUS.

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, with thee, Ev-ery hour I'm with thee, with thee,

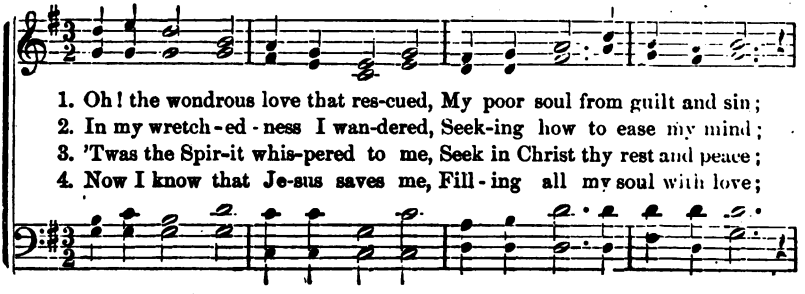
Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave!... I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, with thee,

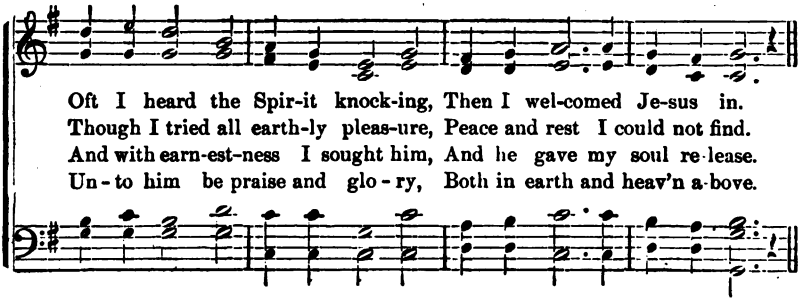
Ev - ery hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard, and guide, and save! with thee,

I Am Sweetly Saved In Jesus.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. 2:20.

MRS. M. E. BLISS WILSON. W. W. BENTLEY, by per.





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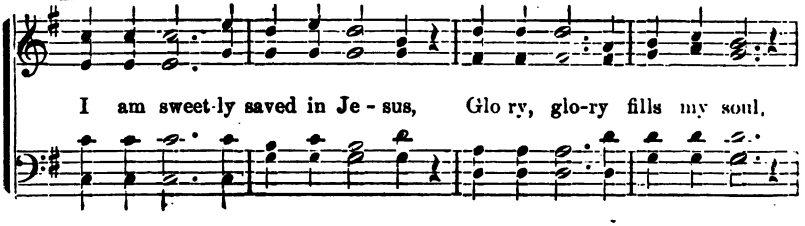

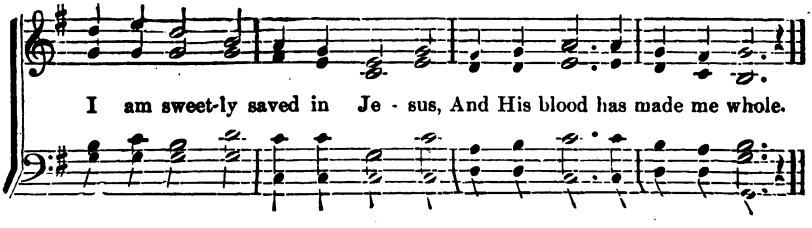

For You and for Me.

Words and Music by WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing,— Call-ing for you and for me. See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing,—
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies,—
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, deathbeds are com - ing,—
4. O for the won-der - ful love he has promised,–Promised for you and for me. Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,—

REFRAIN.

m

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Mer-cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par-don for you and for me.

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home; Ear - nest-ly, ten-der - ly,

ritard. *pp*

Je - sus is call-ing,— Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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Come, Holy Spirit.

I. WATTS — E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spirit, heaven - ly dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov-el here be-low Fond of these earth-ly toys! Our
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs; In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy-ing rate— Our
5. Come, Ho - ly Spirit, heaven-ly dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come

dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our devo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great;
shed a - broad a Savior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

CHORUS.

O come, O come, Re - fin - ing Spir - it,
O come, O come, O come,

come! Come with thy grace and ho-li-ness, Come and make our hearts thy home.

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Hallelujah, What a Savior!

BEULAH. BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER. by per.

With expression.

1. { Once my eyes..... saw noth-ing comely,..... In the low - ly
{ All His grace..... was hid-den from me,..... By the clouds... of

CHORUS.

Naz - a - rene;..... } Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-lu - jah!.....
sin be-tween;...

I was blind, but now I see; Hal - le - lu - jah,

Ritard.....

hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus wrought the cure for me.

2 Once my dull ears found no music,
In His tender, pleading voice;
Now He speaks, and each low whisper
Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
His dear word has made me free;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
O, what boundless liberty!

3 Once my robes, by sin polluted,
Were as filthy rags unclean;
In the great King's royal presence,
I could never thus be seen;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
I am whiter now than snow;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus' blood has made me so.

4 Once I roamed in deserts dreary,
Sought in vain a place of rest;
Now my soul, no longer weary,
Leans, entranced, upon His breast;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Blessedness beyond degree!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus is a re-t for me.

5 Hallelujah, what a Savior!
Half His love was never told;
I have found His royal favor,
Richer treasure far than gold.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise Him, O my ransomed soul!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
While eternal ages roll.

The Fountain.

REV. S. Y. HARMER. J. H. LESLIE, by per.

Fine.

1 { Oh, come to the fountain of cleansing with me, The wonderful fountain of blood:
Its streams are now flowing so plenteous and free, Come, plunge in the rich purple flood;

2. { Be-liev - ing in Je-sus will gladness impart, Be - liev-ing on Je-sus a - lone;
What-ev - er dis-tresses or bur-dens the heart, Will all in a moment be gone.

3. { Come, then, to this fountain and do not de-lay, Be cleansed from pollution and sin;
The wa - ters are flow - ing, then why should you stay, Oh, wash in the blood of the Lamb!

D. C. Then fly to the fountain with all thy dis-tress, The joys of sal - va - tion to know.
D. C. Whose spir-it of cleansing doth make us complete; All praise to Immanuel's name!
D. C. Then trust in His mercies and promises true, And wash in the all-cleansing blood,

D.C.

Its vir - tues are heal-ing, I know, I confess, His blood washes whiter than snow;
All glo - ry to Je - sus, we'll gladly re-peat, With joy His forgiveness pro-claim,
Sal - va - tion and glo - ry and hon-or are due, For blessings so rich-ly be-stowed;

Precious Blood of Jesus.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

S.

1. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole; Let it flow in
3. Tho' thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar - let glow, Je - sus' pre-cious
4. Now the ho - li - est with boldness, We may en - ter in, For the o-pened

D. S.—O believe it,

CHORUS.

Fine. *D.S.*

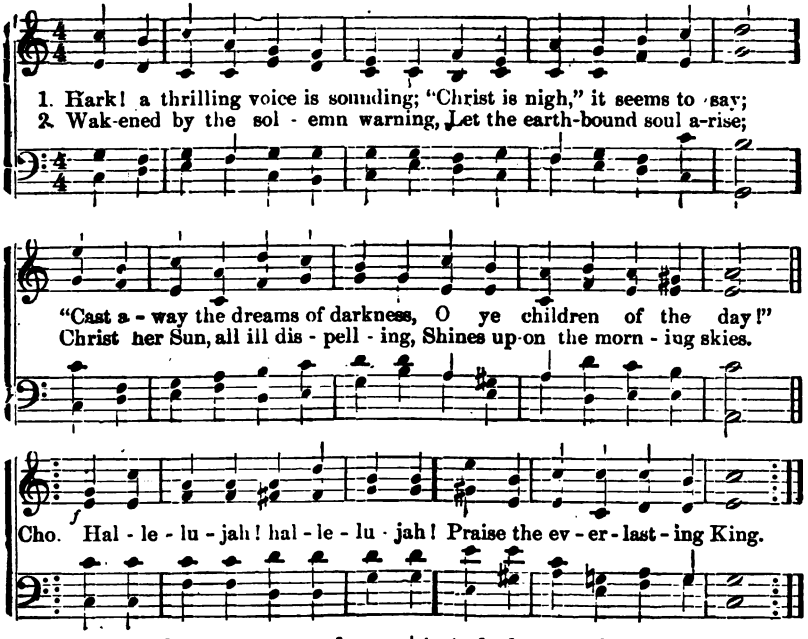
shed for sin-ners, Shed for me,
migh - ty cleansing. O'er thy soul, Precious, precious blood of Jesus, ev-er flowing free!
blood will wash thee White as snow.
fount-ain cleaneth From all sin,

O receive it, 'Tis for thee.

Hark! a Thrilling Voice is Sounding.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

W. H. HAVERGAL.

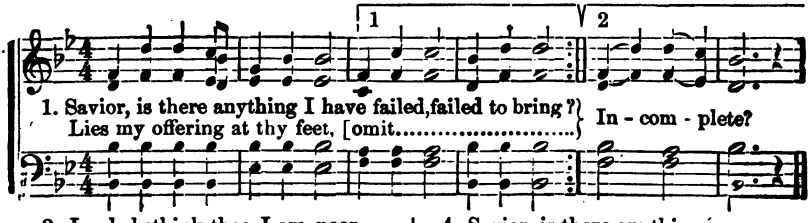


3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven. Cho.

4. And when next he comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With his mercy may he shield us,
And with words of love draw near. Cho.

My Sacrifice.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL, alt. E. A. HOFFMAN.



2. Lord, bethink thee, I am poor,
Scant and small is my store;
At thy feet my all I pour,
What can I more?

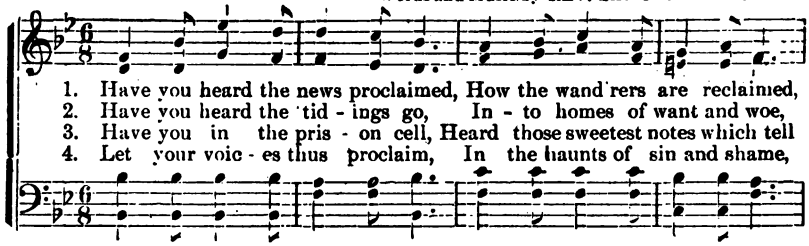
3. Since thou, Lord, hast deigned to ask
O how sweet is the task,
Though the gift be poor, to bring
Everything?

4. Savior, is there anything,
I have now failed to bring?
Lies my offering incomplete
At thy feet?

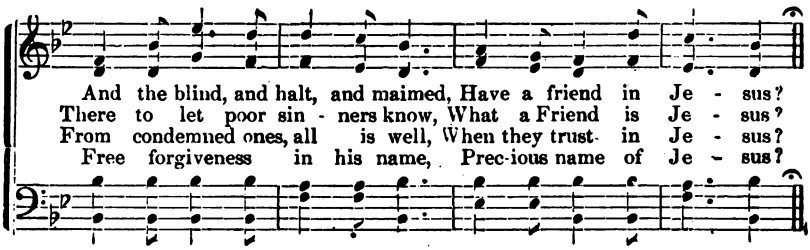
5. Savior, O do not despise
This, my poor sacrifice!
Take the gift I bring to thee,
And bless me.

Have You Heard the News?

Words and Music by REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

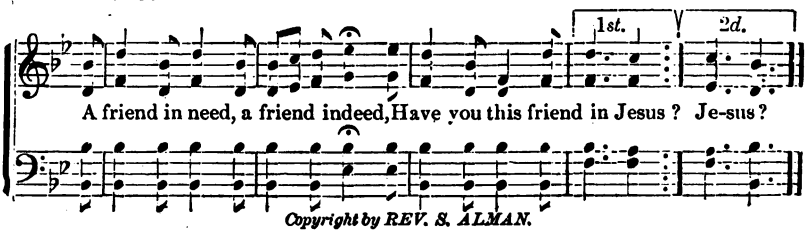


1. Have you heard the news proclaimed, How the wand'rers are reclaimed,
2. Have you heard the tid - ings go, In - to homes of want and woe,
3. Have you in the pris - on cell, Heard those sweetest notes which tell
4. Let your voic - es thus proclaim, In the haunts of sin and shame,



And the blind, and halt, and maimed, Have a friend in Je - sus?
There to let poor sin - ners know, What a Friend is Je - sus?
From condemned ones, all is well, When they trust in Je - sus?
Free forgiveness in his name, Prec-ious name of Je - sus?

CHORUS.

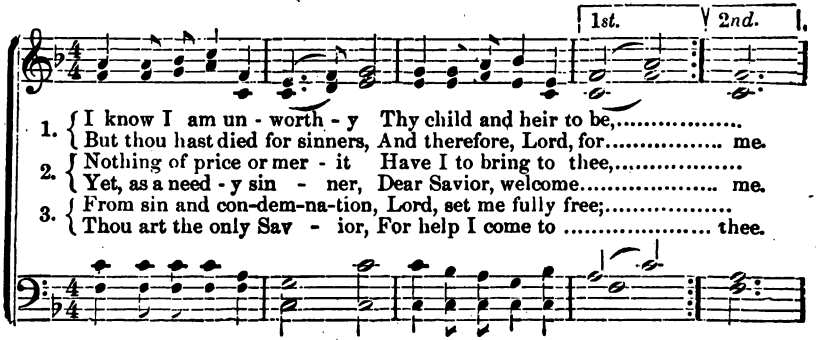


A friend in need, a friend indeed, Have you this friend in Jesus? Je-sus?

Copyright by REV. S. ALMAN.

Wash Me in the Blood of the Lamb.

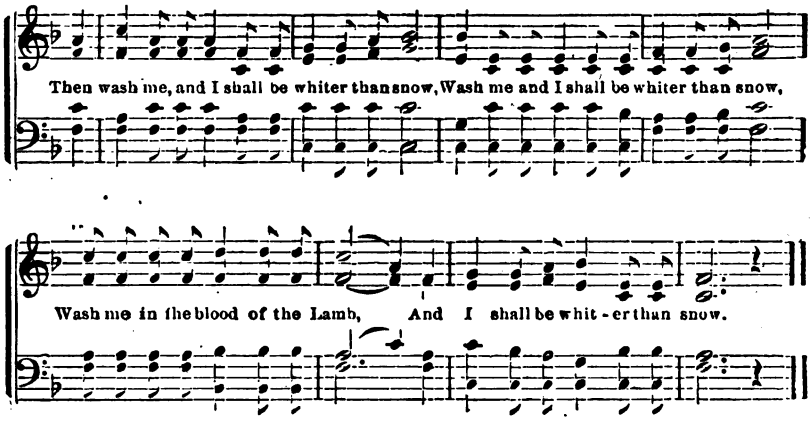
E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. { I know I am un - worth - y Thy child and heir to be,.....
   { But thou hast died for sinners, And therefore, Lord, for..... me.
2. { Nothing of price or mer - it Have I to bring to thee,.....
   { Yet, as a need - y sin - ner, Dear Savior, welcome..... me.
3. { From sin and con-dem-na-tion, Lord, set me fully free;.....
   { Thou art the only Sav - ior, For help I come to ..... thee.

Wash Me in the Blood of the Lamb.—Concluded.

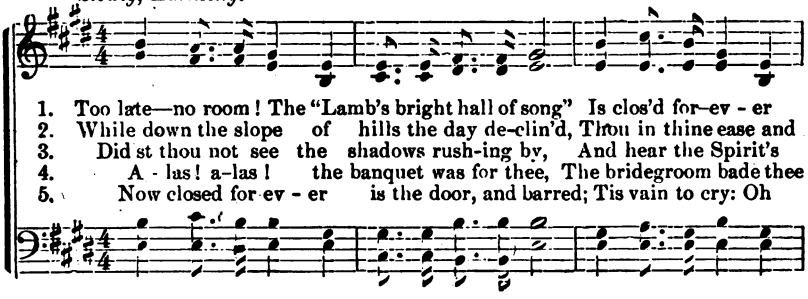
CHORUS.



Too Late—No Room!

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly, Earnestly.



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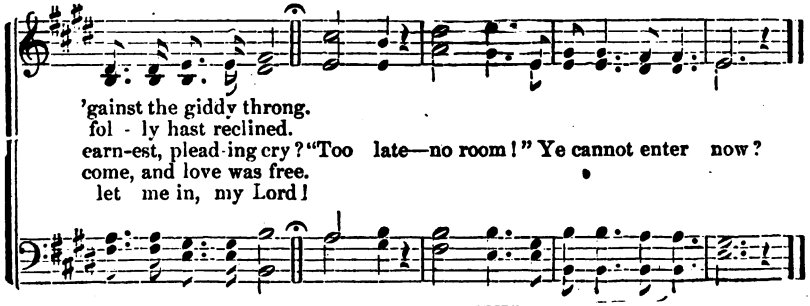


From "SONGS OF FAITH."

Jesus will give you rest.

FANNY CROSBY. JOHN R. SWEENEY, by per.

1. { Will you come, will you come with your poor brok-en heart,
{ Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - ior and Lord,

D. C. *why won't you come in sim-ple, trusting faith,*

1st. 2nd. Fine. CHORUS.

Burden'd and sin - op - pressed? } O hap-py rest,
Jesus will give you [*omit.*] rest. }

Je - sus will give you [omit.] *rest.*

D.C.

sweet, happy rest! Je - sus will give you rest, Oh!

happy rest.

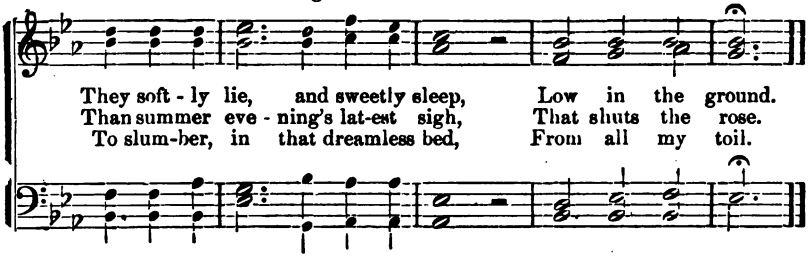
2 Will you come, will you come?
There is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are,
And believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come?
How he pleads with you now!
Fly to his loving breast;
And whatever your sin
Or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

Vaughn, 8s & 4s.

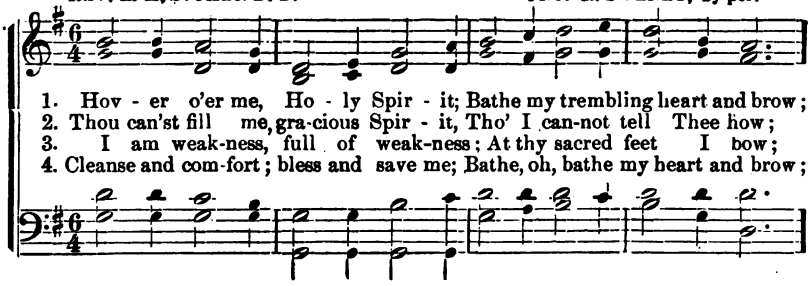
FOR MALE VOICES. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

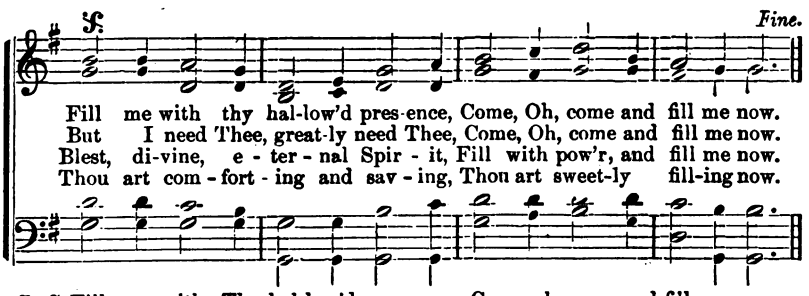
1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found;
2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose,
3. I long to lay this painful head And aching heart beneath the soil;



Fill Me Now.

REV. E. H. STOKES. D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.





D. S. Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

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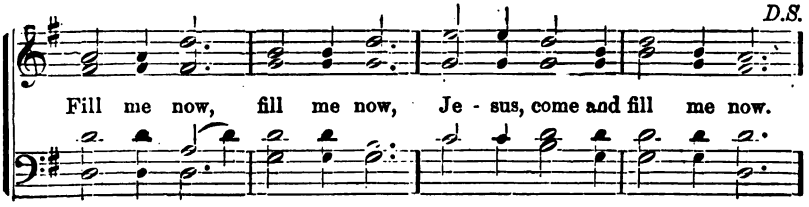

Not Far From The Kingdom.

"*Now is the day of salvation.*"—2 Cor. 6:2.

ENGLISH. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin; How
2. Not far, not far from the gateway, Where voices whisper and wait; But
3. Catching the strains of the music, Floating so sweetly a - long; Tho'
4. Out in the dark and the danger, Out in the night and cold; Tho'

ma - ny are com-ing and go - ing, How few are en - ter-ing in.
fear-ing to en - ter in bold - ly, They lin-ger still at the gate.
knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join-ing not in their song.
he is now long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet ling'ring still at the gateway; Oh,

wait not to get near - er; But en - ter while you may.

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Gathering Home.

I. B. *Rev.* 20: 12. REV. I BALTZELL, by per.

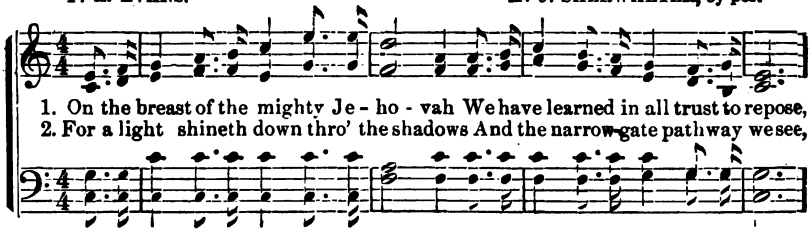
1. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, On the banks of the bright jasper sea; We'll meet all the good and the faith-ful; What a gath'ring that will be!
2. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, At the sound of the great ju-bi-lee; We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing; What a gath'ring that will be!
3. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, Our bless-ed Redeem-er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone before us; What a gath'ring that will be!

CHORUS.

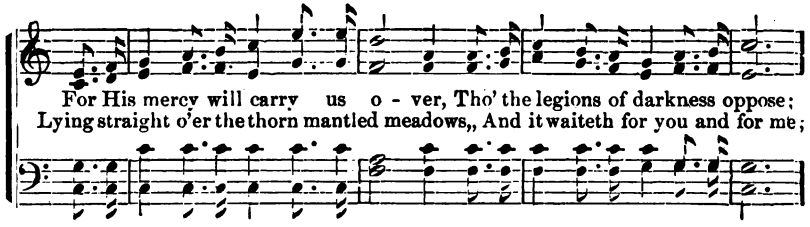
What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath-'ring that will be, that will be, What a gath-'ring that will be! What a gath - 'ring, that will be! While the an-gels sing, we'll gath - 'ring, What a gath - 'ring that will be! all gath - er home!

We shall Rest in the Cool of the Day.

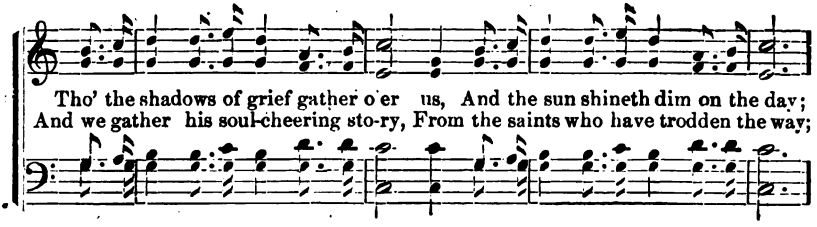
F. A. EVANS. A. J. SHERWALTER, by per.



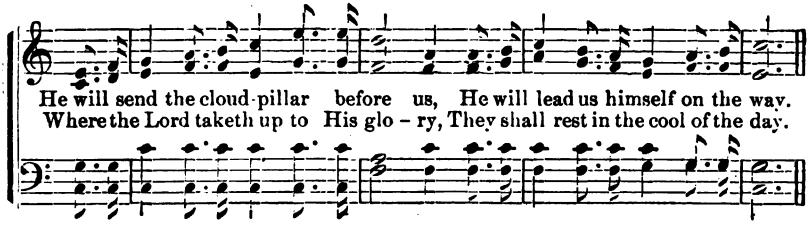
1. On the breast of the mighty Je - ho - vah We have learned in all trust to repose,
2. For a light shineth down thro' the shadows And the narrow-gate pathway we see,



For His mercy will carry us o - ver, Tho' the legions of darkness oppose;
Lying straight o'er the thorn mantled meadows,, And it waiteth for you and for me;

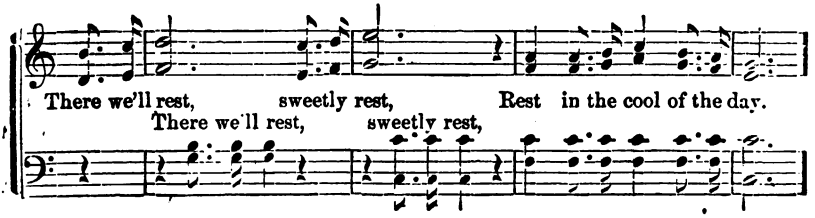


Tho' the shadows of grief gather o'er us, And the sun shineth dim on the day;
And we gather his soul-cheering sto-ry, From the saints who have trodden the way;



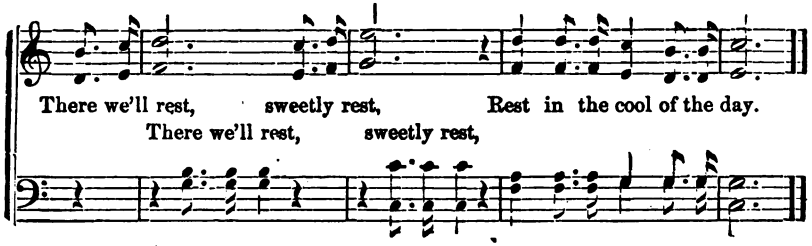
He will send the cloud-pillar before us, He will lead us himself on the way.
Where the Lord taketh up to His glo - ry, They shall rest in the cool of the day.

CHORUS.



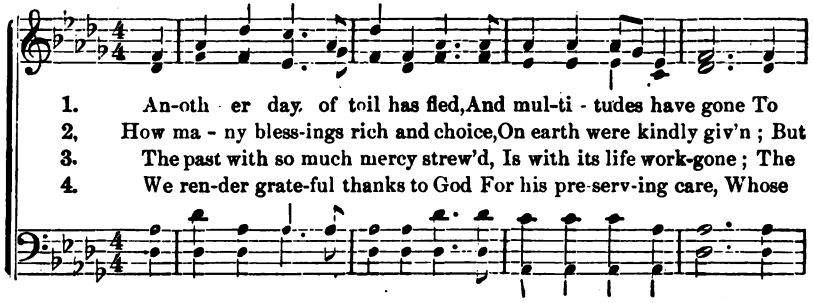
There we'll rest, sweetly rest, Rest in the cool of the day.
There we'll rest, sweetly rest,

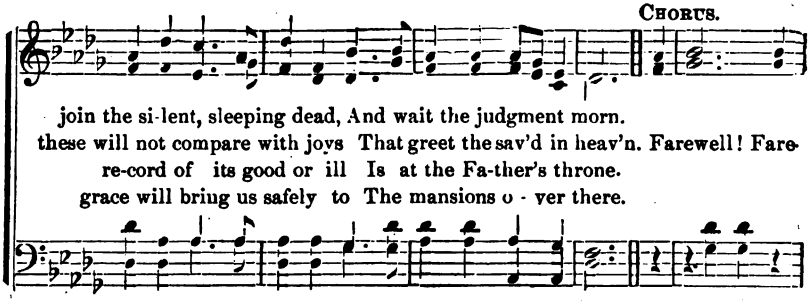
We shall Rest—Concluded.

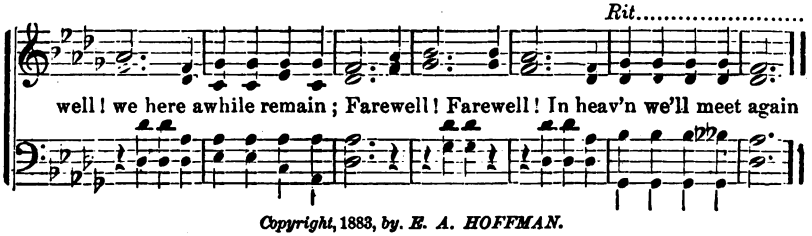


In Heaven We'll Meet Again.

REV. W. W. SHULER. MISS CALLIE SWARTZ.







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Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin-ners plunged be - neath that flood, be - neath that flood, be-
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, re-
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'

filled with blood, There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn
neath that flood, And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose
joiced to see, The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That
vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins,
all their guil-ty stains.
fountain in his day,
all my sins a - way.

Oh, glo - ri-ous foun-tain! Here will I

stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood, :‖
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God, :‖
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream, :‖
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Copyright, 1881, T. C. O'KANE.

Christ Is Waiting.

O. S. G. By O. S. GRINNELL.

1. O sin-ner! lis-ten while you may, For Christ can wash your sins away; He bore them all up-on the cross, To save you from e-ter-nal loss.
2. Oh, come to Christ! do not de-lay, But seek his pardon while you may; Oh, come just now, and do not wait Un-til the Spir-it says, "too late."
3. Just as you are, oh, has-ten now! Confess your sins, and humbly bow! His might-y grace he will im-part; His blood will cleanse your sinful heart.
4. Oh! can it be you will refuse To lis-ten to such gracious news, And shut your ears, and close your eyes, And die the death that nev-er dies?

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing to save;.....
Wait ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing, to-day;

Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing to save.
Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing,

Copyrighted, 1884, by O. S. GRINNELL.

Lily Of The Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I
strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him for-sak-en, I've all my i-dols
do His blessed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've nothing now to

D.S. for each verse and for Chorus. } *He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, the bright and morn-ing*

Fine.

see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole. In sor-row He's my
torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho' all the world for-
fear; With the man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to

Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.-*In sor-row He's my*

D.S.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

com-fort, in trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll.
sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal.
glo-ry, we see His blessed face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll.

com-fort, In trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll;

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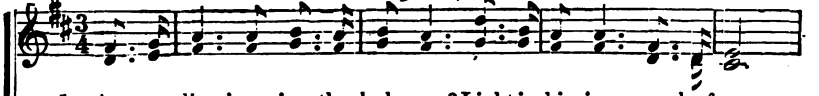
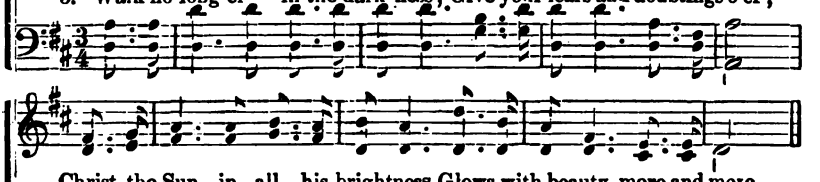
Light Is Shining.

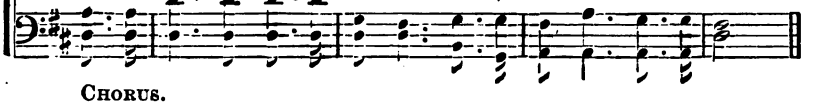
I. N. McH. I. N. McHOSE.



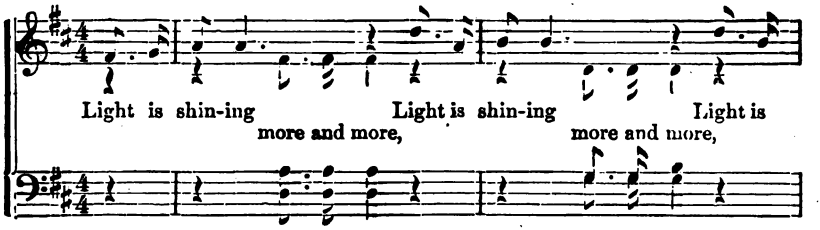
1. Are you liv-ing in the dark-ness? Light is shin-ing on be-fore;
2. Are there doubts and fears within you, Mak-ing dark the path be-fore?
3. Are you in the vale of sor-row, Clouds of dark-ness hov'ring o'er?
4. Are the shades of death ap pear-ing? Do not fear the Jor-dan's roar;
5. Walk no long-er in the dark-ness; Give your fears and doubtings o'er;



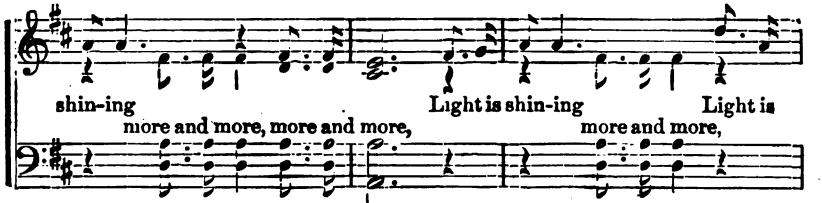
Christ, the Sun, in all his brightness Glows with beauty more and more.
Look to Christ, and find, in look-ing, Light is shin-ing more and more.
Joy is com-ing with the mor-row, Light is shin-ing on be-fore.
Christ, and home and friends are nearing In the light from Heaven's shore.
Trust in God, and go right on-ward Where the light shines more and more.



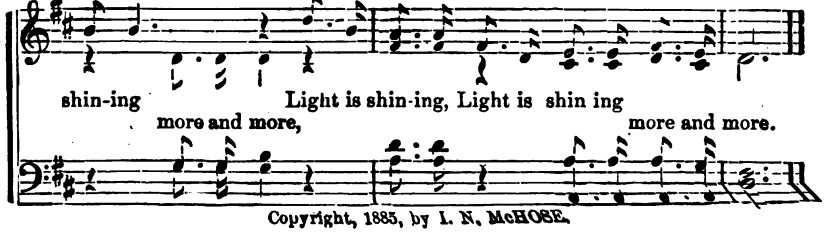
CHORUS.



Light is shin-ing more and more, Light is shin-ing more and more, Light is



shin-ing more and more, more and more, Light is shin-ing more and more, Light is



shin-ing more and more, Light is shin-ing, Light is shin ing more and more.

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Beautiful City Of Gold.

Words and Music by I. N. McHOSE.

1. Oh! how oft - en we sing of a ci - ty so fair, Just be-
2. In that ci - ty of light, where the sun nev - er sets, The in-

yond the dark valley, we're told, Where the Savior has gone us a home to prepare
habitants never grow old, There no sorrow, no sickness, no death ever comes

In that beautiful Ci - ty of Gold! Over there,..... o - ver
Over there in that beautiful City of

there,..... In our home..... so bright and fair,
Gold, o-ver there, In our home, beauti - ful home, so bright and fair,

We the Sa - - vior shall be - hold, In that beautiful Ci - ty of Gold.

3. O the rapturous scenes on that ever-green shore,
To my vision their beauties unfold!
There the rivers of pleasure roll on evermore
In that beautiful City of Gold.

4. On that bright, shining shore all our loved ones we'll meet,
And the King in his beauty behold,
The white robe and the crown of rejoicing receive
In that beautiful City of Gold.

Copyright, 1885, by I. N. McHOSE.

Only Believe.

* * * * *

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Je - sus Christ is now a - mong us, On - ly be - lieve!
2. Is there one that's seek - ing par - don, On - ly be - lieve!
3. Je - sus comes to sanc - ti - fy you, On - ly be - lieve!

He is here to bless and save us, On - ly be - lieve!
Cast on him your heav - y bur - den, On - ly be - lieve!
And his blood will pu - ri - fy you, On - ly be - lieve!

He is lov - ing, kind, and gracious, And his blood is ef - fi - ca-cious;
Let not Sa - tan long-er grieve you, Nor the world and sin de-ceive you;
Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow-er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er;

Eve - ry soul may feel him prec - ious, On - ly be - lieve!
Christ, the Lord, will now re - ceive you, On - ly be - lieve!
From all sin he doth de - liv - er, On - ly be - lieve!

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My Mother's Hands.

ANON. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands!..... They're neith - er white nor small;..... And you, I know, would scarce - ly think That they were fair at all;..... I've looked on hands whose
2. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands!..... Though heart was weary and sad,..... Those pa - tient hands kept toil - ing on That the child - ren might be glad;..... I al - most weep, as
3. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands!..... They're grow - ing fee - ble now;..... For time and pain have left their mark On hand and heart and brow;..... A - las! a - las! the
4. Be - yond this dark, shadowy land..... Where all is bright and fair,..... I know full well those dear old hands Will palms of vic - tory wear;..... Where crys - tal streams through

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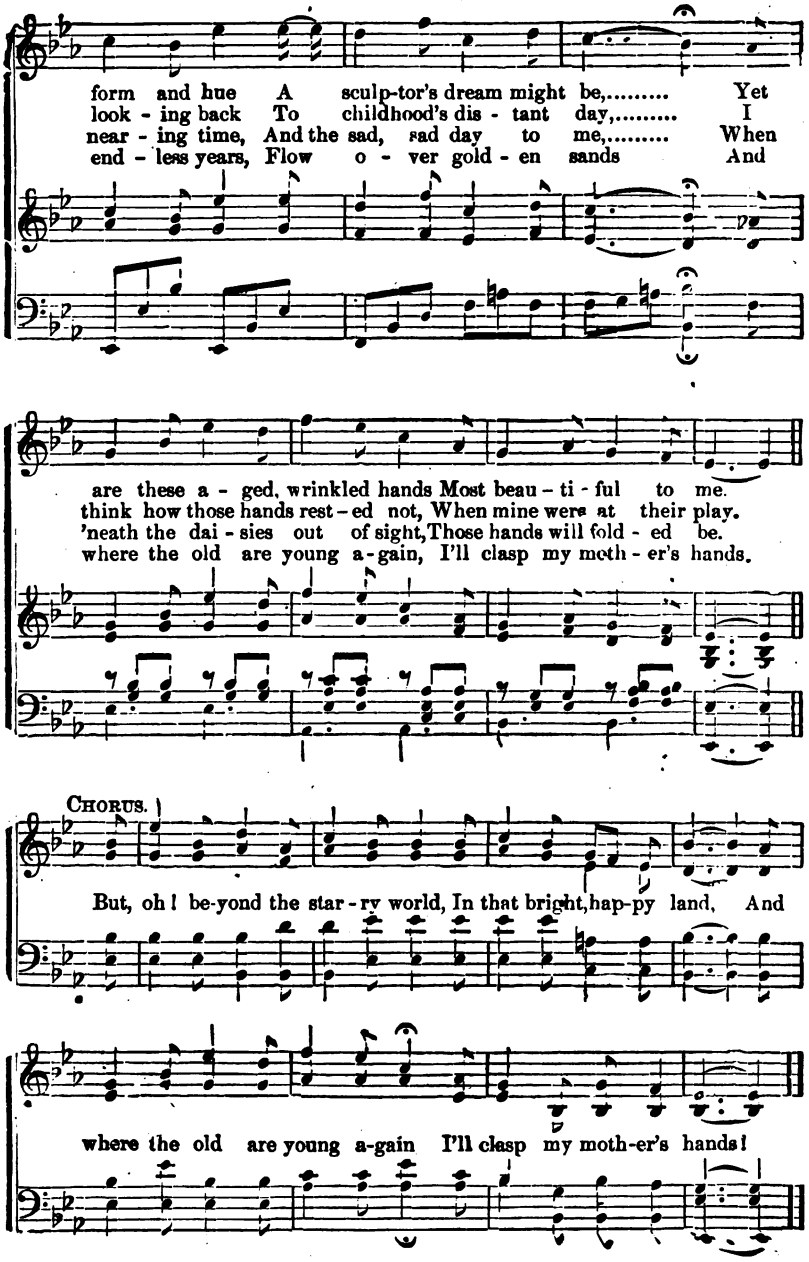
form and hue A sculp-tor's dream might be,..... Yet
look - ing back To childhood's dis - tant day,..... I
near - ing time, And the sad, sad day to me,..... When
end - less years, Flow o - ver gold - en sands And
are these a - ged, wrinkled hands Most beau - ti - ful to me.
think how those hands rest - ed not, When mine were at their play.
'neath the dai - sies out of sight, Those hands will fold - ed be.
where the old are young a - gain, I'll clasp my moth - er's hands.
CHORUS.
But, oh! be-yond the star - ry world, In that bright, hap-py land, And
where the old are young a-gain I'll clasp my moth-er's hands!

The Mighty March.

I. N. McHOSE.

1. Conquering God, go forth in grandeur, Blessed Christ, as-sert Thy sway;
2. Towns and ci - ties, land and o-cean, Bannered hosts and marshalled men,
3. Prayer is an - swered. Lo! the vic-tory! Highest mount and deepest glen,
4. Like the sound of man-y wa-ters From a choir ten thousand strong,

Ho - ly Spir - it, lift the peo-ple Out of dark - ness in-to day.
Lift the blood-stained standard higher, Shout a-loud the great amen.
Roll the bles - sed tid-ings on-ward, Jes-us Christ is saving men.
Swells the ev - er widening glo-ry, Swells sal - va - tion's sweetest song.

CHORUS.

Spread the an - them high as heav - en, Raise the

Spread the anthem high as heav'n, spread the anthem high as heav'n, Raise the

grand..... triumphal arch, Make way, con.....tinents and

grand triumphal arch, raise the grand triumphal arch, Make way, continents and nations, make way,

na - tions,

continents and na - tions, Truth is on its migh ty march.

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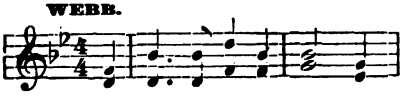
WEBB.

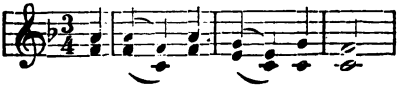


O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above!
No longer tread the valley, but clinging to his hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world must hear;
Oh! royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing,
Like these, the Lord's redeemed ones, the children of the King!

In f[illegible] and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be.
O Son of God, who lov'st us, we will be thine alone,
And all we are, and have, Lord, shall henceforth be thine own!

DENNIS.



WE meet now in thy name.
We plead thy promise, Lord,
Thy presence with us, Lord, we claim
According to thy word.

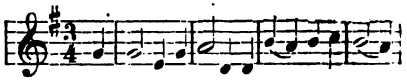
Show us thy hands, thy side,
And as those wounds we see,
May each exclaim, For me Christ died!
He lives again for me!

Open each mind and heart,
To understand thy word,
That we may see in every part,
The Christ, the Lamb of God.

Breathe on each waiting soul,
And may we all receive
The Holy Ghost, in us to dwell,
Our hearts ne'er more to leave.

Believing, we rejoice
Our risen Lord to see,
And say with gladsome heart and voice,
My Lord! my God! to thee.

Fill us with peace and joy,
Thou, who for us wast slain;
We'll others tell and others bring
To meet thee here again.

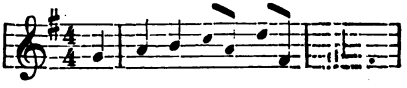


O MOURNER in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled. Hear ye not that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

The promise don't save, though each promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through;
It cleanses us now, give the glory to God!
We rest on the promise,—we're under the blood.



THE Holy Ghost is come;
We feel his presence here;
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

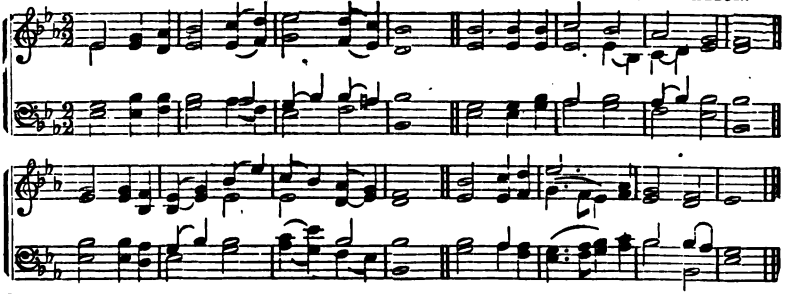
This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,
'Tis heaven descending from ab[illegible]
To fill this favour'd hour.

Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heav'ns light securely shines,
And ev'ry heart divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

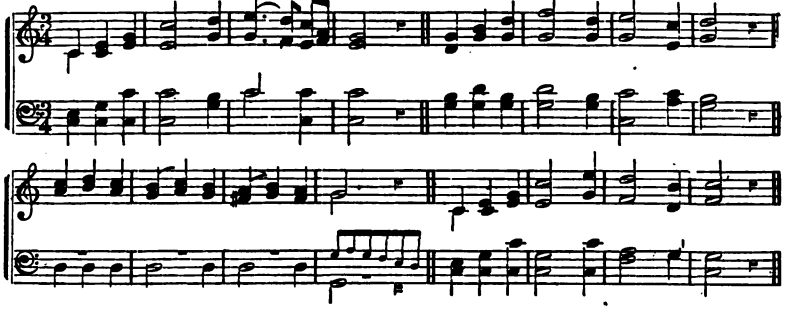
No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh! let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

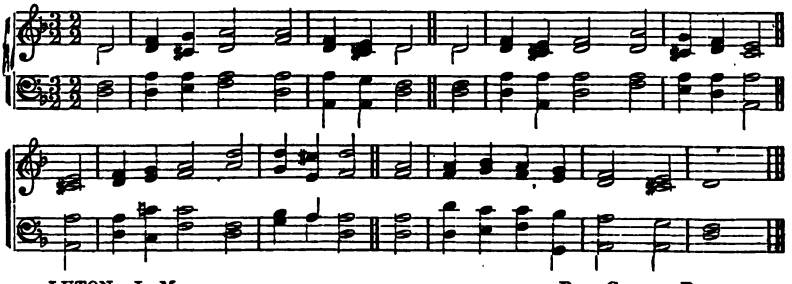
DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



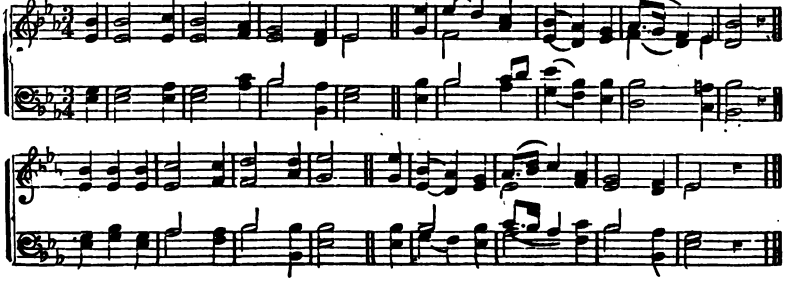
CHEMUNG. L. M. By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.



WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ.



LUTON. L. M. REV. GEORGE BURDER.



1

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2.

OH, take my fevered hands in thine,
And keep me Master, nearer thee,
Walking above the things of time,
In closest fellowship with thee.

Calm in thy secret presence, Lord,
I rest this weary soul of mine,
Feed on the fullness of thy word,
And die to all the things of time;

Such be my path while dwelling here,
One long, close, upward path with thee;
Until, past every doubt and fear,
Thy face in light above I see.

3.

O GOD, forgive the years and years
Of worldly pride and hopes and fears;
Forgive, and blot them from thy book,
The sins on which I mourn to look.

Forgive the lack of service done
For thee, thro' life, from life begun;
Forgive the vain desire to be
All else but that desired by thee.

Forgive the love of human praise,
The first false step in crooked ways,
The voice of evil and the night,
The heart close shut against the light.

Forgive the love that could endure
No cost to bless the sad and poor;
Forgive, and give me grace to see
The life laid down in love for me.

4.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

5.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

6.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

7.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

8.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy Pardoning love be found.

Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

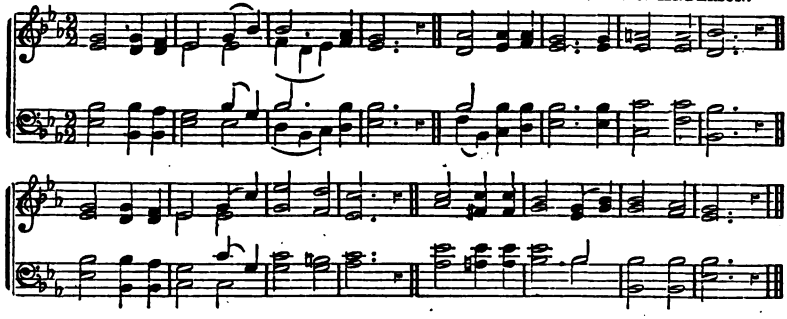
9.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

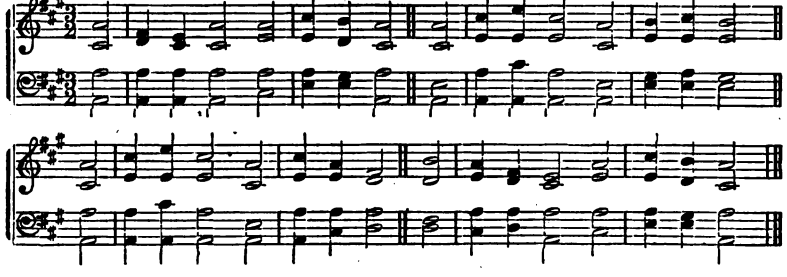
Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

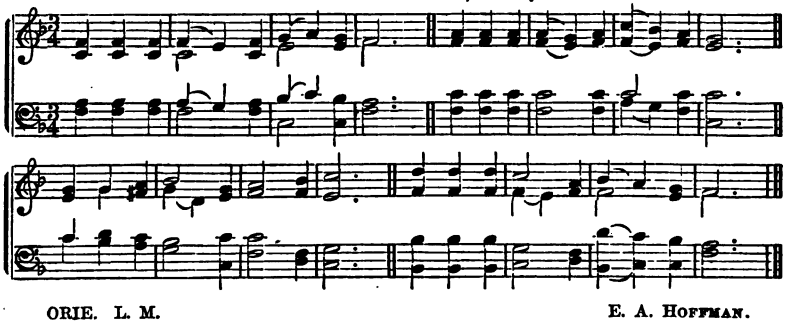
DEVOTION. L. M. REV. D. S. ANDERSON.



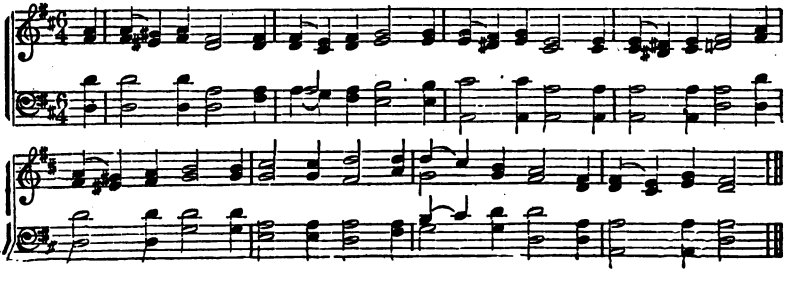
FOREST. L. M. CHAPIN.



HURSLEY. L. M. PETER RITTER, Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



ORIE. L. M. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1.

O, BEULAH Land! Fair Beulah Land!
Upon the shore of earth I stand,
And look across the narrow sea
That seperates yon Heaven from me.

O, Beulah Land, bright Beulah Land!
I feel my raptured soul expand
As I, with eager faith, behold
Yon walls of jasper, gates of gold.

O, Beulah Land! sweet vale of peace,
Whose very air is full of bliss,
I linger in thy bowers of prayer,
The fragrance of God's love is there.

2.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood bought mercy-seat.

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

4.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call *thou mayst* not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

6.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean,
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this mon ent cleanse,
The deepest stains of sin efface.
And drive the evil spirit hence.

Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me,
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

7.

O LORD, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

8.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

9.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness oh, how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

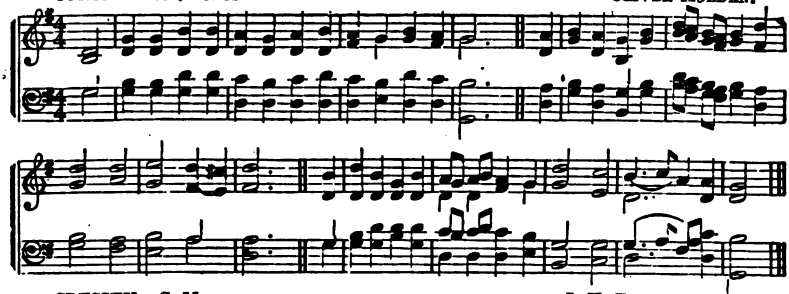
Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

10.

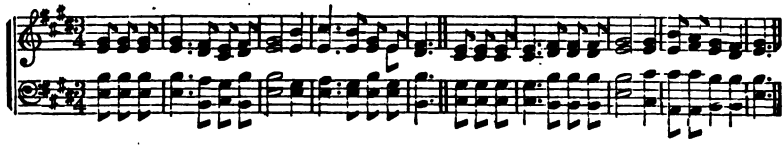
O, THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

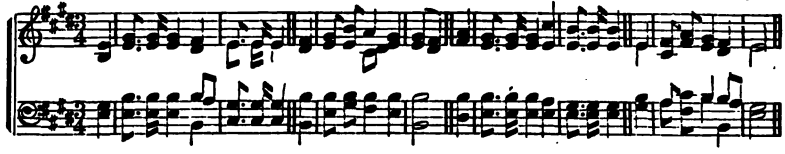
CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



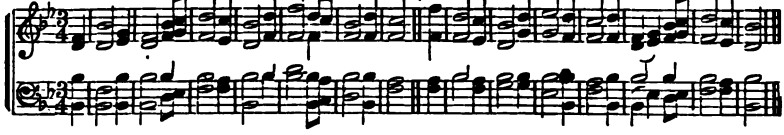
CRESSEY. C. M. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



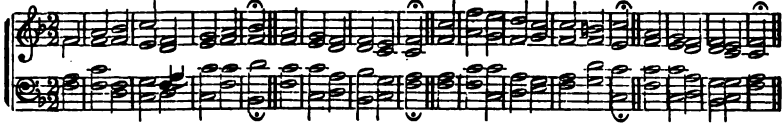
ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.



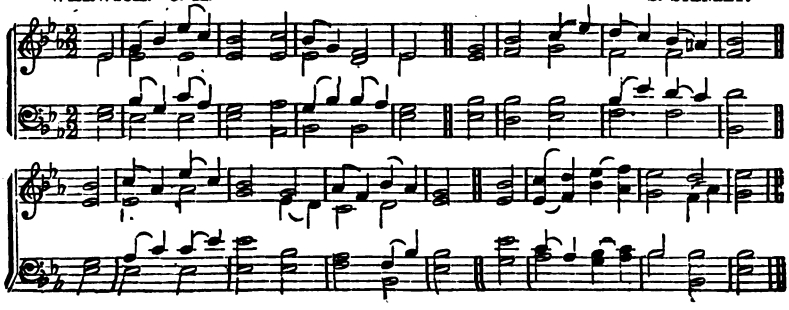
AVON. C. M. Scottish Tune.



DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC.



WARWICK. C. M. S. STANLEY.



1.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh, think—before thou die!

Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave—
How stands that dread account?

To-day the Gospel calls, to-day,
Sinner, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

2.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

3.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

4.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

6.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

7.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown?
And love beyond degree!

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

8.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

9.

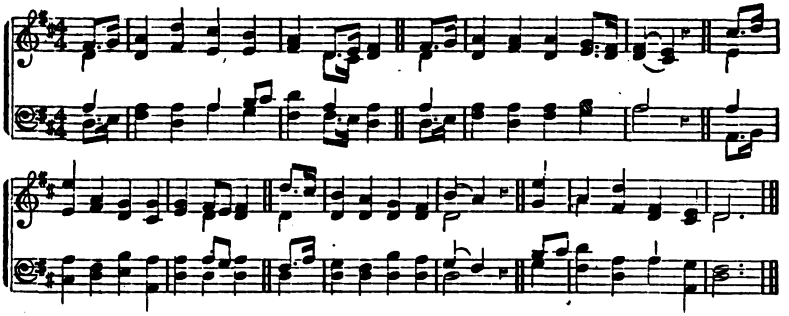
ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him—Lord of all.

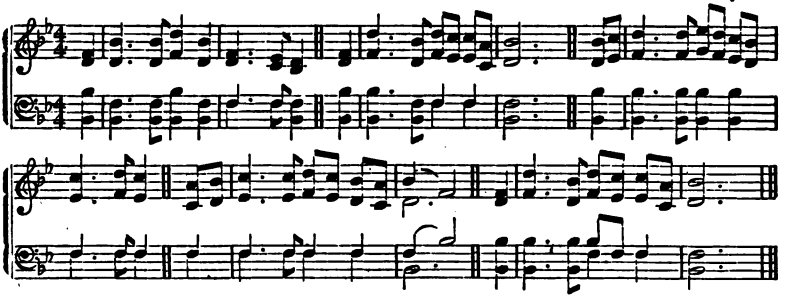
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall:
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

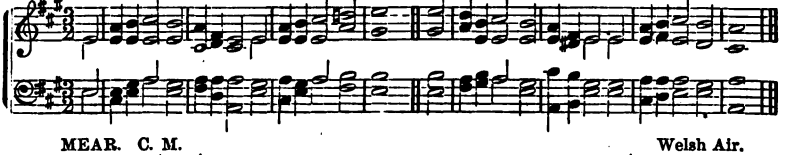
CHRISTMAS. C. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



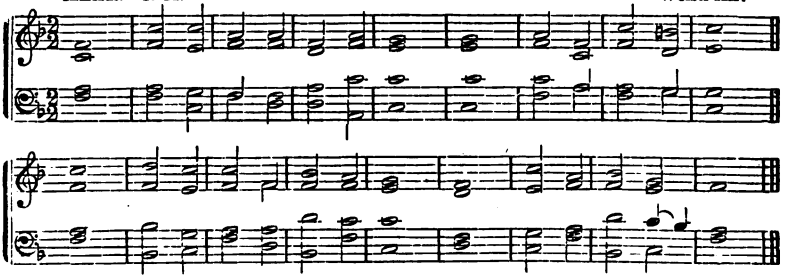
EMMONS. C. M. German Melody.



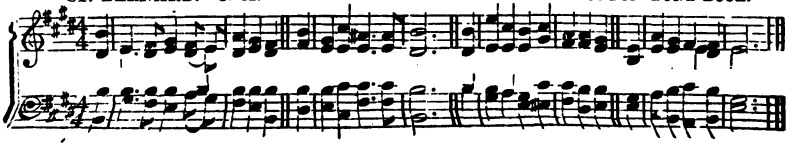
MELODY. C. M. AARON CHAPIN.



MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air.



ST. BERNARD. C. M. LONDON TUNE BOOK.



1.

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the sôul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

Return, O, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

2.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

3.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;—

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

4.

O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

5.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

6.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad,
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

O, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

O, that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

7.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

8.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

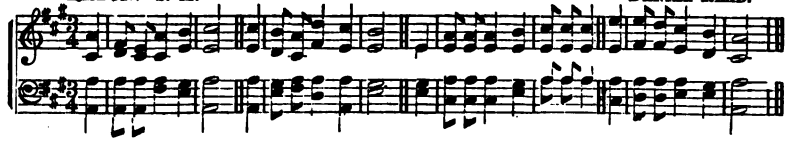
Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

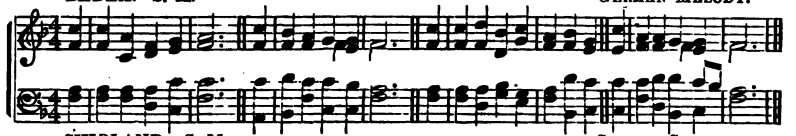
9.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

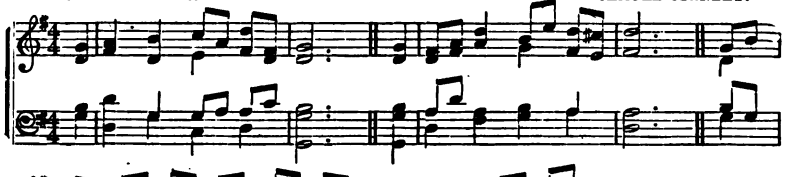
LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ.



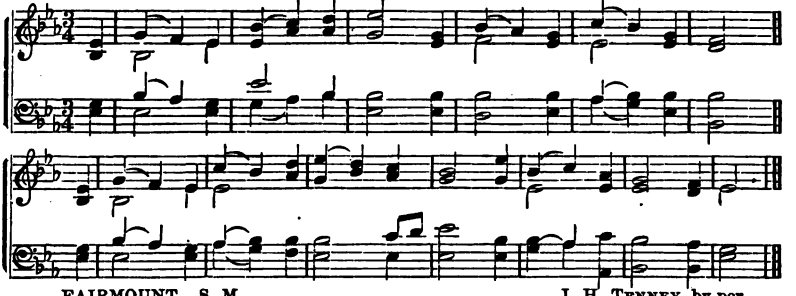
BADEA. S. M. GERMAN MELODY.



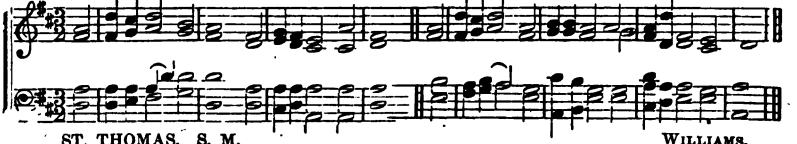
SHIRLAND. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.



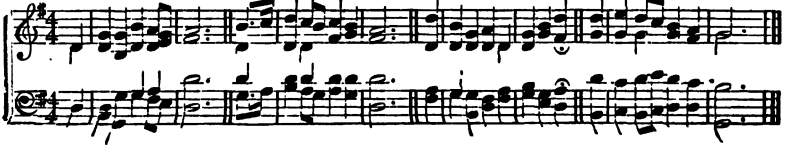
STOCKING. S. M. J. A. MUNK, M. D.



FAIRMOUNT. S. M. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAMS.



1

RETURN and come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

Come then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis called to-day;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

2.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

3.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

4.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

5.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

6.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

7.

OH that I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble contrite heart!

Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

8.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

The whole of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of perfect holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

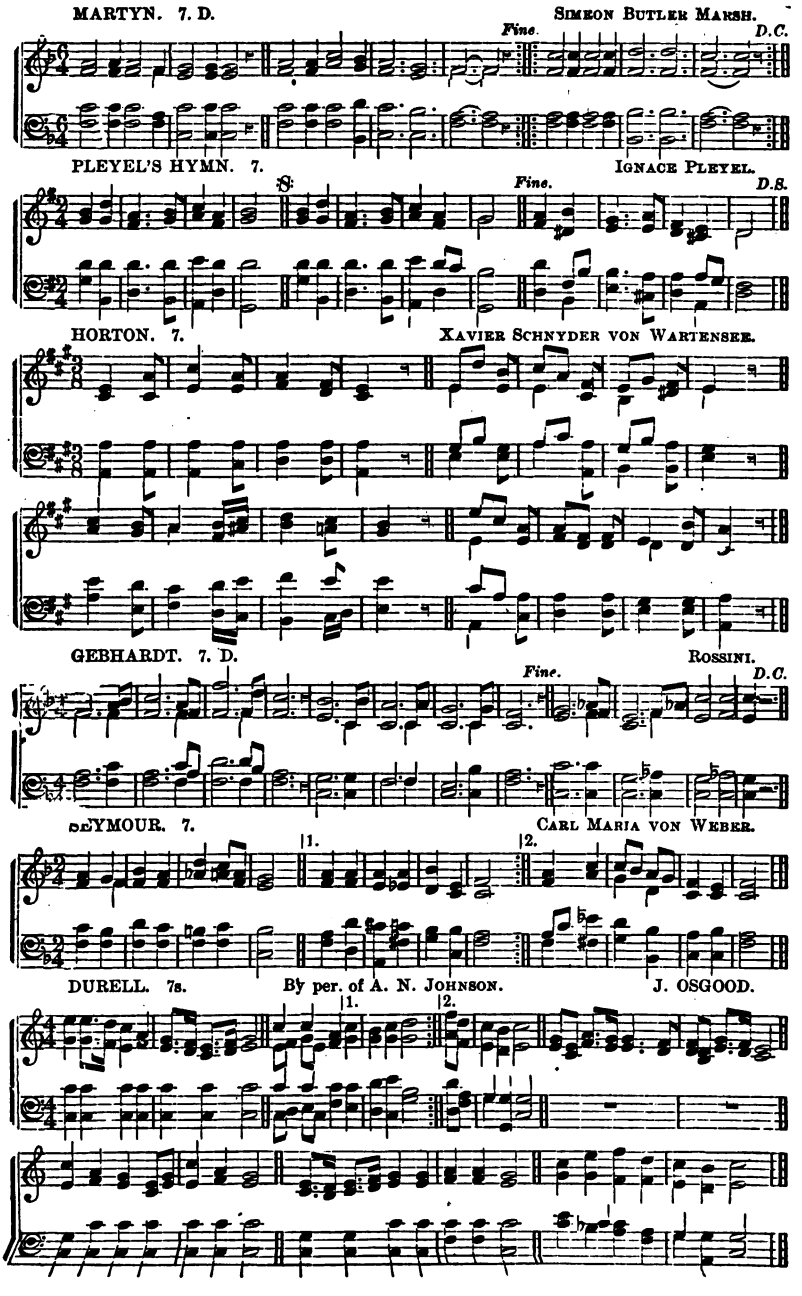
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

9.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.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DURELL. 7s.
By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.
J. OSGOOD.
1.
2.

1.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

2.

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace,
And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak and frail;
Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

3.

WE are waiting, blessed Lord,
In thy courts with one accord;
At thine altars bending low,
Kindred souls together flow;
Yearning love and strong desire
To thy throne of grace aspire,
And with kindling faith we pray—
Holy Spirit, come to-day.

In the closet all alone,
Help us, Christ, to touch the throne!
As we walk, and talk, and sigh,
Hear, oh, hear thy people's cry;
Bring us nearer to thy heart—
We would dwell no more apart;
Sweep the barriers all away—
Holy Spirit, come to-day.

Come to-day—yes, come to-day!
While we wait, and weep, and pray;
Holding fast in Jesus' name
All the promise we may claim,
Come in one grand, glorious hour,
With the burning fire and power
And the wonders, long foretold,
Of the Pentecost of old!

4.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Send some message to us Lord,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

6.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

7.

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

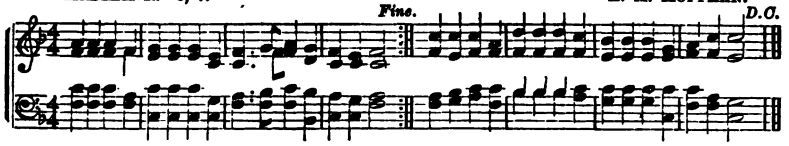
Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

8.

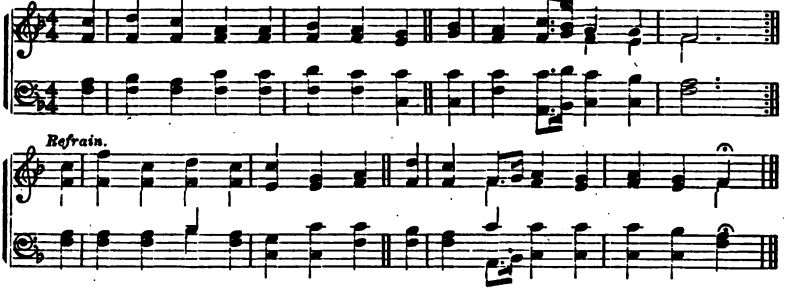
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, wafts to hear.
Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

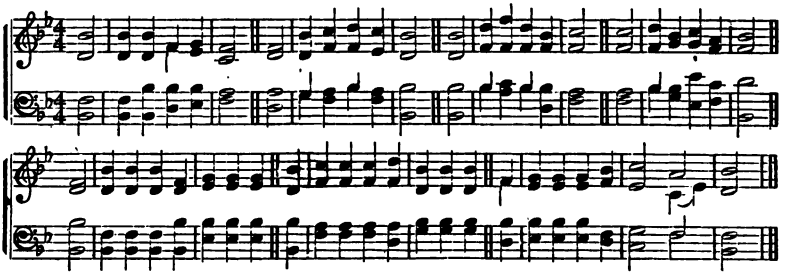
HAMLINE. 8, 7. E. A. HOFFMAN.



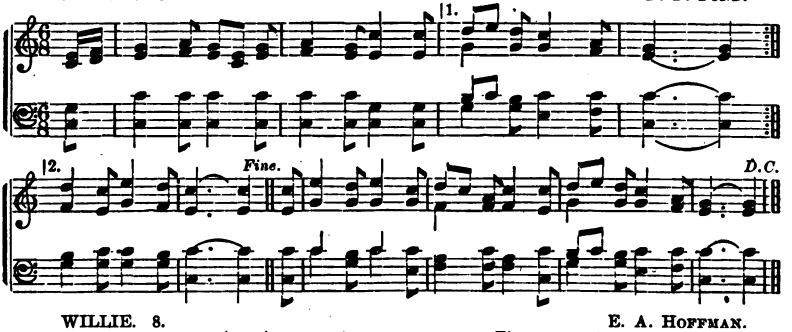
TENNEY. C. H. M. By per. A. N. JOHNSON.



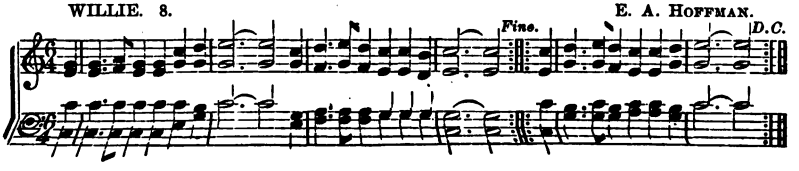
LENOX. H. M. EDSON.



ALBION. C. M. D. D. P. POND.



WILLIE. 8. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I sit, in wonder viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his death each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

2.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

Ref.—I long to be where Jesus is,
To be at home in Paradise.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

3.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

4.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just below mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those regions fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

Oh come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

Then I will tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring:
All hail! thou great eternal God!
Who died on Calvary;
And saved me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.

5.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art;
Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified Lord.

'T is there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'T is there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart:
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

6.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

7.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets forbear,
Ye dearest idols fall:
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

But oh, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

8.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

ROCK OF AGES. 7, 6 lines.

Fine. *D.C.*

SIENZA. 6, 5.

By per. of A. N. JOHNSON.

Fine. *D.C.*

EVANGEL. 6, 4.

By permission.

J. M. BIERMANN.

PEACE. 6. 4.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

ROSEFIELD. 7, 6 lines.

REV. CÆSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN.

Refrain.

1.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And grief around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

2.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

3.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

4.

BLESSED Jesus, thou art mine,
All I have is wholly thine;
Thou dost dwell within my heart,
Thou dost reign in every part:
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

I am safe within the fold,
All my cares on thee are rolled,
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on thy breast;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

Precious Jesus, day by day,
Keep me in the holy way;
Keep my mind in perfect peace;
Every day my faith increase:
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

5.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to thee.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

REFRAIN.

Take myself and let me be
Ever only all for thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise
Take my will and make it thine,
Let it be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is thine own,
Let it be thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord of power,
At thy feet its treasures store.

6.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

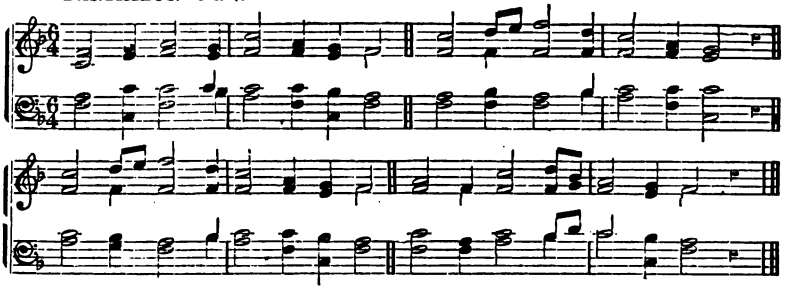
7.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

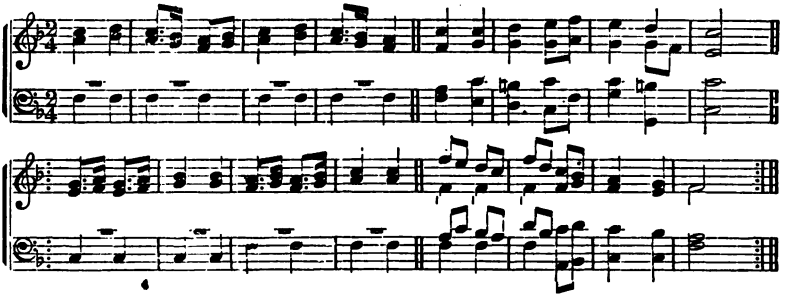
Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

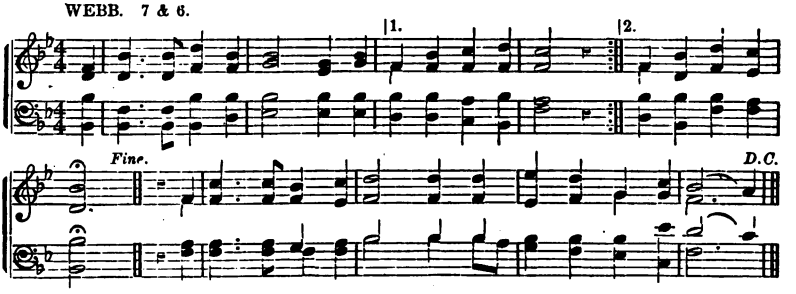
BARTIMEUS. 8 & 7.



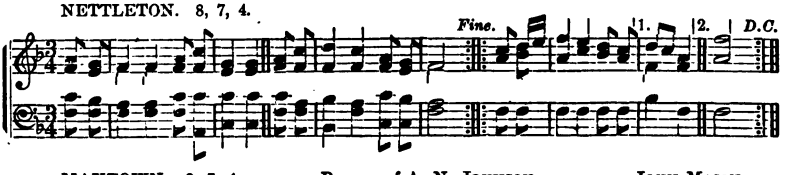
SICILIAN HYMN. 8 & 7.



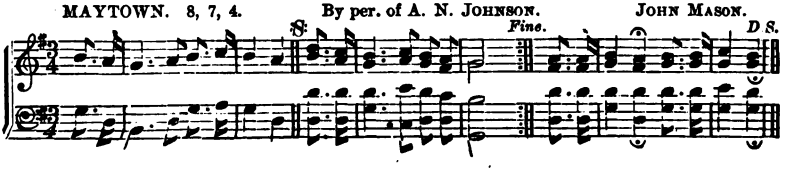
WEBB. 7 & 6.



NETTLETON. 8, 7, 4.



MAYTOWN. 8, 7, 4. By per. of A. N. JOHNSON. JOHN MASON.



1.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2.

OH, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win;
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

3.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

5.

NOW the solemn shadows darken,
And the daylight slowly dies,
Holy Saviour, thou wilt hearken
When thy children's prayers arise,
Blessed Jesus!
Look on us with loving eyes.

Some are tried with doubts and dangers,
Some have found their hearts grow cold
Some are aliens now, and strangers
To the faith they loved of old;
Blessed Jesus!
Bring them back into thy fold.

Some in conflict sore have striven
With temptation fierce and strong,
Lord, to them let strength be given
If the battle should be long!
Blessed Jesus!
Change our mourning into song.

6.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

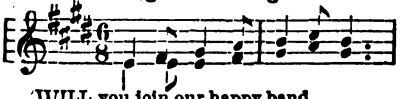
7.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

Marching Home Together.



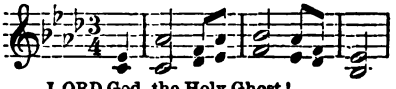
WILL you join our happy band,
Marching home together,
Traveling to the better land,
Marching home together?
Will you wait with us for him
Who will end all sorrow,
Gazing past earth's dark to-day,
To heaven's bright to-morrow?

CHO.—Marching home, marching home,
Marching home together,
Heart to heart and hand in hand.
Marching home together!

Strangers here, we seek no place,
Marching Home together,
Every step we learn his grace,
Marching home together,
Every need by him supplied,
Wakes a note of singing,
Every sorrow sanctified
Praise to him is bringing.

Every day the miles grow less,
Marching home together,
As our footsteps onward press,
Marching home together,
Even now we catch a gleam,
Hear the chorus swelling,
As each wanderer finds his place
In the Father's dwelling.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost.



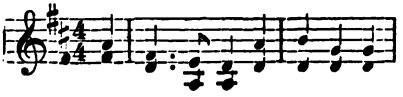
LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind.
One soul, one feeling breathe.

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of truth! be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption; now
May we be sanctified.

Have ye Received the Holy Ghost?



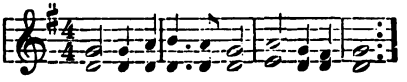
Disciples of the Holy One,
Have ye the Holy Ghost received?
Has heaven's baptismal fire come down
Upon your souls since ye believed?
The great Refiner—has He come
And purified your souls from sin,
And in your hearts set up His home,
And brought his heavenly kingdom in?

The Pentecostal hallowed shower
Which on the waiting suppliants came.
The blest anointing, sacred power,
The all-inspiring heavenly flame,
Are all your being's powers imbued
With Christlike sweetness, holy joy?
With Jesus' blessed mind endued—
Do heavenly things your powers employ?

Are you in perfect harmony
With God's own will each day and hour?
In all things only Him to see,
And ever feel His saving power?
A spotless soul, a single eye,
A spirit filled with love and peace;
A life His name to glorify—
Your God alone to serve and please?

The blessed Comforter divine
Delights to make us His abode,
In His own brightness thus to shine,
As trophies of His saving blood.
Oh, Holy Ghost, how blest Thy sway!
To purify and save each day;
Oh, Christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

Tell it to God.



WHATEVER troubles thee,
Tell it to God;
All thy anxiety,
Tell it to God;
For every earthly grief
This is thy sweet relief—
Tell it to God.

That pain which none may know,
Tell it to God;
That word which grieved thee so,
Tell it to God;
Earth has no ready cure
God's sympathy is sure—
Tell it to God.

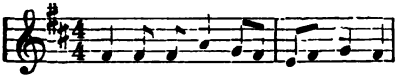
Hast thou impatient been?
Tell it to God;
Art prone through this to sin?
Tell it to God;
He knows thy weakness all,
Will help thee lest thou fall—
Tell it to God.

Does care corrode thy life?
Tell it to God;
Art weary with the strife?
Tell it to God;
He says, Bring all thy care
To Me, to help thee bear—
Tell it to God.

Art grieving o'er thy loss?
Tell it to God;
Art sinking 'neath thy cross?
Tell it to God;
He can assuage thy pain,
He will with grace sustain—
Tell it to God.

Whate'er may thee befall,
Tell it to God;
Thy grief or great or small,
Tell it to God;
To him bring each request,
In him find joy and rest—
Tell all to God.

Naomi. C. M.

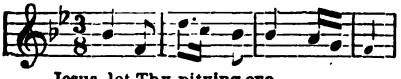


Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine.
And crown my journey's end.

Penitence. 7, 6, 8.

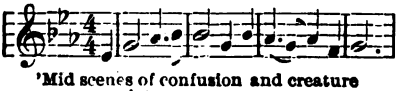


Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored:
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone

The Saints' Home. 11.



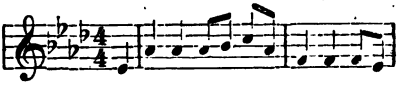
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion
with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission, and strength as
my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I
come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.

Mount Pisgah. C. M.



On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt, and feared, no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

1.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

Cho.—O come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow,
And believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all his salvation may know.

There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.

There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain;
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

2.

I HAVE a Saviour, he's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour though earth-friends be few;
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

Cho.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

I nave a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven,
But oh that he'd let me bring you with me too!

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

3.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

Cho.—He is calling, "Come to me;"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

There is welcome for the sinner
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy for the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

4.

O BLISS of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plung'e in the crimson tide open'd for me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—O! sing of his mighty love—mighty to save.

O bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine:
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace
Who lifted upon me the smiles of his face!

O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure;
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

5.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not;
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

Chorus.

But this I know, there is a hand divine
That holds me still, whatever lot be mine,
But this I know, where'er I go, there is a hand divine,
That holds me still, thro' every ill, whatever lot be mine.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
More strong than mine;
One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me 'midst the billows' might,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all—
Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

6.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, hear, O hear us when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus, we will early turn to thee.

7.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

1.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in his *own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

Cho.—Then we'll trust in the Lord,
And he will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And he will provide.

At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

2.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

Cho.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3.

WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there.

Cho.—Over there, over there,
O, what must it be to be there.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, mid'st pleasure or woe
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

4.

I LEFT it all with Jesus Long ago;
All my sins I brought him, And my woe,
When by faith I saw him On the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'Tis for thee;"
From my heart the burden Rolled away—
Happy day.
I leave it all with Jesus Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven Of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven To abide
At his side.

O, leave it all with Jesus, Drooping soul!
Tell not half the story, But the whole;
Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand,
Life and death are waiting His command;
Yet his tender bosom Makes thee room—
O come home!

5.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true,
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams,
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us From the accursed load.

Cho.—Hallelujah, Jesus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus—All fullness dwells in him,
He healeth my diseases, He doth my soul redeem.

7.

THERE'S a highway for the ransomed, where the children of the King,
Upon their pilgrim journey triumphantly may sing,
Of a Saviour who redeemed them, and delivers from all sin.
His blood NOW makes me clean.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His blood NOW keeps me clean.

I was pardoned by God's mercy, but at heart was evil still,
A carnal mind was in me, which resolves could never kill.
But, blessed be his holy name, he changes heart and will!
His blood NOW makes me clean.

Now, like pebbles in the running brook that 'neath the ripples lay,
My heart is sweetly kept from sin each moment, night and day;
And as faith the conquest gave me, I bid doubts to go their way,
His blood NOW makes me clean!

On the mountain tops of Beulah or in the vale below,
Where temptations' wildest hurricanes their fiercest tempests blow,
In sorrow or in conflict his grace he doth bestow,
His blood NOW makes me clean!

1.

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Cho.—Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

2.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

Cho.—On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

Pain or sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I, a crown of life shall wear.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

3.

HE leadeth me! oh! blessed thought;
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmer nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4.

ALL glory to the bleeding lamb,
Who died on Calvary!
Yes, glory to the bleeding Lamb
Who saves and ransoms me!

Cho.—I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,
Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
That flow'd on Calvary.

The blood that my Redeemer spilt,
The blood, so rich and free,
That cleanses sinful heart from guilt,
Now saves and cleanses me.

I am redeemed—O blessed state!
I am redeemed from sin,
O, love so infinitely great!
The blood has made me clean.

5.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed:
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

6.

SOWING the seed by the day-light fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
|: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :|

Cho.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest, harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the way-side high,
Sowing the seed on the rock to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil,
|: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :|

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
|: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :|

1.

I GAVE my life for thee
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me.

2.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer,
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

Pass me not—thy lost one bringing;
Bend my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me—Even me.

4.

THERE is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then look, sinner, look unto him and be saved,
Unto him who was nailed to the tree.

Ref.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

5.

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.etc.

We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

All glory and praise, to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

6.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Cho.—Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

7.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers come!
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengence falls,
Ruin is nigh.

To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

1.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

2.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Cho.—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin!
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands.
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

3.

I AM thine own, O Christ—
Henceforth entirely thine;
And life from this glad hour,
New life is mine!

Cho.—O, peace! O, holy rest,
O, balmy breath of love!
O, heart divinest, best,
Thy depth I prove.

No earthly joy shall lure
My quiet soul from thee:
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heav'n to me.

I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given:
I know thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven!

4.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the vail.

His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

5.

O, TO be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet,
Emptied that he might fill me
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

O, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand;
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will,
Willing, should he not require me
In silence to wait on him still.

O, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be:
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

6.

I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Come peace, like a heavenly dove.

Cho.—The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But, when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid his hand on me and heal'd me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

7.

O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine,
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine:
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
Oh, call me thine own blessed child;
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
Oh, bind me so fast with thy love,
That I from thee ne'er shall depart.

8.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

1.

YET there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.

Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room; oh, woeful cry, "No room!"

2.

JESUS saves me every day,
Jesus saves me every night;
Jesus saves me all the way,
Thro' the darkness, thro' the light.

Cho.—Jesus saves, O bliss sublime,
Jesus saves me all the time.

Jesus saves me, he is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am his;
Jesus saves while I recline
On his precious promises.

Jesus saves, he saves from sin;
Jesus saves, I feel him nigh;
Jesus saves, he dwells within;
Gladly do I testify.

3.

PRECIOUS Saviour thou dost save me;
Thine, and only thine I am.
O! the cleansing blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me; Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me:
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over;
Simply trusting, I was blest.

Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die for thee;
will witness to thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

4.

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He'll carry you through.

Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He, who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

5.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

6.

I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand—
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

7.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall me mine.

Cho.—We're going home, to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Let others seek a home below
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

1

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep:
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored:
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give me, what I have long implored
True penitence for sins unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

4.

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than *snow.*

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;
Apply thine own blood and extract every stain;
To have this blest cleansing I all things forego;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

The blessing by faith I receive from above,
O, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.

5.

MY body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated off'ring, thine evermore to be.

Cho.—My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

O! let the fire descending Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Washed by thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit, A sacrifice to God.

6.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hush'd the throng reply;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy laden come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

7.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

1.

THE mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

Cho.—I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

I am lowest of those who love him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as he has bidden,
And he will not say me nay.

My mistakes his free grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

2.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3.

O, NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me;
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

O, that home of my soul! in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper wall I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow or pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

5.

TO the cross of Christ, my Saviour,
I had brought my weary soul,
Burdened, faint, and broken-hearted,
Praying: "Jesus make me whole."

Cho.—Glory, glory be to Jesus,
I am counting all but dross,
I have found a full salvation,
I am resting at the cross.

At the Cross, while prostrate lying,
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
All my guilt and sin were covered,
And he whispered "Child be whole."

At the Cross, I'm calmly trusting,
Every moment now is sweet:
I am tasting of his glory,
I am resting at his feet.

6.

I AM coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord in thee; Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow; Jesus saves me—saves me now.

Here I give up all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.

In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

7.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Cho.—"Sweeping thro' the gates" of the New Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Safe, safe upon the ever shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

1.

O, FATHER, let me bear the cross:
Make it my daily food,
Though with it thou dost send the loss
Of every earthly good.

Cho.—I am clinging to the cross,
Yes, I'm clinging, clinging to the cross,
I am clinging to the cross,
Yes, I'm clinging, clinging to the cross.

Take house and lands and earthly fame;
To all I am resign'd;
But let me make one earnest claim;
Leave, leave the cross behind.

I know it costs me many tears;
But they are tears of bliss,
And moments there outweigh the years
Of selfish happiness.

2.

ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heav'n is nearer
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

Ref.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

One more day's work for Jesus;
Yes, and a weary day;
But heav'n shines clearer
And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way;
And Christ is all,—
Before his face I fall.

3.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Cho.—Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads, I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him, whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4.

ON thee my heart is resting;
Ah! this is rest indeed!
What else, Almighty Saviour,
Can a poor sinner need?
Thy light is all my wisdom,
Thy love is all my stay;
Our Father's home in glory,
Draws nearer every day.

Great is my guilt, but greater
The mercy thou dost give;
Thyself, a spotless offering,
Hast died that I should live.
With thee my soul unfettered
Has risen from the dust;
Thy blood is all my treasure;
Thy word is all my trust.

Through me, thou gentle master,
Thy purposes fulfill;
I yield myself forever
To thy most holy will.
'Tis thou hast made me happy;
'Tis thou hast set me free;
To whom shall I give glory
For ever but to thee!

5.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
He will save you, etc.
He is able, etc.
He is willing, etc.
He is waiting, etc.
He will hear you, etc.
He will cleanse you, etc.
He'll renew you, etc.
He'll forgive you, etc.
If you trust him, etc.
He will save you, etc.

6.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

7.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

Yes Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

9.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

1.

THERE are songs of joy that I loved to sing,
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer,
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

Cho.—O, the new, new song, O, the new, new song,
I can sing it now with the ransom'd throng,
Power and dominion to him that shall reign;
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

There are strains of home that are as dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall,
When I come to the gloom of the even-fall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise."

2.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

3.

I SAT alone with life's memories
In sight of the crystal sea;
And I saw the thrones of the star-crowned ones,
With never a crown for me.
And there the voice of the Judge said, "Come,"
Of the Judge on the great white throne;
And I saw the star-crowned take their seats,
But none could I call my own.

I thought me then of my childhood days
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Of the counsels grave that my father gave,
The wrath I was warned to flee;
I said, "Is it then too late, too late?
Shut without must I stand for aye?"
And the Judge, will he say, "I know you not."
Howe'er I may knock and pray?

I thought, I thought of the days of God,
I'd wasted in folly and sin—
Of the times I'd mocked when the Saviour knock'd,
And I would not let him in.
I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made
When I lay at death's dark door—
"Would he spare my life, I'd give up the strife,
And serve him forevermore.

I seemed as though I woke from a dream
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away.
I then became as a little child,
And I wept, and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone
And given a heart of flesh.

Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And think of the crystal sea;
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones;
I know there's a crown for me.
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come,"
Of the Judge on the great white throne—
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones,
There's one I shall call my own.

4.

'MID the deep and billowy ocean,
Raging now in wild commotion,
All secure, I'm ever singing,
For to Christ my soul is clinging,
Safe amid the tempest's shock,
Resting on the solid rock.

Cho.—On the Rock, on the Rock,
Resting safely on the Rock:
On the Rock, the solid Rock,
Resting safely on the Rock.

What though winds are howling 'round me?
What though darkness now surround me
Threatening utter desolation?
Christ the Rock is my salvation!
Calm amid the wildest shock,
On the everlasting Rock.

With my Saviour, what can harm me?
All hell's legions can't alarm me.
Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
Sweetly is my soul reposing,
Safe amid the fiercest shock,
On the ever-blessed Rock.

5.

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

Ref.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

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